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THE NEW YORKER

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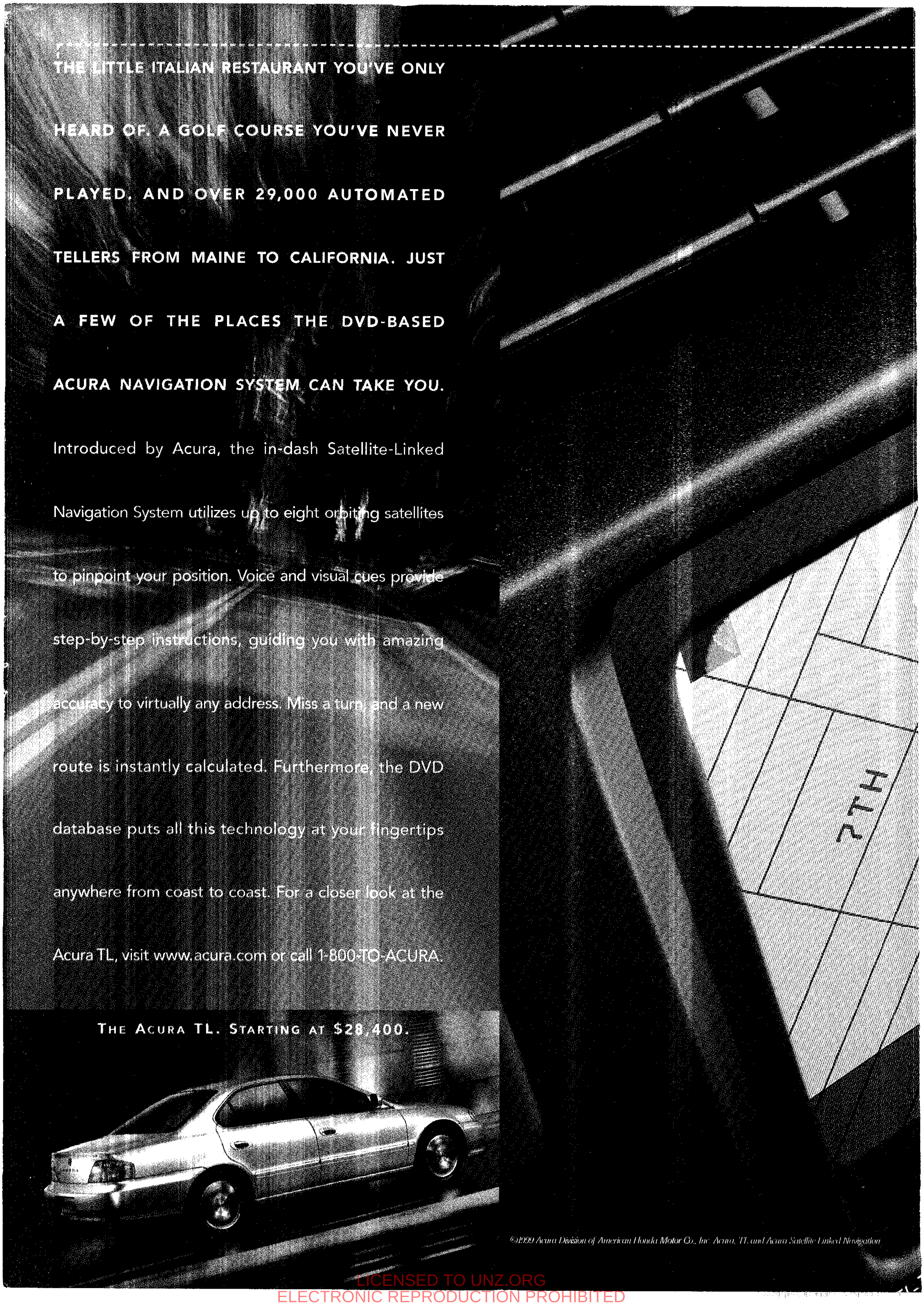

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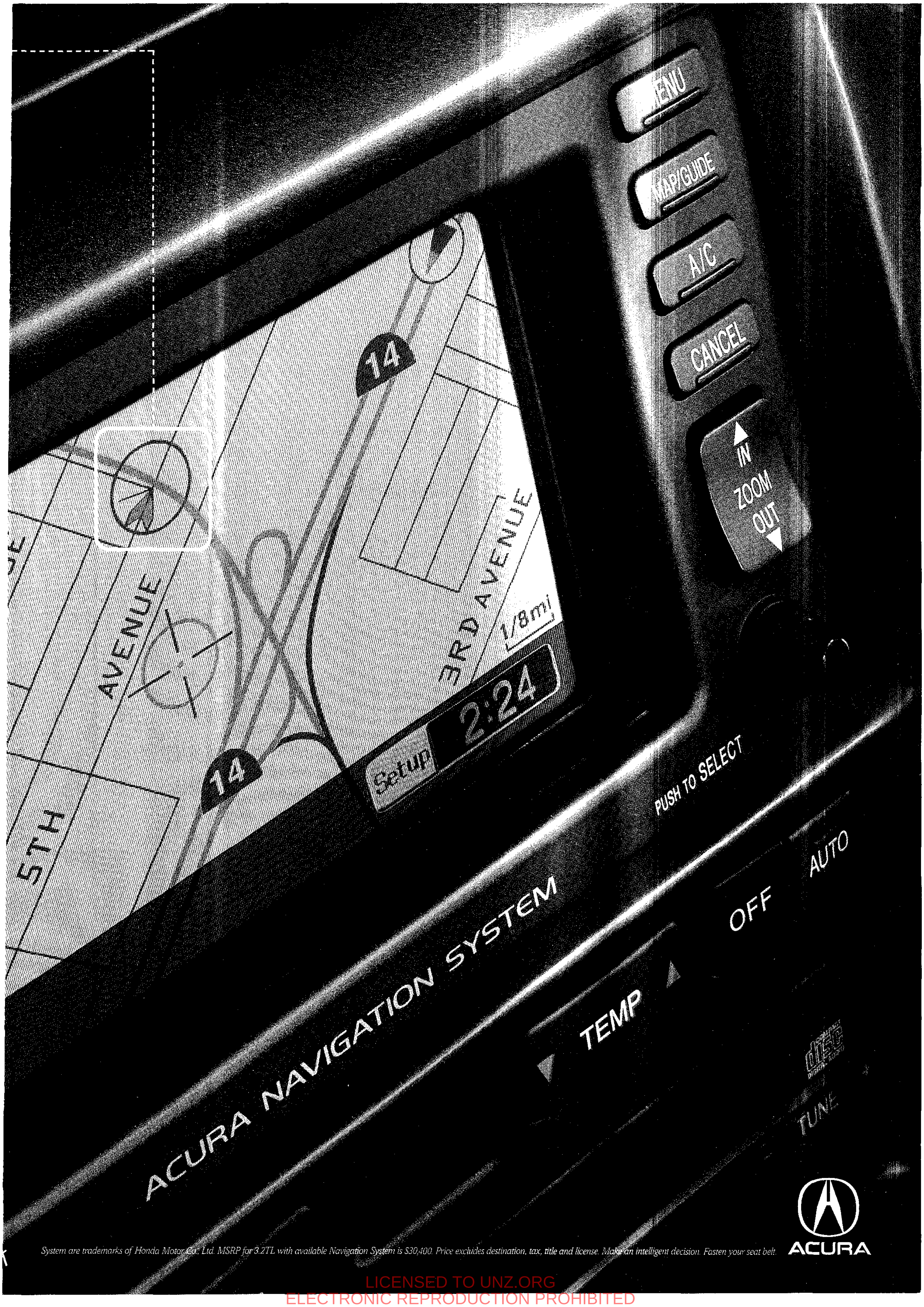
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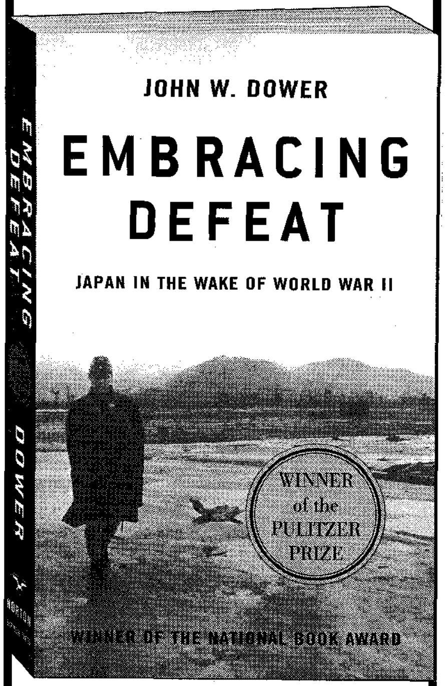
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THE NEW YORKER

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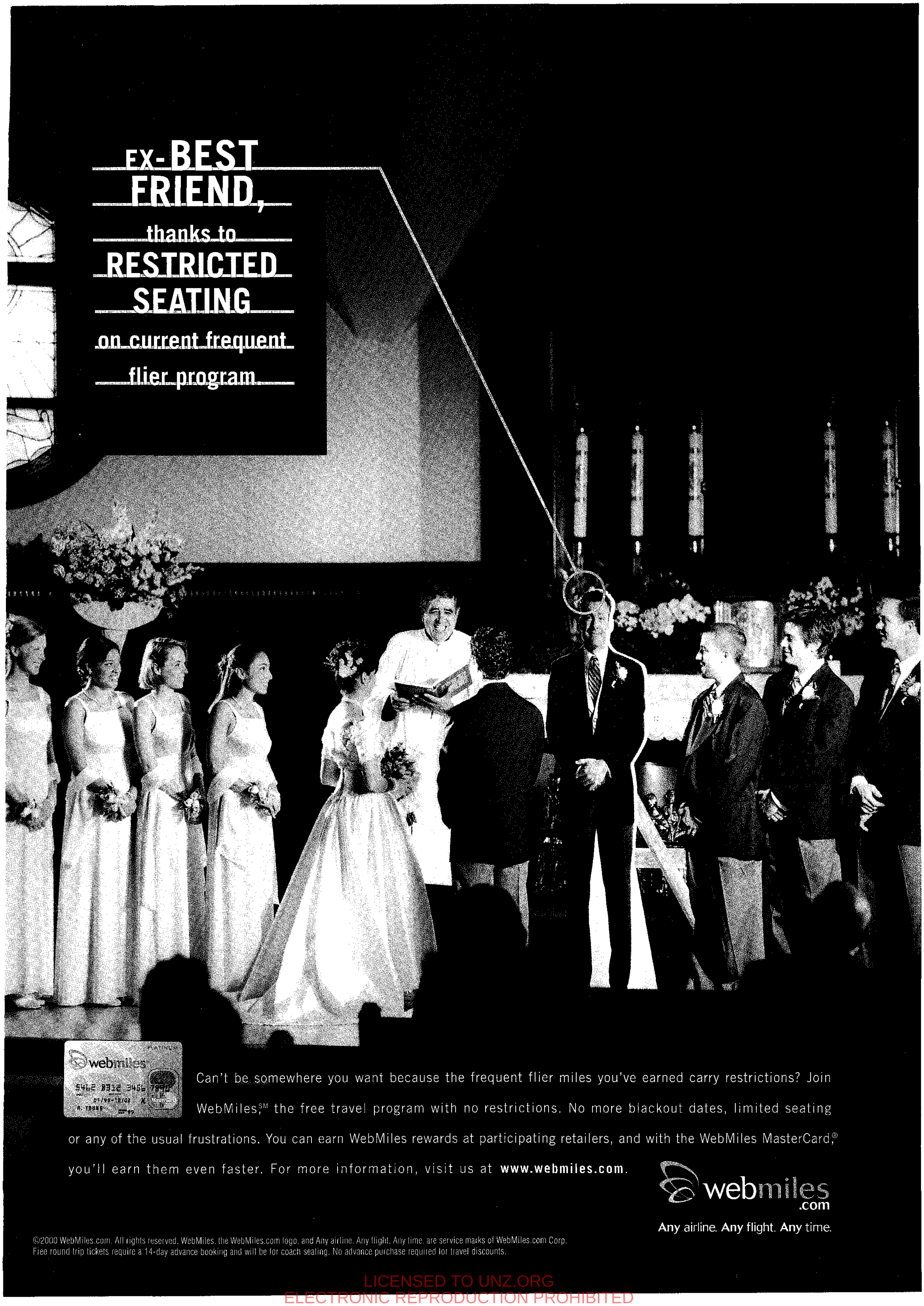
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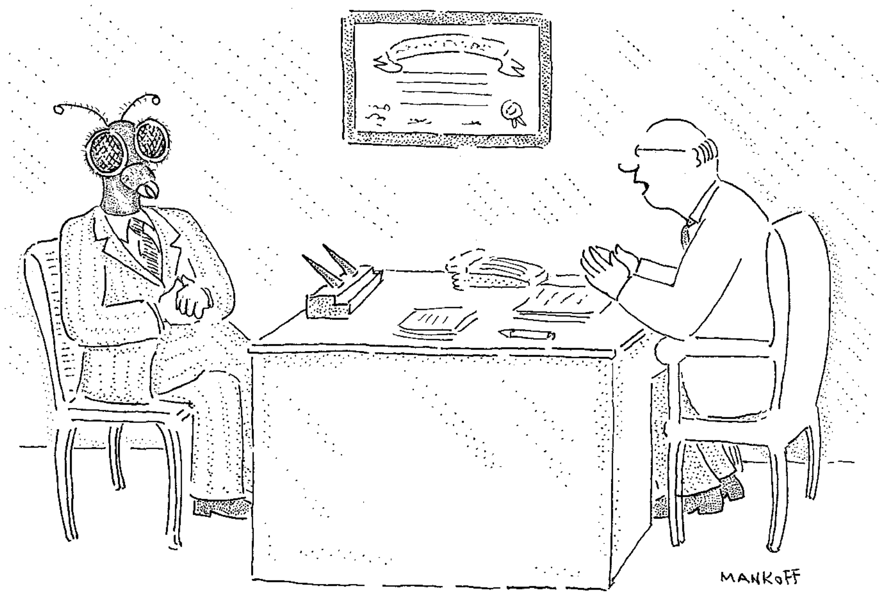
Nancy Franklin (On Television, p. 72), who has been on the staff of the magazine since 1978, writes a regular column on television and is also a theatre critic.

Gilles Peress (Photographs, pp. 41, 44, 45, 48, 53) won an Overseas Press Club award for a photo essay on Kosovo that appeared here last year. His latest book is "The Graves: Srebrenica and Vukovar."

Nick Hornby (Pop Music, p. 75) will publish his third novel, "How to Be Good," next spring. ♦



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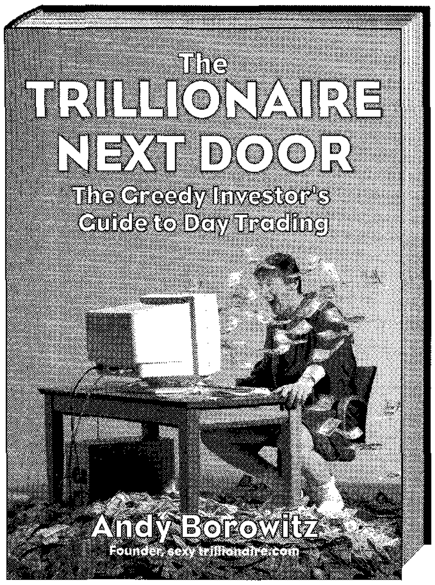

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THE MAIL

IS IT ART?

Is *The New Yorker* so desperate for summer reading that it has resorted to child pornography ("Prosperity," by Akhil Sharma, June 19th & 26th)? As a researcher on interventions to prevent long-term risk behaviors for girls and women with a history of childhood sexual abuse, I am appalled that the magazine would print a how-to manual for pedophiles.
Judith Greenberg, Ph.D.
Decatur, Ga.

Tears streamed down my cheeks as I read "Prosperity." I wondered if my grandfather and the millions of other men who sexually assault their young female relatives justify their crimes to themselves as artfully as the father in this story did. I believe that the instances of violence these men experience in their early years contribute to their inability to see what they do as devastating to their victims, but the effect is the same no matter the generation, the social milieu, the country: I and other small girls victimized by these ogres are just what this father believed his daughter was not—"damaged."
[Name withheld on request]

RADICALLY CONSERVATIVE

Fareed Zakaria tells us that "modern conservatism was born of despair" over "government intervention in the economy and in society," as well as over the successes of Communism and the Soviet Union (Books, June 5th). He adds that *National Review*, the founding journal of modern conservatism, was meant to stand "athwart history yelling 'Stop!' " Nonetheless, Zakaria also embraces the hoary belief that conservatism "values stability and continuity and shuns revolution and radical change." He can't have it both ways. Modern conservatism, in fact, is an ideology that promotes the rights of property and the privileges of certain social classes. And when it suits conservatives they embrace radical change—the conservative faction on the current Supreme Court, for example, is willing to overturn long-established precedents to promote its ideological view of the law and the world.
William P. Mitchell
West Long Branch, N.J.

THE REAL UNION PROBLEM

Hendrik Hertzberg's desire for an American labor movement that focusses on the jobs of workers at the lower end of the economy (Comment, June 5th) is unrealistic and suffused with nostalgia. The jobs identified with traditional unionism were long ago sent out of the country and will never return. Only when American labor unions demonstrate that they can address the injustices in the new, technology-based economy will they have a hope of regaining relevance and contributing to society.
Bill Bucy
Palo Alto, Calif.

MUSICAL MANIAS

Alex Ross denigrates recordings of classical music as "fetish objects" that provide a listening experience that is always inferior to the "tremor of drama" of a live performance (Musical Events, June 5th). Ah, yes! Who can forget (after having paid astronomical sums for tickets, babysitting, meals, parking, etc.) the tremors produced by battalions of consumptives (who cough during one movement and get bonus points for unwrapping their cough drops in the next), entire networks of cell-phone users, and the endlessly fascinating conversations of couples trying to multitask their quality time? Any good fetish provides pleasure. With recordings, it is the opportunity, without much in the way of additional drama, to really listen to, and live with, the music.
Peter Brown
Signal Mountain, Tenn.

•

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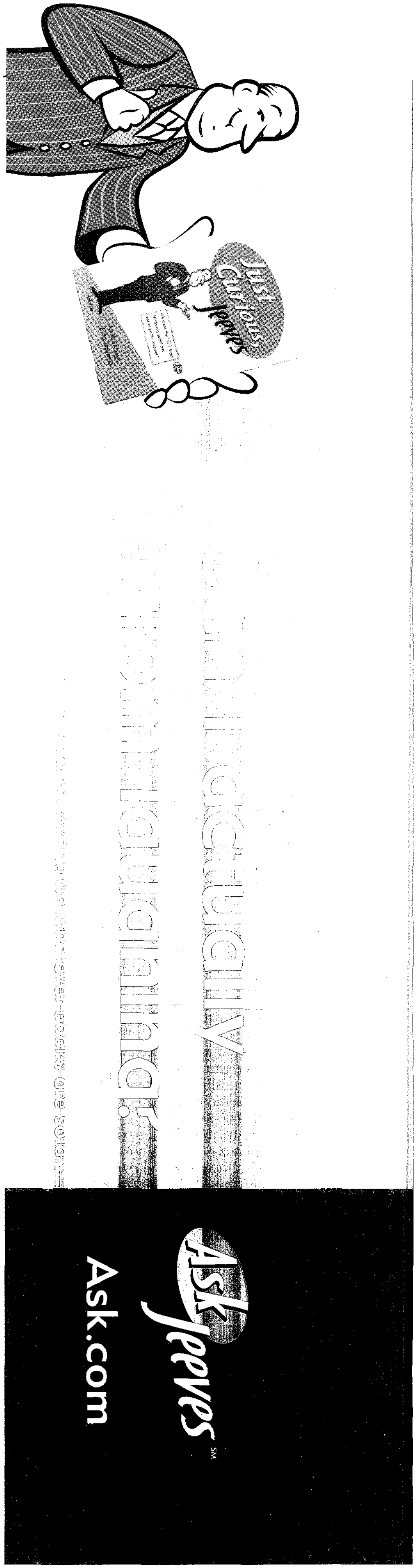
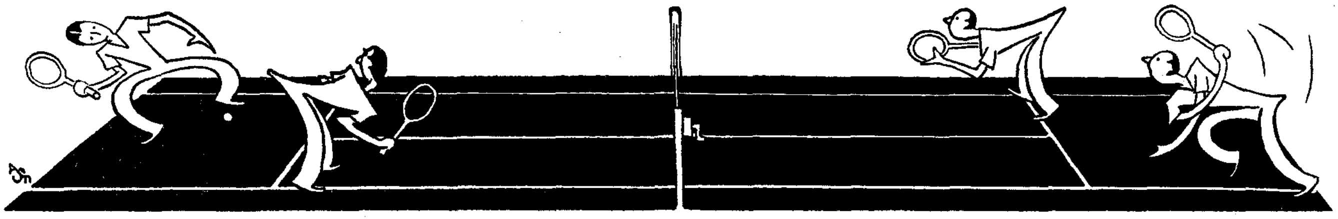


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE THEATRE
OPENINGS & PREVIEWS

Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.

BROTHERS AND SISTERS
The Maly Drama Theatre of St. Petersburg's adaptation of a trilogy of novels by Fyodor Abramov, part of the Lincoln Center Festival. Four performances only, in two parts. July 11 at 7: Part One. Continues through July 16. (John Jay College Theatre, 899 Tenth Ave., at 57th St. 875-5928.)

ICE FACTORY FESTIVAL 2000
Soho Think Tank's summer shindig highlighting new works begins with "Colonel of Fools," by Olivier Cadiot, about a butler who believes himself to be a spy. July 5-8 at 7. The festival continues through Aug. 12. (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. 966-4844.)

THE LONG, SLOW DEATH OF LILA REMY
A solo theatre piece about unrequited love, Hollywood, and other obsessions, written and performed by Toni Schlesinger. Opens July 7 at 7. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Spring St. 647-0202.)

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER
Nathan Lane and Jean Smart lead the cast in a Roundabout revival of Kaufman and Hart's 1939 comedy. Jerry Zaks is the director. In previews. (American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. 719-1300.)

NEVER SWIM ALONE
The Canadian playwright Daniel MacIvor's latest dark comedy—thirteen scenes concerned with the lifelong friendship of two men. Previews begin July 6. (Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 239-6200.)

SPINNING INTO BUTTER
Rebecca Gilman's drama about the aftermath of a racist incident at a politically correct Vermont college. Daniel Sullivan is the director. In previews. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

THE WINTER'S TALE
The New York Shakespeare Festival's first outdoor production of the season. Preview on July 5. Opens July 6 at 8 and runs through July 16. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 539-8750.)

OPENED RECENTLY

AIDA
Disney's new musical—five years in the making and a product of Pharaonic expense—is, if not perfect, a lively, polished entertainment with bursts of joyful flamboyance worthy of its composer, Elton John. The two female leads—Heather Headley, as Aida, and Sherie René Scott, as Amneris—shine in their different ways, and Bob Crowley's brilliant sets give the show both visual dazzle and emotional resonance. Directed by Robert Falls. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/10/00.) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4747.)

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AQUILA THEATRE COMPANY
The British-American touring troupe is in town for the summer, presenting repertory performances of the Iliad and "The Comedy of Errors." (Hemmerdinger Hall, 100 Washington Sq. E. 307-4100.)

THE BUBBLY BLACK GIRL SHEDS HER CHAMELEON SKIN
A musical memoir by Kirsten Childs, which follows its heroine from Los Angeles in the sixties to New York in the nineties. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes July 9.)

CAPITOL STEPS
The musical-theatre troupe's latest political satire, "It Ain't Over 'Til the First Lady Sings." (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

CHICAGO CITY LIMITS
The improv company presents a new revue, "Chicago City Limits Turns 20: Now and Forever . . . and We Mean It." (Chicago City Limits Theatre, 1105 First Ave., at 61st St. 888-5233.)

CONTACT
The director and choreographer Susan Stroman's dance play, a triptych of simple stories about the various forms of human connection and the atmosphere of longing, is a big-hearted, witty crowd-pleaser. (10/18 & 10/25/99) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

COPENHAGEN
Michael Frayn's play speculates on the controversial 1941 reunion of the two giants of quantum mechanics—the physicists Niels Bohr (Philip Bosco) and Werner Heisenberg (Michael Cumpsty). It is so meticulous, so admirable, and so grave that you want to tousle its well-kempt appearance and tell it to lighten up. Nevertheless, the director, Michael Blakemore, manages to make dynamic and suggestive an evening that consists of three actors (Blair Brown plays Margrethe Bohr) and three chairs. (4/24 & 5/1/00) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE CRUMPLE ZONE
A dark comedy by Buddy Thomas, set during a Christmas gathering of five gay men. (Rattlestick Theatre, 224 Waverly Pl. 532-8887.)

CURRENT EVENTS
A liberal California senatorial candidate returns to his Connecticut home, in a new drama by the actor and playwright David Marshall Grant ("Snakebit"). (Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes July 16.)

THE DANCE ON WIDOWS' ROW
Four rich widows throw a party for the town widowers, in a comedy by Samm-Art Williams. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 353-1176. Closes July 23.)

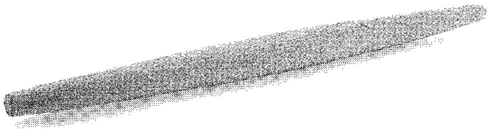
THE DESIGNATED MOURNER
Through a series of intercut monologues, this extraordinary, beautifully written play by Wallace Shawn imagines a time in the future when the contemporary culture will have lost its historical memory and literary heritage and taken up residence in a state of barbarous, mindless sensation. Alternately coruscating and hilarious, the tale is narrated by Shawn with pitch-perfect irony, and Deborah Eisenberg and Larry Pine give strong performances as remnants from the world of privilege and taste which Shawn is at once mocking and mourning. Well directed by André Gregory and memorably staged on the top floors of a derelict men's club deep in the financial district. An important theatrical event. (5/15/00) (21 South William Street. 532-8887. Closes July 17.)

DIRTY BLONDE
Mae West's flirty and dirty persona is the subject of a cunningly written, raffish evening conceived by the writer-actress Claudia Shear and the director James Lapine. Mae's story is recounted with brio by two fans—Jo (Shear, who doubles winningly as Mae) and Charlie (the superb Kevin Chamberlin). The success of the play rests not on the louche facts of West's life but on the intersection of her story with the sweetness of the evolving relationship between the two lost souls who narrate it. (2/7/00) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE WHEN THE RAINBOW IS ENUF
Ntozake Shange's 1974 choreopoem, directed by George Faison. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200.)

HIP-HOP THEATRE FESTIVAL
Two one-woman shows: "Surface Transit," by Sarah Jones, who portrays eight urban characters, and "Sistah Supreme," an autobiographical piece by Liza Colón-Zayas. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR
This misguided Broadway revival of Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber's 1971 musical version of the Saviour's last days on earth starts out by asking the tantalizing question "What's the buzz?" but never delivers a theatrically satisfying answer. Still,



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with its archaic whiff of right-wing outrage and its singable seventies-rock score, it's fun for nostalgia's sake. (Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

JITNEY

August Wilson's play—a reworked and expanded version of a 1979 one-act—is set in a car-service station in 1977, in a part of Pittsburgh which is being demolished faster than it's being renovated. In this atmosphere of decay, Wilson's characters struggle with themselves and with each other to find some hope, and some peace, amidst the rubble. The cast of nine wonderful actors (almost all of whom have appeared in at least one of Wilson's other plays), including Stephen McKinley Henderson, Barry Shabaka Henley, and Paul Butler, hit perfect notes of collision and cohesion, and turn what might otherwise be a draggy experience (the play runs to nearly three hours) into a riveting and moving one. Directed by Marion McClinton, with a tremendous assist from David Gallo's evocative set. (Second Stage, 307 W. 43rd St. 246-4422.)

JOE FEARLESS (A FAN DANCE)

A great and irresistible idea—above-the-rim basketball choreographed for the stage—attached to a goofy melodrama, in which the title character loses his job, wife, kids, and even his TV as a result of his fanatical devotion to his team. The basketball (highlights from a fictional seven-game N.B.A. finals) overshadows the drama, which takes place smack in the middle of the games (literally: the alley-oop passes sail right over the TV-room couch). But the athlete-actors pull off Globetrotter high jinks right on cue, the cheerleaders dance with exaggerated licentiousness, and the accompanying jock interviews and talk-radio postmortems are both on target and hilariously over the top. In an especially appropriate touch, the play has two endings, depending on whether or not the final shot goes in. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 239-6200.)

JUDITH SHAKESPEARE COMPANY

A gender-reversed staging of "Julius Caesar" in repertory with a Prohibition-era version of "The Comedy of Errors." (Mint, 311 W. 43rd St. 352-8887. Closes July 22.)

KISS ME, KATE

With all its admirable expertise and its various delights, this production of the Cole Porter musical is oddly earthbound: it comes down to the vexing issue of chemistry. The leads, Marin Mazzie and Brian Stokes Mitchell, are expert players, but they are not—in the true meaning of the words—star performers. (11/29/99) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE LARAMIE PROJECT

A drama about the murder of gay-hate victim Matthew Shepard, written and directed by Moisés Kaufman. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

The Hudson Valley Shakespeare Festival begins its summer season. (Boscobel Restoration, Garrison, N.Y. For ticket information and directions, call 914-265-9575.)

THE MUSIC MAN

The first thing that has to be said about this delightful revival of Meredith Willson's 1957 musical, which is under the direction of Susan Stroman, is that it has magnificently solved the Robert Preston Problem in the person of Craig Bierko, who is making his Broadway début in the role of Professor Harold Hill—the role that Preston, of course, immortalized in the original show and in the 1962 movie. Bierko talks and moves and sings with great confidence and charm, and he has the weight and presence on the stage that we associate with male musical stars of several decades ago. Bierko and Rebecca Luker, as Marion, the librarian, make a terrific couple, and Luker's sweet, warbly voice is just right for the era of parlor songs, in which the musical is set. The show hits us with the simplicity and seamlessness of a perfect fairy tale, and it puts music in its proper place—right up there with all the other miracles of life. (5/22/00) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

NEIL SIMON'S HOTEL SUITE

An evening of one-acts taken from the playwright's three "Suite" plays. (Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. 307-4100.)

THE PICTURE

This new translation, by Abigail Sanders, of Eugène Ionesco's 1963 investigation of the transformative power of art (and the limits thereof) is both intellectually intriguing and very funny. The two lead performances, by Tony Torn, as a rich businessman, and Tom Pearl, as a painter, are a delightful juxtaposition of the bombastic and the subtle styles of comedic acting, and Ian Belton's direction is perfectly paced. (Cha, 135 W. 42nd St. 206-7188. Closes July 22.)

PROOF

The young playwright David Auburn's drama stars Mary-Louise Parker as the daughter of a brilliant University of Chicago mathematician, whose life and career began to disintegrate in his mid-twenties when he became mentally ill. Parker's character appears to have similar gifts and, possibly, similar troubles, and Parker skillfully and believably delivers the smart and sullen, insolent and indolent goods, as she has done many times in the past. Auburn has taken on some biggies here: what the link may be between genius and mental instability, why it is that lives get stuck, and how elusive the truth can be. For all that, you wish the play were a little richer, a little less simply resolved; but its level of accomplishment and the realness of its characters show that Auburn has both depth and a voice. Directed by Daniel Sullivan. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes July 30.)

THE REAL THING

Revived here with an excellent cast (especially Stephen Dillane) and subtle direction by David Leveaux, Tom Stoppard's 1984 drama remains the wittiest, sharpest look at that twisted thing called love to come around in decades. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

THE RIDE DOWN MT. MORGAN

"Why have I been condemned?" the aptly named bigamist Lyman Felt (Patrick Stewart) asks, rather whinily, toward the end of Arthur Miller's latest play, an examination of the seeming impossibility of fidelity, or, at least, lifelong marriage. And you trust that Lyman is truly in the dark about how he could be convicted of having love for two women. The problem with Miller's project is that his lying Lyman is no longer in love with his first wife at all, and he seems to have only lust for the second. (Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Closes July 23.)

THE RIDICU-FEST

A festival of camp comedies by playwrights both familiar (Charles Busch, Charles Ludlam, Ethyl Eichelberger) and little known (John Issendorf, Todd Miller). (For schedule and location information, call 420-1466. Closes July 23.)

RIVERDANCE

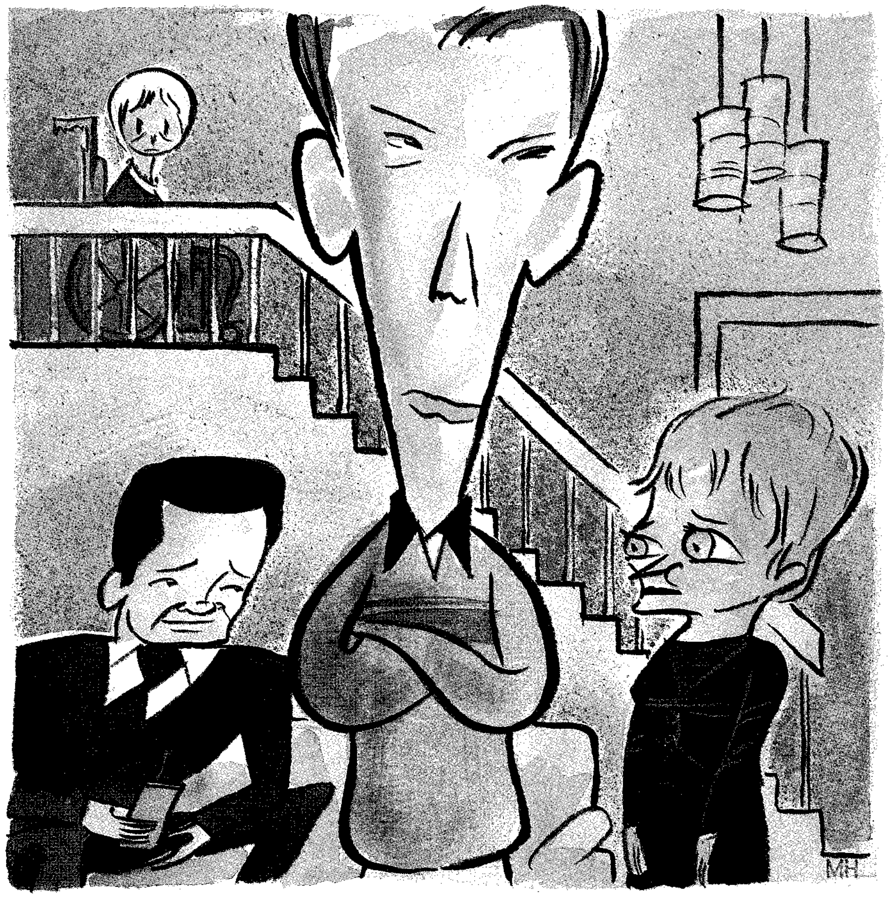
The Irish troupe of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER

John Travolta is not easy to replace, nor are the ashes of disco fever likely to reignite, as this show, based on the 1977 movie, demonstrates. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

STRAIGHT-JACKET

A nineteen-fifties Hollywood actor marries a studio owner's secretary in order to conceal his homosexuality, in a comedy by Richard Day. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 307-4100.)



"Current Events," by David Marshall Grant, at Manhattan Theatre Club.

SWING!

No plot, just a hot band, Olympic-class dancers, and major panties—this show, a tribute to swing and its dance counterpart, the Lindy (mother of the jitterbug), lives up to its name. Directed and choreographed by Lynne Taylor-Corbett. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

TRUE WEST

A sensational revival of Sam Shepard's 1980 play, directed by Matthew Warchus. It's a droll tall tale of sibling rivalry, in which an intrusive, beer-swilling outlaw named Lee and his brother, Austin, a put-upon Ivy League screenwriter, face off in their vacationing mother's tidy modern kitchen. Josh Brolin and Elias Koteas have taken over the starring roles. (3/27/00) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

MARCELLUS HALL

WHEN THEY SPEAK OF RITA
Daisy B. Foote's drama, about a discontented housewife in rural New Hampshire. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-3052.)

LONG RUNS

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN
Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4747.
BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES
Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.
CABARET
Studio 54, at 254 W. 54th St. 239-6200.
CHICAGO
Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.
THE COUNTESS
Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.
DE LA GUARDA
Daryl Roth, 20 Union Sq. E., at 15th St. 239-6200.
DINNER WITH FRIENDS
Variety Arts, 110 Third Ave., at 14th St. 239-6200.
THE FANTASTICKS
Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.
FORBIDDEN BROADWAY
Stardust, Broadway at 51st St. 239-6200.
FOSSE
Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.
FULLY COMMITTED
Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. 239-6200.
I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE
Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.
JACKIE MASON: MUCH ADO ABOUT EVERYTHING
Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.
JEKYLL & HYDE
Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.
THE LION KING
New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.
LES MISÉRABLES
Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.
OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS
John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.
PERFECT CRIME
Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401.
RENT
Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000.
STOMP
Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477.
TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING
St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200.
THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES
Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.

DANCE

PILOBOLUS DANCE THEATRE
For its annual monthlong engagement, the six-member company brings three programs, each of which includes three repertory works and a première. The featured première for the troupe's second week is "Tantra Aranea," a duet for Josie Coyoc and Matt Kent. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. July 4 at 5, July 5-7 at 8, and July 8 at 2 and 8. Through July 22.)

SEÁN CURRAN / ROGER SINHA
Curran, a veteran of both "Stomp" and the Bill T. Jones company, presents "Abstract Concrete," a dance that grew out of his experiments with the body as a percussion instrument. Sinha, a Canadian with roots on the Indian subcontinent, applies ballet training to bharata-natyam movement, with a dash of Irish clog dancing to spice things up. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 7 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

"THREE"
The three members of Travesty Dance Company, Kimberly Karpanty, Rebecca Malcolm-Naib, and Karen Stokes, present a trio about the number three, a work developed by long-distance communication. (Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. 539-7616. July 7-8 at 9.)

"2000 DANCES"
The title refers to the current year, and not the amount of works to be shown, which will be only six, by five choreographers: Lydia Johnson, Sue Bernhard, Lacy James, Catherine Seago, and Valerie Bull. (University Settlement, 184 Eldridge St. 989-0989. July 8-9 at 8.)

HUDSON RIVER FESTIVAL
The free series in Battery Park City. July 8 at 6:30: The Volosky Ukrainian Dance Ensemble leads the public in traditional dances of the Carpathian Mountains. (Esplanade Plaza, in the World Financial Center.) ♦ July 11 at 7: Pascal Rioult Dance Theatre. (Wagner Park.)

"LADY M"
The choreographer Jennifer Allen and the writer Drew Pisarra represent the "Macbeth" saga from Mrs. Macbeth's perspective. With accordionist Alicia J. Rose and a quartet of women dancers, Juliette Mapp, Amy Cox, Paige Martin, and Jen Mitas, playing all roles. (Galapagos, 70 N. 6th St., Brooklyn. 718-782-5188. July 6-7 at 8.)

POP NOTES

HIP-HOP HOORAY
Once hip-hop was about authenticity: real stories from the real streets. These days, though, rappers are just as likely to affect larger-than-life personae designed to capitalize on the middle-class public's fascination with urban grit.

The Detroit rapper Eminem has spent the better part of this summer atop the charts with his second record, **"The Marshall Mathers LP"** (Interscope), which follows the gleefully sociopathic route carved out by his 1999 début. Though the album is filled with violent fantasies and objectionable opinions (homophobia and misogyny, primarily), Eminem's raps retain a certain charm, in part because of his adenoidal voice, in part because of his indisputable poetic abilities, and in part because his horrific imagination seems so patently fictional. While his white-rapper status raises questions about his authenticity, it also increases the chance that his material will be interpreted as satire. Satire or not, the album is infectious, from party songs like "The Real Slim Shady" to complex psychological portraits like the stalker-fan nightmare "Stan."

Through the latter part of the nineties, Busta Rhymes was one of the brightest lights of popular music: a rap star who dressed like a rock star, acted like a movie star, and backed up his flamboyance with off-kilter, hypnotic hip-hop. Unfortunately, Rhymes's new album, **"Anarchy"** (Elektra), continues the slide into gimmickry that began on his last record, "Extinction Level Event." "Get Out!!," the lead single, uses a children's chorus, à la Jay-Z's "Hard Knock Life," but the effect is flat, and elsewhere Rhymes squanders cameos by Lenny Kravitz and members of the Wu-Tang Clan.

All hip-hop records come with parental-advisory stickers these days, but few artists actually earn that distinction. Lil' Kim does, and then some. On **"The Notorious KIM"** (Atlantic), the diminutive rapper, as famous for her revealing outfits as for her music, continues to flaunt the filthy, funky persona she minted on her début, "Hard Core." Orgasmic moans abound, as well as scatological detail; in "She Don't Love You," Kim reminds an unfaithful lover of her charms with a specificity that would make Dr. Ruth blush. This record seems significantly more calculated than her first, with a roster of all-star producers brought in to push Kim up the charts. But her personality—which incorporates braggadocio and candor, along with humor and occasional vulnerability—elevates the disk above pseudo-provocation.

—Ben Greenman

OUT OF TOWN

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL
July 4-7 at 8, July 8 at 2 and 8, and July 9 at 2: Grupo Corpo. ♦ July 6-7 at 8:15 and July 8-9 at 5: CoisCéim Dance Theatre. (Becket, Mass. For information about tickets, call 413-243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE
CONCERTS

MIDSUMMER NIGHT SWING
Highlights of the alfresco dance festival. July 5: The **Wycliffe Gordon Band.** Gordon, the slippin' 'n' slidin' trombonist with connections to the Marsalis clan, has a not so secret weapon in violinist **Miri Ben-Ari,** a petite young thing who can make her instrument tear a hole in the sound barrier the way trumpeter Freddie Hubbard could in his prime. ♦ July 8: Former Kid Creole and the Coconuts member **Coati Mundi** spices up his Rumbaphonic Band with a little help from former Brand New Heavies vocalist **N'Dea Davenport.** ♦ July 11: **Lil' Band o' Gold,** from Lafayette, Louisiana, lives up to its name by bringing together the regional crooner **Warren Storm,** accordionist **Steve Riley,** and blues guitarist **C. C. Adock,** as well as a killer horn section. (Fountain Plaza, Lincoln Center. For more information, call 875-5766. All shows at 8:15. Dance lessons are offered at 6:30.)

MARC ANTHONY
Now that the hype surrounding the Latin invasion has faded and Ricky Martin has taken a brief hiatus from the top of the charts, Anthony's slow-burning, substance-over-style approach is finally paying dividends. He's got his second hit single ("You Sang to Me") and an incendiary stage show. (Jones Beach Theatre. 516-221-1000. July 5 at 8.)

FISHBONE
The mid-eighties kings of ska-funk return with songs from "Psychotic Friends Nuttwerx," an inspired new album that shows off an invitingly sensitive side. Maybe it's the inclusive group of musicians who lend a hand on the album—everyone from George Clinton and Perry Farrell to Donny Osmond. (Central Park SummerStage, mid-Park at 72nd St. No tickets necessary. For more information, call 360-2777. July 8 at 3.)

THE WHO
Pete Townshend takes a break from his Prufrockian day job with the British publishing house Faber & Faber and returns to the stage. His hearing dulled by tinnitus, Townshend now gives his classic songs the low-volume treatment, making the Who's once majestic rumble sound a bit like a neutered cover band. Fortunately, Roger Daltry's howl is as strong as ever. (Jones Beach Theatre. July 9 at 7:30.)

RAHZEL
The human beat box Rahzel is often found running around with the hip-hop band the Roots, but he is at his best during his frequent (and frequently bootlegged) battles with top turntable artists like DJ Skribble and Rob Swift. The d.j.s create intricate, profoundly funky sound collages with vinyl disks and rotational motion; Rahzel does the job with no equipment other than a microphone. To call him a virtuoso is something of an understatement; he's a wizard who alchemizes the simplest materials (air, teeth, tongue, lips) into sonic poetry. (Central Park SummerStage. July 10 at 7:30.)

JIMMY PAGE AND THE BLACK CROWES
The Led Zeppelin guitar god may have lost his legendary swagger, but his strange alliance with the seventies-flavored Southern-fried retro rock of the

Robinson brothers has restored some of his infamous oomph. (Jones Beach Theatre. July 10 at 8.)

GEORGE CLINTON

The Parliament-Funkadelic army took its musical cues from Jimi Hendrix, Sly Stone, and James Brown and its theatrical cues from Sun Ra and even the Nation of Islam (what is George Clinton's Mothership if not a funked-up version of Elijah Poole's Mother Plane?). The result was an intoxicating mix of showmanship and musicianship which veered between heavy-metal workouts (the Funkadelic half) and horny, horn-driven sing-alongs (the Parliament half). Some thirty years after he first turned the corner from traditional soul into P-Funk, Clinton is something of an institution, invoked by rockers like Primus and the Red Hot Chili Peppers and sampled extensively by rappers (most notably Digital Underground and Dr. Dre, both of whom made careers of biting Clinton's greatest bits). In concert, Clinton puts on marathon performances in which he shows off his newest crop of backing musicians, demands audience participation in the form of hilarious and often scatological chants, and demonstrates time and time again that funk is its own reward. (Roxy, 515 W. 18th St. 307-7171. July 10 at 10.)

ROGER WATERS

Guitarist David Gilmour won the right to the Pink Floyd name after Waters left the band in a huff. So what did founding member (and principal songwriter) Waters do? He learned an important lesson about the value of a brand name in the pop marketplace, and he soldiered on with a series of solo albums that re-created the operatic sweep of Pink Floyd's late-seventies masterpieces like "The Wall." Live, though, there's nothing stopping Waters from reaching into his Floyd back catalogue and pretending he's still with the band, and he's got the voice and the light show to pull it off. (Madison Square Garden. 307-7171. July 11 and July 13 at 8.)

DAVE MATTHEWS BAND

The immensely popular combo, still beloved for its leader's boyish charm (and grownup lyrics) and its ability to turn a single song into a twenty-minute exercise in noodling. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. 212-307-7171. July 11-13 at 6.)

CLUBS

Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.

BAM CAFÉ

30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4139)—July 7: Fridays in July belong to **Chocolate Genius** (born Marc Anthony Thompson), a vocalist with a gift for incisive personal narratives and an emotionally keyed-up delivery.

BOTTOM LINE

15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—July 7-8: **Steve Forbert and the Rough Squirrels.** This folk-rock troubadour from Meridian, Mississippi, can always be counted on to offer a solid live show, and the full-bodied songs about love and loss on his latest release, "Evergreen Boy," hit the mark more often than not. With **Victoria Williams.** Even those who have trouble with this Louisiana-bred folksinger's voice—a mildly cloying, Kewpie-doll instrument—have been charmed by her talent for songwriting. Her new album, "Water to Drink," shows off both her interpretive and compositional skills. July 11: After fronting the Box Tops, **Alex Chilton** enjoyed power-pop renown with Big Star. But his solo career has been deeply unsatisfying, marked by periods of alcohol abuse and rackety records. His latest album, "Set," was recorded in a single night, and it finds Chilton and his trio running through a group of obscure soul and jazz numbers. Fortunately, the junkyard atmospherics are charming; in the oddest songs, such as "Oogum Boogum" and "You's a Viper," Chilton becomes a kind of ragged archivist, still in love with the music that moved him decades ago.

BROWNIES

169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (420-8392)—July 5: In certain indie-rock circles, **Tara Jane O'Neil,** who has sung for such bands as Rodan, Retsin, and the Sonara Pine, is held in irreproachable esteem. The rest of the world can simply appreciate O'Neil's invention and quiet authority, which is displayed gracefully on her new solo release, "Peregrine." July 9: The **World/Inferno Friendship Society.** One expects great things from a band whose singer appears in pale white makeup, takes a swig of Bacardi rum, lights a match, and blows an enormous fireball over the audience's head. The nine-piece outfit, which includes three horns, timbales, and vibes, plays stylized music with swing, circus, and tribal elements thrown together. The songs are well rehearsed and played with enthusiasm, but they're not nearly as unsettling or surprising as that first blast of fire. July 11: The **Spoozys** are from Tokyo, Japan, and the adrenaline-fuelled hybrid techno-rock they crank out is somewhere between a sci-fi movie soundtrack and an overheated video game. In other words, great fun.

Rahzel, at Central Park SummerStage.

ROBERT MELEE

GALAPAGOS

70 North 6th St., Williamsburg (718-782-5188)—July 7: "Lady M," an avant-garde rock opera inspired by "Macbeth," featuring accordionist **Miss Murgatroid.** July 8: The Boston-based lounge act **Lars Vegas** is joined by **Drums and Tuba,** a highly infectious trio—tuba, drums, and guitar—which laces its loop-filled songs with New Orleans-style grooves and some progressive-rock guitar heroics.

IRVING PLAZA

17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—July 7: **Dogstar.** During Keanu Reeves's darkest pre-"Matrix" days, this vanity project (a power trio with the actor on bass) seemed too pathetic to imagine. With Keanu firmly remodelled as an action-hero avatar, can rock stardom be far behind? Five words: Don't quit your day job. ♦ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday, with sets from eight until midnight. For information on the Society, call 696-9737.

JOE'S PUB

425 Lafayette St. (539-8777)—July 7: One of the hardest-working backup singers in the business, **Paulette McWilliams** has filled out tracks by such artists as Aretha Franklin, Quincy Jones, Boz Scaggs, and Luther Vandross. July 8: **Diamanda Galás.** For those who don't belong to the cult of Galás, her bilingual ululation suggests a woman alternately possessed by the spirits of Tina Turner, Yoko Ono, and an S & M dominatrix. July 11: The jazz-and-folk veteran **Terry Callier** has a thickly layered voice that's a perfect match for his accomplished guitar playing.

MAXWELL'S

1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-0406)—July 6: **Steve Forbert and the Rough Squirrels** (see the Bottom Line). July 8: **Alex Chilton** (see the Bottom Line).

MERCURY LOUNGE

217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—July 8: **Lil' Band o' Gold** (see Concerts—Midsummer Night Swing).

WETLANDS

161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—July 6: The **Wild Magnolias,** a troupe of Mardi Gras Indians led by the gravel-voiced Bo (Big Chief) Dollis. The group takes the stage in sparkling headdresses and whips up some of the funkiest music on this continent.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

BLUE NOTE

131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through July 9: There are only a few classic fifties-era R. & B. vocalists who can still raise the roof of a club, and **Ben E. King** ranks high among the chosen. What kind of act this former Drifter and brilliant Leiber and Stoller interpreter will bring to a jazz establishment is unclear, but if "Stand by Me" gets an airing—and surely it will—patrons will leave contented.

IRIDIUM

48 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through July 9: The **Wil Calhoun** quartet. Life has gotten jazzier for drummer Calhoun since he left the rock band Living Colour. The thrill of being able to hear himself while he plays may make up for having left behind the ephemeral pleasures of his youth, like, say, opening for the Rolling Stones. Mondays belong to electric-guitar innovator **Les Paul.**

JAZZ STANDARD

116 E. 27th St. (576-2232)—Pianist **Bill Charlap** (here July 5-9) is one of several gifted, thoughtful New York players who are infatuated with lyricism. He may not be the flavor du jour, but his elegance and discernment have a cleansing effect on the city. He's got the great non-sibling **Washingtons**—bassist **Peter** and drummer **Kenny**—as driving rhythm mates. Dining.

KNITTING FACTORY

74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—July 5: The **Bobo Stenson** trio. Written off as a European Keith Jarrett clone because of his voluminous work on ECM, pianist Stenson is actually a crafty improviser and an exacting leader who cloaks his free-jazz leanings in muted dynamics. July 5: The **Jean-Michel Pilc** trio. This young French expatriate is as splashy as they come, turning each piano excursion into a joyride of fractured rhythms and wayward harmonies. Thankfully, he has a loyal bass-and-drum team who anticipate his every unexpected move. July 6-9: The **Joe Morris** trio. Detail and clarity rather than expressionist bombast are the m.o. for avant-jazz guitarist Morris, an assiduous stylist who's carved out his own niche in the downtown scene. July 10: The **Marc Cary** trio. His apprenticeship with the late singer Betty Carter and subsequent sojourn as a smart and alert sideman have helped pianist Cary blossom into a highly promising stylist and leader.

TONIC

107 Norfolk St. (358-7503)—July 5: Drummer **Susie Ibarra,** a veteran of the rhythmic contusions of David S. Ware's quartet, stops by with her trio.

VILLAGE VANGUARD

178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through July 9: The **Fred Hersch** trio. With his exquisite touch, sensitivity to texture, and poetic imagination, pianist Hersch brings to mind the late Bill Evans, the dean of modern jazz piano, but with his contemporary leanings, he keeps his own personality right out in front. The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

ART
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—The museum is marking the three-hundredth (or three-hundred-and-first, actually—the show originated last year in Paris) anniversary of the birth of Jean-Baptiste-Siméon Chardin with an exhibition of more than sixty of the painter's oils and pastels. In an era when artists gained their reputations on the strength of vast historical canvases, Chardin commanded attention with sensuous still-lifes and humble domestic scenes. Through Sept. 3. ♦ **"Other Pictures: Vernacular Photographs from the Thomas Walther Collection"** brings together more than eighty images from the teens through the sixties by unknown shutterbugs whose works conjure the styles of famous contemporaries (Cartier-Bresson, Frank, Moholy-Nagy). Through Aug. 27. ♦ It's the Fourth of July all summer long at **"Fireworks!: Four Centuries of Pyrotechnics in Prints and Drawings,"** an exhibition from the museum's permanent collection. The explosive entertainment on view includes images of sixteenth-

TABLES FOR TWO

VERITAS
43 E. 20th St. (353-3700)—In the current vogue for one-word restaurant monikers, this intimate, elegant hole-in-the-wall in the Flatiron District stands out as an establishment that lives up to its name. Everything—from the muted, minimal interior, with its sleek lighting and Brice Mardenish artwork, to the warmly professional service and thoughtful prix-fixe menu—bespeaks a distaste for razzle-dazzle and a concern for honest craftsmanship inspired by the restaurant's raison d'être: a cellar that houses what may be the city's most expansive assortment of wines. Many of the bottles come from the private cellars of two of the restaurant's owners, who realized that they'd never live long enough to drink them. As listed in a leather-clad volume of sixty-seven pages (it can be purchased for $60), the names and pedigrees of the thirteen hundred selections (whose prices range from $18 for a bottle of Spanish Tempranillo rosé to $25,000 for a magnum of the 1900 Margaux) constitute a Roger Tory Peterson's field guide to the world's celebrated and not so celebrated vineyards. On the recommendation of a sommelier, whose command of wine lingo was awe inspiring without being intimidating ("A little slate in the finish, sir"), a recent dinner was accompanied by two unfamiliar and superb California choices—a sauvignon blanc, from the Araujo Estate in Napa Valley ($15 by the glass), followed by a "Flowers" Pinot Noir from the Camp Meeting Ridge Vineyard on the Sonoma coast ($75).

The chef, Scott Bryan, likes classic preparations with assertive yet well-balanced accoutrements that complement but don't compete with the bottled star attractions. Particularly good are the tuna tartare with pickled cucumbers, lime, chilies, and lemongrass; green and white asparagus with chanterelles and a truffle fondue; halibut with clams, saffron couscous, chorizo, and a crab rouille; and Irish venison with a confit of parsnips, grilled ramps, green peppercorns, and orange. For dessert, a crème-fraîche panna cotta with passion-fruit soup is memorable. A selection of five cheeses provides a nice cushion for that final bottle of, say, Cockburn's Port, dated 1935. Despite its price tag of $800, it's something that, by this point, you might find hard to resist. (Open weekdays for lunch and dinner, Saturdays for dinner only. Prix fixe, $68.)

—*Charles Michener*

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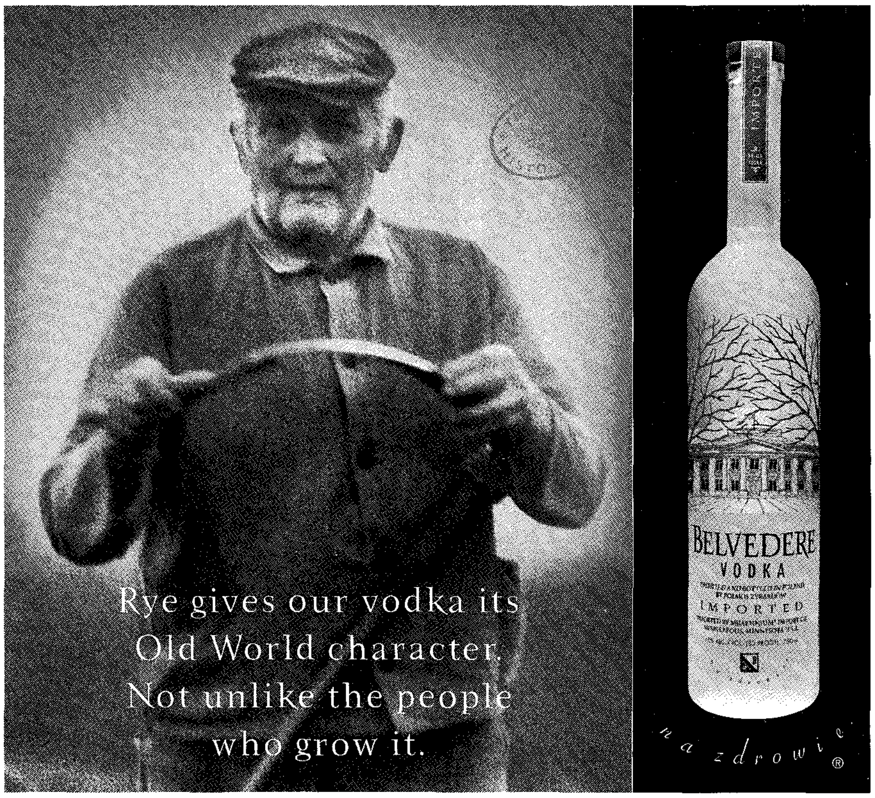
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century reënactments of military victories and the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge. Some of the best works focus not on the fireworks themselves but on the audience reactions, including Honoré Daumier's snarky family of three caught in a Parisian downpour and Winslow Homer's enraptured crowd in Central Park. Through Sept. 17. ♦ **"American Modern, 1925-40: Design for a New Age."** Through Jan. 7. ♦ **John Singer Sargent: Beyond the Portrait Studio."** Paintings, drawings, and watercolors from the collection. Through Sept. 24. ♦ **"Now! Modern Photographs from the Permanent Collection."** Through Oct. 22. ♦ **"After Nicolas Poussin: New Etchings by Leon Kossoff."** Through Aug. 13. ♦ **"Art and Oracle: Spirit Voices of Africa."** Through July 30. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—**"Projects 72: John Armleder/Piotr Uklański"** presents two installations based on disco theatrics: Armleder has hung and spotlit a dozen whirling mirrored balls in the MOMA café, and Uklański has set up a sound-activated, illuminated dance floor in the sculpture garden. Through Sept. 5 and Aug. 1, respectively. ♦ **"Making Choices."** The twenty-four-part show concentrates on works made between 1920 and 1960, drawn exclusively from the museum's extensive holdings, in a series of tightly focussed exhibitions, several devoted to a single artist (Man Ray, Cartier-Bresson, Morandi). Closing, in stages, on Aug. 22, Sept. 19, and Sept. 26. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10:30 to 5:45; Fridays, 10:30 to 8:15.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—**"1900: Art at the Crossroads"** reopens a sort of art-world time capsule, contrasting representative works from the movements that took shape at the beginning of the past century. Established masters (Bouguereau, Burne-Jones, Degas, Eakins, Gauguin, and Munch) are displayed near the upstarts of the day (Kandinsky, Matisse, Mondrian, and Picasso). Through Sept. 10. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 9 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 9 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—**"The Art of Alice Neel,"** the museum's second retrospective devoted to the artist, and the first since her death, in 1984, offers seventy-five paintings and watercolors, including likenesses of artists (Andy Warhol, Robert Smithson), writers (Frank O'Hara, Kenneth Fearing), and family members. Through Sept. 17. ♦ **"Carnival Strippers: Photographs by Susan Meiselas."** A Magnum photographer best known for her harrowing depictions of ravaged areas in Central America and Kurdistan, Meiselas began her career documenting a different kind of war zone—carnival striptease shows. In 1972, just one year after she started taking pictures, the artist spent the first of three summers travelling the circuit in rural New England. The strippers, from the days before silicone and StairMasters, look heartbreakingly real in these small black-and-white photographs. Then again, so do the customers: the slack-jawed rapture on the male faces in "Tentful of Marks" is vulnerability incarnate. Through Sept. 10. (Open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 9.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
Central Park W. at 79th St. (769-5100)—The Triassic equivalent of professional wrestling is here: **"Fighting Dinosaurs"** showcases one of the greatest paleontological finds of the past century. In the Gobi Desert almost thirty years ago, a Polish-Mongolian team came across the remains of two dinosaurs, a carnivorous velociraptor and a vegetarian protoceratops, apparently caught in a brawl to the death. More recent finds, including early mammals and new links between dinosaurs and birds, are also on view, along with video projections, a diorama, and chip-away re-creations of digs. Through Oct. 29. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART
Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—**"Dream Days: The Art of Maxfield Parrish."** The Philadelphia artist (1870-1966) remains enormously popular, and it's not hard to figure out why. "It doesn't mean an earthly thing," Parrish said of one of his murals. "The endeavor is to present a painting which will give pleasure without tiring the intellect: something beautiful to look upon." Examples include rose-lipped maidens in diaphanous gowns, moonlight over snow-laden outbuildings, merry figures out of Mother Goose, a nude youth on a swing before an ivory castle. Parrish was a hit-maker, and his show is a blast—and about as far as an institution can get from "Sensation." Through Aug. 6. ♦ **"William Merritt Chase: Modern American Landscapes, 1886-1890."** Through Aug. 13. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY
29 E. 36th St. (685-0008)—**"Treasures from the Royal Tombs of Ur."** The cradle of civilization is rocking this summer as the museum showcases a dazzling cache of Mesopotamian loot unearthed by Sir Leonard Woolley in the twenties. The objects, from the middle of the third millennium B.C., include such renowned masterpieces of Sumerian art as the inaccurately named "Ram Caught in a Thicket" (Woolley cribbed the title from the Old Testament, but the creature is clearly a goat). The exquisitely modelled statuette, a scant seventeen inches tall, with gold leaf and lapis lazuli, has a pavé of shell shards the size and shape of nail clippings to substitute for fleece. Through Sept. 10. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10:30 to 5; Fridays, 10:30 to 8; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

P.S. 1 CONTEMPORARY ART CENTER
22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084)—**"Around 1984: A Look at Art in the Eighties,"** the first in a series of "decade" shows that P.S. 1 will offer to the public, presents a cheery, politicized point of view that mostly obscures the era's market-driven rise and fall. Favoring postmodern theory over historical fact, curator Carolyn Christov-Bakargiev emphasizes the complementary "narratives" of the work of appropriation and media artists like Dennis Adams, Adrian Piper, and Sherrie Levine to the detriment of the decade's corporate-raider-like, big-money artists. Julian Schnabel, David Salle, Peter Halley, Jean-Michel Basquiat, and Francesco Clemente are in, if underrepresented; Eric Fischl, Robert Longo, Sandro Chia, Philip Taaffe, and Robert Mapplethorpe are inexplicably out. A safe, politically correct look back at a fractious decade whose troublesome legacy is still up for grabs. Through Sept. 1. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

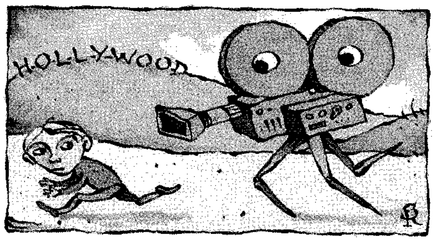
GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.

ILYA KABAKOV
"How can you make yourself better, kinder, more decent?" asks N. Solomatkin, a Soviet taxi-driver and character in Ilya Kabakov's latest narrative installation, which presents utopian visions from fictional citizens of a sweetly nostalgic and completely imaginary Siberia. Dubbed "The Palace of Projects," this floodlit, wood-framed nautilus, covered in translucent white mesh, collects sixty-five proposals for better living in a three-story, forty-foot-high archive that's equal parts "Monument to the Third International" and Tower of Babel. Kabakov's characters illustrate their neurotic, touching vignettes and their recipes for world harmony and self-realization with scale models, paintings, and writings. The artist provides tables and chairs for leisurely appreciation (itself a utopian gesture in today's restless art world). While the taxi-driver recommends donning a pair of handmade angel's wings, other homemade schemes include plans for nightlights that would cover an entire Russian region and open-air toilets installed on mountainsides.

BOOK CURRENTS

Brit Players



The glamour and excitement of Hollywood has always been seductive for British actors, from Charles Laughton and Richard Burton to the entire Redgrave clan. Rex Harrison, who was on contract to Twentieth Century Fox in the nineteen-forties, was astonished, according to Patrick Garland's **THE INCOMPARABLE REX** (Fromm), when he left the austerity of wartime England for "the steaks, and the unlimited wine, and the brilliant heat, and the swimming pools" of Hollywood. He was also struck by movie stars' laid-back attitude regarding acting: "They were much more interested in sports. They were talking about their last hunting trips."

Not all Hollywood memories are so luxurious. Nigel Hawthorne—one of sixteen British actors interviewed in Carole Zucker's **IN THE COMPANY OF ACTORS** (Routledge)—had to pay for his own accommodations when he starred as a baddie opposite Sylvester Stallone in "Demolition Man." "It was quite an ordeal of fire," he says. "Particularly so, as I was burnt to death at the end of the film." Elsewhere, Brenda Fricker laments the silver screen's reliance on closeups, which she feels overdetermine the meaning of a scene. Stephen Rea recalls that as a child in Belfast he had no stage actors to idolize, only American movie stars like Mitchum and Bogart. And Janet McTeer differentiates between the way British actors inhabit a succession of characters and the way American actors "play themselves in endless numbers of situations." As Zucker points out in her introduction, the transatlantic love affair is, generally, requited: just as the British are fascinated by Hollywood, Americans have always swooned over a British accent. Or, as the late John Gielgud, who won an Oscar for his supporting role in "Arthur," once said, "People like to hear me say 'shit' in my gorgeous voice."

—*Leo Carey*

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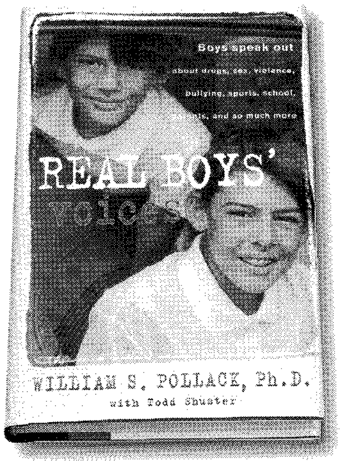
Parenting Books for a New Generation


Boys speak out about drugs, sex, violence, bullying, sports, school, parents, and so much more
REAL BOYS' voices
WILLIAM S. POLLACK, Ph.D.
with Todd Shuster

REAL BOYS' VOICES

by William S. Pollack, Ph.D., with Todd Shuster

In a radical departure from society's widely accepted norms of young and adolescent boys and their behavior, this invaluable guide sheds light on the hidden details of their daily worlds and their pressures, challenges, dreams, hopes, and fears as they navigate the rules of life in today's increasingly tough "playground." Focusing on the need for expression, key insight and guidance are furnished on how to get boys to open up and share their emotions and feelings. (Random House)

Pub. Price: $25.95
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OUR LAST BEST SHOT

by Laura Sessions Stepp

The ages between ten and fifteen are a time of emotional and physical turmoil, perhaps the most critical juncture in the human life cycle. The author, a Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist, provides a practical and insightful guide for parents seeking to shepherd their children through adolescence into a happy, healthy and successful adulthood. (Riverhead Books)

Pub. Price: $24.95
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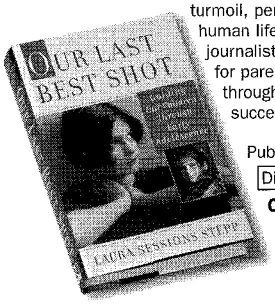
Our Price: $19.96


OUR LAST BEST SHOT
LAURA SESSIONS STEPP

WHAT STORIES DOES MY SON NEED?

by Michael Gurian with Terry Trueman

From the author of *The Wonder of Boys*, this listing of two hundred character-building movies and books addresses the concerns of parents worried about how their boys relate to the media and its impact upon their emotional and moral character. Annotations and discussion points highlight the ethical lessons waiting to be learned. (Tarcher)

Pub. Price: $9.95
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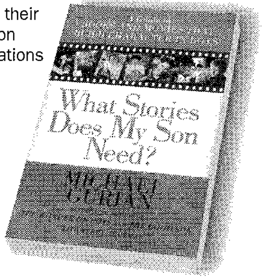
What Stories Does My Son Need?
MICHAEL GURIAN

200 WAYS TO RAISE A BOY'S EMOTIONAL INTELLIGENCE

by Will Glennon

Unlike their young female counterparts, boys are seldom "allowed" to show emotion and express their true feelings, especially in public. In today's society, intense pressure is placed on boys from a very early age to rein in their emotions and put forth a tough exterior—in other words, to cut off a vital part of themselves. By presenting adults with a blueprint to understanding and dealing with boys' conflicting feelings, essential advice is provided in order to cultivate boys' mental health and spiritual nourishment. (Conari Press)

Pub. Price: $12.95
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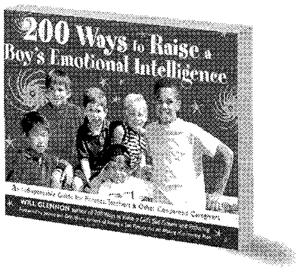
Our Price: $10.36


200 Ways to Raise a Boy's Emotional Intelligence
WILL GLENNON

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Through July 13. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 26th St. For information, call the Public Art Fund at 980-4575.)

WILLIAM KENTRIDGE
This South African artist is best known for soulful, politically charged animated films based on his own charcoal drawings. Though none of Kentridge's films are included in this sculpture show, the implication of motion lurks in the screws and wing nuts welded occasionally to a figure's knee or elbow. The high point is a cavalcade of bronze sculptures snaking across a tabletop, a ragtag crew that evokes a diaspora or an exodus. Through July 14. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. 977-7160.)

"SÖMA, SÖMA, SÖMA"
A three-person, three-generation exhibition devoted to the subgenre of performance known as body art. If you're lucky, you'll catch one of the artists in the act—all three will perform unannounced throughout the run of the show. Otherwise, the three-ring installation only hints at the goings on (videos and photographs of William Pope.L eating and regurgitating the *Wall Street Journal*, Patty Chang repeatedly falling as she tries to maintain her balance on a water bed, and Geoffrey Hendricks breathing, in a guided yoga meditation), and it's hard to avoid feeling like you're missing the action. Through July 15. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. 879-3500.)

Short List

EUGENIE BAIZERMAN
Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. 752-1223.
Through July 28.

JAMES LEE BYARS
Werner, 4 E. 77th St. 988-1623.
Through Aug. 11.

STAN DANN
Stone, 113 E. 90th St. 987-4997.
Through July 21.

BETSABÉE ROMERO
Galeria Ramis Barquet, 41 E. 57th St.
644-9090. Through Sept. 2.

DONALD SULTAN
Mary Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. 397-0669.
Through July 28.

GALLERIES–CHELSEA

FERNANDO RODRIGUEZ
Rodriguez lives in Havana, but has lately been escorting his alter ego Francisco de la Cal and his work around London, Los Angeles, and Chelsea. The fictional de la Cal was blinded (by a crushing metaphor, apparently) in the sixties, at the outset of the Cuban revolution. He figures in all of Rodriguez's sculptures and installations, here serving as the model for hundreds of identical fabric dolls stacked into the form of a bed and pillows, and for a tower of wooden figures stacked between foam mattresses. More happily, a row of de la Cal replicates sleep the sleep of the just in a shaded niche shelf on the far wall, each in a slightly varied attitude of relaxation: legs crossed, arms behind head—"Comfortable," as the show's title advertises. Through July 28. (Liebman Magnan, 552 W. 24th St. 255-3225.)

JULIA SCHER
Cross a Betty Crocker kitchen with a NASA laboratory and you get some idea of this artist-slash-security maven's latest work. Scher, who teaches a course at M.I.T. on surveillance, turns her attention to the microwave, "a technology that cooks without warmth, yet burns the flesh and eyes." Ovens, ranging from off-the-shelf brands to customized models the color of Pepto-Bismol, are scattered around the gallery (as are fire extinguishers). Some appear to heat small, anatomically correct human figures, while one pops popcorn. Scher lampoons everything from domesticity to so-called "smart" technology in this fun-house installation of a show. Through July 14. (Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. 627-6000.)

"INNUENDO"
This group of works on sexual ambiguity includes a gouache by John Wesley of two pairs of tangled legs with all twenty toenails painted red, a very early and oddly undistorted John Currin portrait, and a huge "Gothic Revival" bed by Brian Tolle—built out of church pews and their red pleather runners, it refers both to prayer and to heretical bedtime acrobatics. Alongside all this activity, a notable triumvirate of female photographers offer up the smooth skin of young Everyteens in three color pictures: Dana Hoey's "Assumption," set on a beach; Collier Schorr's "Blair Academy," depicting a wrestling match; and Jessica Craig Martin's "Speedboat Orgy, Venice," whose eyebrow-raising title makes its subtlety surprising. Through July 22. (Dee Glasoe, 529 W. 20th St. 924-7545.)

"MAXIMAL MINIMAL"
This group show offers the present, if not the future, of nonfigurative painting, and makes it look good enough to eat. Giles Lyon's "Ripple" provides gobstoppers of paint, cut open to reveal tree-ring-like circles of color; and the icing on Dennis Hollingsworth's "Fantastic Voyage" would make Martha Stewart jealous. Standouts in other art-on-the-wall media include Jeremy Blake's digital C-print "Guccinam," Bernhard Hildebrandt's dark-blue square of enamel on canvas, and Charles Spurrier's fingerprinted, pinwheel-planted "Ignition," in tape, pigment, wood, adhesive, vinyl, plastic, and steel. Through Aug. 4. (Feigen, 535 W. 20th St. 929-0500.)

"OPULENT"
An unabashed devotion to beauty unites the artists in this exhibition of decorative abstraction. The front gallery is dominated by Richmond Burton's painting "Full Circle," a ground of wobbly, colored circles out of which emerges a single terracotta form vaguely reminiscent of an African sculpture. But best of show goes to Chris Ofilli's ecstatic "Mya," with its color-field splash of viscous blue amid a maelstrom of yellow dots. Through Sept. 1. (Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. 242-7727.)

"SUMMER GROUP SHOW"
The splashing, chiming soundtrack for this seasonal mélange—and the exhibition's finest work—is provided by Celeste Boursier-Mougenot's wading pools. Cords running from the walls to the pools send power to immersed motors, creating currents that in turn send Chinatown bowls and cheap wineglasses skittering around the surface of the water, bumping cacophonously into one another. The sets of porcelain and glassware fill with splash water and sink to the bottom of the sea, creating the reefs on which the rest of the fleet founders. Throughout the day, gallery attendants fish the dishes out to continue the symphony. Through July 21. (Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. 255-1105.)

"SUMMER PAPER"
An elegant, bright show of mostly small-scale works on paper, by twenty-five artists in mediums as diverse as drawing, collage, and linoleum print. There is Susan Wanklyn's tic-tac-toe abstraction of pink-and-khaki verticals crossed by translucent blue horizontals. A tapered, gray-black wedge by Andrew Chesler is hand painted to look as diffusely shaded as a computer printout. Steve DeFrank presents red-and-black prints of anatomically correct PlaySkool dolls. But the prize for trenchant art-world commentary goes to Mick O'Shea: his collection of glossy, attractive collages made from other artists' invitation cards is drolly titled "Career Template." Through July 30. (Catherine Moore, 140 W. 30th St. 279-8977.)

Short List

LAYLAH ALI
303 Gallery, 525 W. 22nd St.
255-1121. Through July 7.

DEBORAH BUTTERFIELD
Thorp, 210 Eleventh Ave., at 25th St.
691-6565. Through July 28.

ROBERTO JUAREZ
Robert Miller, 524 W. 26th St. 366-4774.
Through July 28.

GLENN KAINO
Kapernekas, 526 W. 26th St. 462-4150.
Through July 8.

SIMON UNGERS
Urbach Architecture, 526 W. 26th St.
627-0974. Through July 21.

GALLERIES–DOWNTOWN

ELLEN BERKENBLIT
Winsome reveries disguised as drawings and paintings, populated by lions and tigers and bears and a ubiquitous brown-haired sylph. The drawings have the dreamy haze of an afternoon nap, while the paintings—equal parts abstraction and depiction—have a lyrical ferocity. Their jagged brushstrokes and vivid palette recall Kandinsky by way of early Walt Disney. A charming show. Through July 15. (Kern, 558 Broadway. 965-1706.)

"NEO"
For its annual exhibition of emerging artists, Exit Art's roundup, based on a year's worth of studio visits by the gallery's curators, purportedly presents "new approaches to art making" while still indulging in some fairly dated art habits. Containing the work of some twenty-one youngish artists, "Neo" veers wildly in both inspiration and perspiration. David Henderson's computer-plotted, layered-plywood sculptures are space-age Brancusis band-sawed from humble materials. Anna Ehrsam and Hilary Koob-Sassen's huge steel sculptures are overwrought, both physically and metaphorically, in the manner of Louise Bourgeois's ugliest heavy-metal sculptures. Talent still abounds (Scott Reynolds' funny inflatable sculptures; Elizabeth Zwada's obsessive, number-laden, Magic Marker paintings; David Opdyke's ecological sculptures made from Home Depot materials) but this exhibition is strictly hit or miss. Through Aug. 19. (548 Broadway. 966-7745.)

"SENTIMENTAL EDUCATION"
"What can a fellow do in an age of decadence like ours? Great painting has gone out of fashion." What may sound like Hilton Kramer carping in the New York *Observer* is actually a line from Flaubert's classic novel, detailing the disillusionment of a young artist in nineteenth-century Paris. Curator David Rimanelli invites a dozen artists to mull over the novel, with results ranging from homage (Jonathan Hammer binds the volume as an art-school yearbook) to flights of fancy (video artist Alex Bag casts salmonella as a character in a puppet show). Don't miss Patterson Beckwith's sly color portraits of the molten core of art-world cool (sitters include painter-cum-cover girl Elizabeth Peyton) and Delia Brown's updated vanitas still-lifes. Through July 29. (Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. 343-7300.)

"SUMMERTIME"
This group show, featuring mostly painting, much of it in unexpected mediums, manages to enchant with its light touch. The best pieces seem to wear their sexiness with a certain mockery: Michele Basora's "Bathing Beauty," depicting a buxom Kewpie doll with a look somewhere between Orientalism and Aunt Jemima; Tomas Clusellas's palm-size lipstick traces on canvas; and Layla Lozano's book of watercolor drawings, featuring the character Modern Girl and a host of cutout outfits. Add Cynthia Roberts's deconstructed flower painting, Robert Burke's color-by-numbers seascape, and Warren Isensee's canvases of bright, stacked jelly-bean shapes and you have a breezy show in cheery Daiquiri colors. Through July 28. (Tricia Collins, 83 Grand St. 226-1861.)

Short List

KEVIN WIXTED
Beitzel, 102 Prince St. 219-2863.
Through July 14.

GALLERIES–BROOKLYN

SASHA CHERMAYEFF
Sensual, highly rhythmic abstractions featuring thick, ropelike, undulating forms. Chermayeff's diaphanous strands crisscross like snaking Medusa tentacles. Using a roller, wood-block ink, and rice paper, the artist turns her seaweedy threads into hilly, indistinct horizons or, alternately, fluid microörganisms. Painted in translucent tones of sky

blue, blood red, gray, and emerald, Chermayeff's modestly sized works hold the eye by means of an ambiguous drama further evoked by her titles: "Water as Thick as Blood," "Lost in the Kelp," and "Impact" refer to the final moments of John Kennedy, Jr., who was her close friend and to whom the show is dedicated. Through July 8. (Farrell/Pollack, 212 Berry St. 718-599-0844.)

MATT BLACKWELL
An exhibition of nostalgic, entropic paintings of big cars of the sixties and seventies. Blackwell focusses on decaying masculinity: over time, the size, power, and speed of once sexy LTDs and Caddys depreciate into mere heft, turning muscle cars into metaphors for male menopause. Blackwell's symbols of passé machismo are pictured rusted, pocked and abandoned, out of gas and out of hope. Joining expressionistic paint handling to the theme of failed utopia, his cobalt-and-navy "Cadillac for John Brown" is painted with a ripped canvas top, rusted wheel bolts and half its front grille (or teeth) missing. Another large painting, "Caddy for Cormac," a discolored blue land yacht painted against an apocalyptic pink sky, makes explicit the artist's intent to "conjure up the settings of a Cormac McCarthy novel." Through July 17. (Pierogi 2000, 177 N. 9th St. 718-599-2144.)

"KOSMOBIOLOGIE"
Curator Nancy Chaikin turns one of the world's worst pickup lines, "What's your sign?," into the basis for a lively, unconventional group show: twelve young artists, some well known, others not so, have been chosen to represent their astrological signs. Wade Guyton, the exhibition's impulsive Aries, contributes a seventies-style mirrored Plexiglas sculpture, reminiscent of Lava lamps and black-light posters. Rob Pruitt, the Taurus, displays his appreciation of the natural in a kitschy glitter painting of a cuddly panda. Philosophical Leo Amy Wilson traces out nutty cabals in watercolor and pen on paper, with such unusual co-conspirators as the U.P.I., the John Birch Society, Deepak Chopra, and the Knights Templar. Through July 30. (Bellwether, 150 Franklin St. 718-389-3213.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

DYLAN STONE
There's nothing much here but a map on the wall and a set of filing cabinets, which Stone has begun to fill with "Drugstore Photographs." The title refers to the artist's processing method rather than his subject matter, which is Manhattan—block by block, every block, all 2,500 of them, by his estimate. So far, he has covered only a fraction of the city, from Peter Minuit Plaza to the Lower East Side. A small back room full of urban architectural photography by other artists (including Dan Graham, Roy Arden, and John Pilsone) provides a welcome counterpoint of edited, professionally printed images. Through July 7. (Klagsbrun, 526 W. 26th St. 243-3335.)

MARLA SWEENEY
Sweeney documents small-town Texans on their own turf, amidst their houses, dogs, sixties-era ambulances, and Civil War reënactments. The prints, which the artist does herself, are saturated with color and a liveliness that doesn't entirely cancel out their pathos. Through July 12. (Gallery 24, at 552 W. 24th St. 414-0370.)

"NEW PHOTOGRAPHS"
Of the seven young artists shown here, four offer powerful meditations on the body. Mattias Geiger's wall of moment-of-waking head shots is—though it sounds unlikely—the least invasive. He's trumped by Alix Lambert, who tattoos her friends, then photographs her handiwork, and Susan Jennings, who looks very, very closely at extracted human fat. Alix Pearlstein's pictures seem to show two clothed, awake, unscarred subjects together; in fact she has cut pictures from magazines, attached them to her lens, and photographed herself in relation to blurry strangers. Through July 29. (Baumgartner, 418 W. 15th St. 633-2276.)

"RODEO USA"
This group show includes work by Jean Laughton, who photographs rodeo types in front of painted scenic backdrops; Sandra Nydegger, who catches contestants and celebrants on the East Coast riding circuit; and Louise Serpa, whose thirty-five-plus years of in-the-ring action photography recently got her inducted into the National Cowgirl Hall of Fame. Through July 8. (E3 Gallery, 47 E. 3d St. 982-0882.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY
1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777)—**"Testimony"** surveys James Nachtwey's career as a documentary photographer from 1981 to the present. Through July 23. ♦ **"A Durable Memento"** presents daguerreotypes of places (Connecticut, Liberia) and people (John Brown) taken by Augustus Washington, the son of a former slave. Through Sept. 24. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10-5; Fridays, 10-8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10-6.)

Short List

ELLIOTT ERWITT
Houk, 745 Fifth Ave,. at 57th St.
750-7070. Through Aug. 11.

GUNTHER FORG
Burgin, 243 W. 18th St. 462-2668.
Through July 14.

TOKIHIRO SATO
Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. 255-8450.
Through July 28.

W. EUGENE SMITH
Gallery 292, at 120 Wooster St. 431-0292.
Through Aug. 12.

JUERGEN TELLER
Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St.
965-0753. Through July 28.

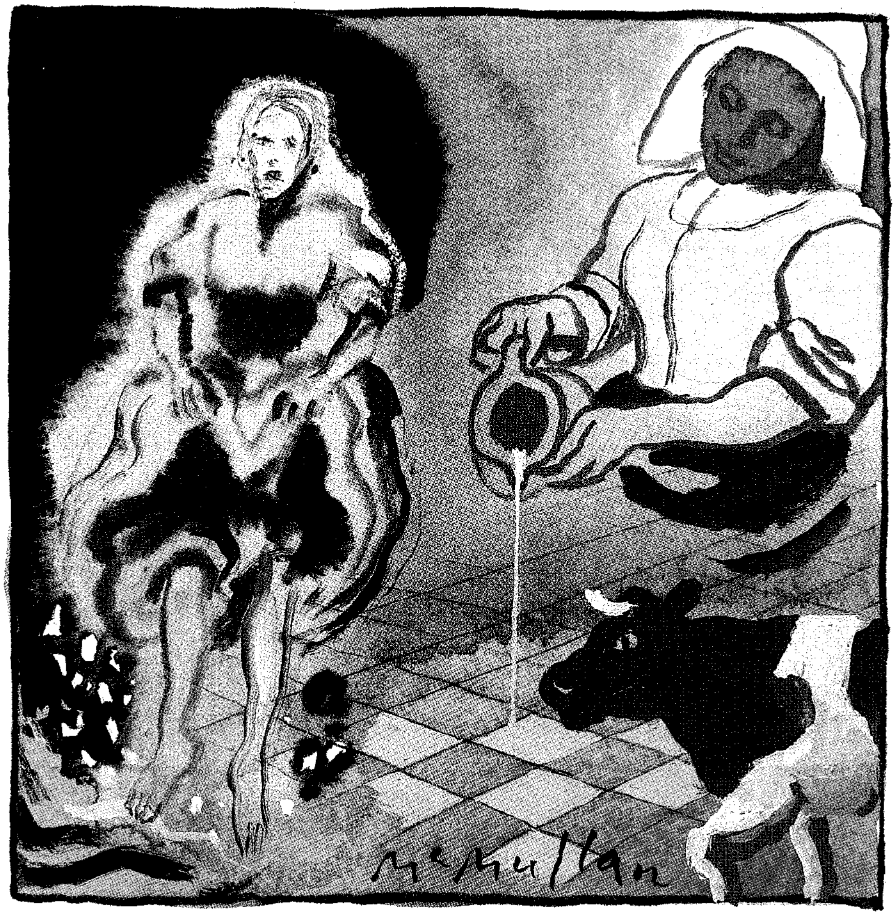
"SNAPSHOTS"
Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. 794-4444.
Through July 21.

"UNCONSCIOUS DOCUMENTARIES"
Von Lintel & Nusser, 555 W. 25th St.
242-0599. Through July 15.

See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, and the Whitney Museum.

CLASSICAL MUSIC
OPERA

DE NEDERLANDSE OPERA
Lincoln Center Festival 2000 presents the United States première of the opera "Writing to Vermeer," with music by Louis Andriessen and a libretto by Peter Greenaway. Reinbert de Leeuw conducts the Asko Ensemble and the Schönberg Ensemble, in addition to singers from the company. (New York State Theatre. 721-6500. July 11 at 8. Through July 15.)



TAKE A LETTER *Viewing a 1996 exhibition of paintings by Vermeer, the British filmmaker Peter Greenaway, who is known for such cinematic oddities as "The Draughtsman's Contract" and "Prospero's Books," grew intrigued by the artist's images of women calmly engaged in letter writing at a time when Holland was in economic and political turmoil. That contrast became the core of the libretto for the opera "Writing to Vermeer," Greenaway's third collaboration with the Dutch composer Louis Andriessen, a master of high minimalism. Premièred last December in Amsterdam, the work receives its first United States performance on July 11, as part of the opening-night festivities of Lincoln Center Festival 2000 (see Opera).*

JAMES MC MULLAN

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
Lincoln Center Festival 2000's exploration of large-scale pieces by Messiaen begins as Hans Vonk leads the composer's final masterpiece, "Éclairs sur l'Au-Delà . . ." ("Illuminations of the Beyond . . ."), written on a commission from the Philharmonic in 1991, premièred by the orchestra the following year (shortly after the composer's death), and not heard in these parts since. A set of eleven meditations on Biblical texts, it requires a huge ensemble of a hundred and twenty-eight instrumentalists; among the sounds they make are renditions of forty-nine precisely notated birdsongs, including, most prominently, that of the superb lyrebird of Australia, which Messiaen had encountered a couple of years earlier in the forest of Tidbinbilla, near Canberra, during an eightieth-birthday excursion Down Under. (Avery Fisher Hall. 721-6500. July 11 at 8:30.)

CHOIR OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE
To open the Church of the Holy Trinity's "Music in the Garden" summer series, David Rowland directs the English choristers in an outdoor concert of works from their native soil, by Gibbons, Purcell, Morley, Vaughan Williams, and Stanford. (316 E. 88th St. July 5 at 7:15. Admission by contribution.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC
Bridget Reischl leads a lighthearted program that includes Rossini overtures and Sousa marches. (Prospect Park Band Shell, Prospect Park W. at 9th St. July 8 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

JUPITER SYMPHONY
Jens Nygaard conducts an all-Mozart concert that includes the Horn Concerto No. 4 (featuring Karl Kramer) and the Symphony No. 29. (45 Bleecker Theatre, 45 Bleecker St. July 10 at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-1259.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SYMPHONY
Robert Mann celebrates his eightieth birthday this month, three years after retiring from his fifty-one-year stint as first violinist of the Juilliard String Quartet. But his music-making years are not yet over: in this concert, he conducts the orchestral version of Haydn's "Seven Last Words of Christ" (a piece he played often in its alternate string-quartet setting), Villa-Lobos's Concerto for Guitar and Small Orchestra (featuring the remarkable Peruvian guitarist Jorge Caballero), and Mozart's Symphony No. 40. (Central Park Band Shell, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 11 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE MUSIC FESTIVAL
Harpsichordist Kenneth Cooper leads the Festival Baroque Band in Bach alfresco, in the southeast quadrant of Washington Square Park. (July 11 at 8. No tickets necessary. In case of rain, the concert will be held at the New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St.)

RECITALS

RUTH LAREDO
The pianist launches Trinity Church's ten-week "Make Mine Mozart" series by performing the composer's sonatas in A Minor (K. 310) and D Major (K. 576), as well as his D-Minor Fantasy. (Broadway at Wall St. July 6 at 1. No tickets necessary.)

BARGEMUSIC
July 6 and July 8 at 7:30: Baritone William Sharp and pianist John Musto perform Schubert's "Winterreise," a curiously hibernal choice of programming for the height of summer. ♦ July 7 at 8 and July 9 at 4: Violinists Carmit Zori and Calvin Wiersma, violist Robert Rinehart, and cellist Fred Sherry team up for string quartets by Shostakovich (his Eleventh), Wolf (his "Italian Serenade"), and Schubert (the "Death and the Maiden"). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-4061.)

SUMMERGARDEN
The Museum of Modern Art's twentieth-century-music series, which this year investigates the confluence of mainstream European art music and international folk traditions, continues with a recital by pianist Ofra Yitzhaki. Her program comprises pieces by Stravinsky, Bartók, Frederic Rzewski, and Tania León, among others. (Sculpture Garden, 14 W. 54th St. July 7-8 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

JEROME ROSE
The pianist offers sonatas by Mozart (in C Major, K. 330) and Schumann (in G Minor), as well as Schubert's "Wanderer" Fantasy. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. 580-0210, ext. 336. July 9 at 3.)

BANG ON A CAN
Members of this avant-garde music collective perform early works by the seminal minimalist Steve Reich, including "New York Counterpoint," "Four Organs," and "Clapping Music." (Garden of the Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. July 11 at 6:30. No tickets necessary. Bring a blanket to sit on.)

OUT OF TOWN

A selective listing of festival events within a reasonable drive from New York City.

TANGLEWOOD
July 5 at 8:30: Violinist Gil Shaham and pianist Garrick Ohlsson perform sonatas by Fauré and Copland, and are joined by clarinettist Paul Meyer and cellist Jian Wang for Messiaen's "Quartet for the End of Time." ♦ July 7 at 8:30: The official opening night of Tanglewood's season features the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Seiji Ozawa, in Copland's "Fanfare for the Common Man" and "Quiet City"; Haydn's C-Major Cello Concerto (with Yo-Yo Ma); Edgar Meyer's Double Concerto for Cello, Double Bass, and Orchestra (featuring Messrs. Ma and Meyer); and Stravinsky's "Firebird" Suite (in the 1919 version). ♦ July 8 at 8:30: John Williams leads the Boston Symphony in his own "Essay for Strings" and the première of his "TreeSong," with the latter featuring Mr. Shaham in the solo-violin part. Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 2 (again with Mr. Shaham) and Tchaikovsky's tone poem "Francesca da Rimini" complete the program. ♦ July 9 at 2:30: Roberto Abbado conducts the Boston Symphony in Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5 (featuring Garrick Ohlsson), Debussy's "Printemps," and Respighi's "Roman Festivals." ♦ July 10-11 at 5 and 8:30: Advanced Tanglewood students offer four public sessions of string quartets. (Lenox, Mass. 888-266-1200.)

BERKSHIRE OPERA
Presenting Donizetti's "I Capuleti e i Montecchi," featuring soprano Marguerite Krull as Juliet and mezzo-soprano Leah Summers as Romeo. Joel Revzen conducts. (Koussevitzky Arts Center at Berkshire Community College, Pittsfield, Mass. 413-443-7400. July 6 and July 8 at 8 and July 10 at 2.)

NEWPORT MUSIC FESTIVAL
For the thirty-second year, the grand drawing rooms and reception halls of Newport's gilded-age cottages resound to music. This year's festival—three or four events each day for two weeks—includes a rich infusion of Saint-Saëns, whose complete chamber music will be performed in twenty-one afternoon recitals. The following rank among the opening week's highlights. July 7 at 5:30: The Saint-Saënsiade begins as tenor John Aler performs the rarely heard ten-song cycle "La Cendre Rouge" in a concert that also includes the Cello Sonata and Piano Quintet. (Marble House.) ♦ July 8 at 11:45: A late-night, all-Chopin recital by the Cuban-American pianist Juana Zayas. (Marble House.) ♦ July 9 at 2: Three singers offer songs about flowers, with admission including a pass to the local Preservation Society's garden show. (Rosecliff.) ♦ July 9 at 9: Piano improvisations by John Bayless. (The Breakers.) ♦ July 10 at 9: Pianist Andrei Gavrilov performs keyboard works by Bach and Chopin. (The Breakers.) (Newport, R.I. 401-849-0700. The festival continues through July 23.)

CARAMOOR
July 7 at 8: The Brentano String Quartet plays three contrapuncti from Bach's "The Art of Fugue," Webern's "Six Bagatelles," and quartets by Mendelssohn (in E-Flat Major, Op. 12) and Bartók (his First). ♦ July 8 at 8: Peter Oundjian leads the Orchestra of St. Luke's in Mozart's "Prague" Symphony; Martinů's Double Concerto for Two String Orchestras, Piano, and Timpani (featuring pianist Andrew Armstrong); and Dvořák's Violin Concerto (with Pamela Frank). ♦ July 9 at 4: Chamber music by Mozart, performed by violinist Mark Steinberg, pianist Anton Kuerti, the Brentano String Quartet, and others. (Katonah, N.Y. 914-232-1252.)

GLIMMERGLASS OPERA
Nestled in an idyllic bend of Lake Otsego, in the Leatherstocking region, this company embarks on its twenty-fifth season, which comprises four productions running in repertory. July 7 at 8 and July 9 at 2: "La Bohème," with soprano Kelley Nassief as Mimi; conducted by Stewart Robertson. ♦ July 8 at 8 and July 10 at 2: "The Glass Blowers, or The American Maid," a rarely staged operetta composed in 1913 by John Philip Sousa; conducted by John DeMain. (Cooperstown, N.Y. 607-547-2255. The season continues through Aug. 29.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN
July 8 at 8: Pianist Mark Templeton's jazz trio. ♦ July 9 at 2:30: A recital, which we are assured will not exceed a half hour's duration, by musical-saw virtuoso Stefan Kanfer, a longtime editor at *Time* magazine who claims that he found his calling as a performer thanks to his training at the True Value College of Music. Pianist Michael Walsh (once the music critic of the same publication) adds to the experience. ♦ July 9 at 3: The Blair String Quartet plays Haydn's Quartet in C Major (Op. 33, No. 5), Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" Quartet, and (with Craig Nies) Dohnányi's Piano Quintet. (Falls Village, Conn. 860-824-7126.)

MAVERICK CONCERTS
July 8 at 8: The Eberli Ensemble is joined by soprano Lucy Shelton, a long-standing champion of modern music, for a concert that comprises Shostakovich's "Seven Songs to Poems by Alexander Blok," Yehudi Wyner's "Dance" and "Little Story," Aaron Jay Kernis's "Still Movement with Hymn," and Berio's "Sequenza III" (for solo voice). ♦ July 9 at 3: Works by Shostakovich, Prokofiev, Tchaikovsky, and Grażyna Bacewicz, performed by violinist Charles Libove and pianist Nina Lugovoy, returning for their thirty-sixth consecutive Maverick season. (Woodstock, N.Y. 914-679-8217.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

READINGS
July 9 at 1: By poets Stephen Burt, Mary Jo Bang, Jane Yeh, and Mike Scharf. (halcyon, 227 Smith St., between Butler and Douglass Sts., Brooklyn. No tickets necessary.) ♦ July 9 at 7: By Geoff Nicholson, from his novel "Female Ruins," and by Christopher Bram, from his novel "The Notorious Dr. August." (K.G.B., 85 E. 4th St. No tickets necessary.) ♦ July 9 at 7:30: By Monica Strauss, from her biography "Cruel Banquet: The Life and Loves of Frida Strindberg," and by Darin Strauss, from "Chang and Eng," his book about the congenitally united brothers who gave rise to the term "Siamese twin." (Temple Bar, 332 Lafayette St. No tickets necessary.) ♦ July 10 at 8: By poets Malena Morling, Naomi Replansky, and Otis Rubottom. (11th Street Bar, 510 E. 11th St. No tickets necessary.) ♦ July 11 at 7: By André Aciman, from his collection of essays "False Papers." (Lenox Hill Bookstore, Lexington Ave. at 73rd St. No tickets necessary.)

WALKS
The heat and humidity of a summer afternoon can turn a walking tour of the city into an endurance test. It is best to confine one's wanderings to the start or to the finish of the day, and two tours this week oblige nicely. July 5 at 6 A.M.: The South Street Seaport offers a tour of the Fulton Fish Market. (For more information, call 748-8786.) ♦ July 8 at 5: Big Onion Walking Tours takes a twilight stroll through Greenwich Village. (For more information, call 439-1090.)

MOVIES OPENING

BLOOD SIMPLE
The director's cut of Joel and Ethan Coen's 1984 début feature, with M. Emmet Walsh and Frances McDormand. Opening July 7.

BUT I'M A CHEERLEADER
A comedy about a teen-age girl (Natasha Lyonne) whose parents send her to a homosexual-rehabilitation camp. With Bud Cort, Cathy Moriarty, and RuPaul. Directed by Jamie Babbit. Opening July 7.

THE DECLINE OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION, PART III
In her latest rock documentary, writer-director Penelope Spheeris returns to Los Angeles to capture the local punk scene. Opening July 7. (Cinema Village.)

THE KID
Bruce Willis plays a successful image consultant who magically meets himself as an eight-year-old boy, in this comedy directed by Jon Turteltaub. Opening July 7.

SCARY MOVIE
Keenen Ivory Wayans, who parodied blaxploitation films in "I'm Gonna Git You Sucka," sends up horror films this time around. With Carmen Electra, Marlon Wayans, and Shawn Wayans. Opening July 7.

SHOWER
A drama about the clash of tradition and modernity, in which a young Chinese businessman helps his father save a traditional bathhouse. In Mandarin. Directed by Zhang Yang. Opening July 7.

FILM NOTES

If a movie has been reviewed recently in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.

AMERICAN PIMP
A relatively straightforward documentary that charts, in lurid, gritty color, one of the more constant and perplexing real-life metaphors in American cultural life—the black pimp. The Hughes brothers, who made their name with "Menace II Society," a rather sentimental evocation of ghetto life in Los Angeles, don't have any big ideas here, either. The film is an indictment of and a romance about black male life, à la Robert Mapplethorpe's totemic portraits of black male genitalia, and only incidentally reveals the paradox of pimphood: the terror, self-importance, and ultimate impotence inherent in being powerful in a small, underground patch of the American dream. The movie is too clinical to be poetic and too solipsistic to be insightful; the most arresting thing about it is the language of the denizens of the night, which amounts to a form of jazz.—*Hilton Als* (Cinema Village.)

BIG MOMMA'S HOUSE
Another strained urban comedy, this one starring Martin Lawrence as an F.B.I. agent who dresses in three-hundred-pound drag to catch an escaped convict. What separates this film from the genre's usual fodder is a particularly strong cast: Lawrence, along with Paul Giamatti, Nia Long, and the always exceptional Terrence Howard, gives the film a vulgar energy. It's a shame that their efforts are wasted on a script that's an intermittently funny cut-and-paste job, taking elements from earlier popular movies ("Mrs. Doubtfire," "The Nutty Professor"). An actor as dangerously funny as Lawrence deserves better.—*Bruce Diones* (Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas.)

CHICKEN RUN
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and Union Square.)

CROUPIER
A slight and streamlined bauble from British director Mike Hodges, about a writer (played to stony perfection by Clive Owen) who takes a job as a roulette dealer, aiming, in the process, to write a best-seller about his experiences. The plot revolves around the big chance he takes when he rescues a mysterious woman (Alex Kingston) from a life-threatening gambling debt. The lean and twisted screenplay—nobody is what he seems—gives Hodges ample time to play with doppelgängers, duplicity, and lots of mirrors. The sombre turns of the story and low-key performances are a welcome reminder that taut moviemaking (where violence erupts unchoreographed) can be as exciting as fast-paced editing and scorching pyrotechnics.—*B.D.* (BAM Rose Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Quad Cinema.)

THE DECALOGUE
In 1988 and 1989, the Polish director Krzysztof Kieslowski made a series of ten films for Polish television, in which each movie, roughly an hour in length, was devoted to one of the Ten Commandments. The films, set largely around an apartment complex in Warsaw, are not so much literal illustrations of the commandments as fables inspired by them—very modern fables, it turns out, featuring relations between men and women, and parents and children, of a depth and intensity not seen since Ingmar Bergman stopped making movies in the early eighties. The films will be shown two at a time, in a series lasting five weeks.—*David Denby* (6/12/00) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

THE FILTH AND THE FURY
A new documentary about the Sex Pistols by Julien Temple, who has already made "The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle." Whether or not the band is an inexhaustible topic remains open to debate. The sight of a sullen and raw-skinned Sid Vicious sitting on a park bench and explaining how good-looking he is will not, perhaps, bear repeated viewings. The film wants Britain to be as reckless and unpredictable as its subject, but this requires a little twisting of the evidence: Britain in the mid-nineteen-seventies was bored and bungling, and, despite what Temple's riotous montage of unrest might suggest, the place was never on the verge of revolution—nothing beyond the musical, at any rate. The climax of the picture is all anticlimax. Uprooted from home territory, the Sex Pistols withered in the alien soil of America. Their antics have aged badly; how odd, then, that their fistful of hits sound more essential and purgative than ever.—*Anthony Lane* (4/3/00) (Art Greenwich Twin and Pioneer.)

GLADIATOR
It's been many years since movie screens clanged with Roman history; directors are rightly cautious about trying to reconcile the drama of martial valor with the sight of men in short metal skirts. In the hands of Ridley Scott, however, the Empire strikes back; his new picture is strong and stirring, almost to a fault. Russell Crowe plays Maximus, a Roman general so victorious in battle and so popular with his troops that the incoming emperor, Commodus (Joaquin Phoenix), decides within minutes to have him killed. Maximus escapes but winds up in slavery, under the rheumy eye of Proximo (Oliver Reed). His prowess established in the arena, our hero returns to the Coliseum to perform his final act of revenge. The simplicity of the plot feels right; whenever the movie strays into complexity—as in the dealings between Commodus and his sister (Connie Nielsen)—it founders and slows. What you want is the games, and Scott delivers them avidly, complete with unfed tigers. The emotional and political aftertaste of the film is another matter; the way in which it encourages a lust for blood and a rage for the restoration of order will not bear much examination.—*A.L.* (5/8/00) (Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, East 85th Street, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, and Union Square.)

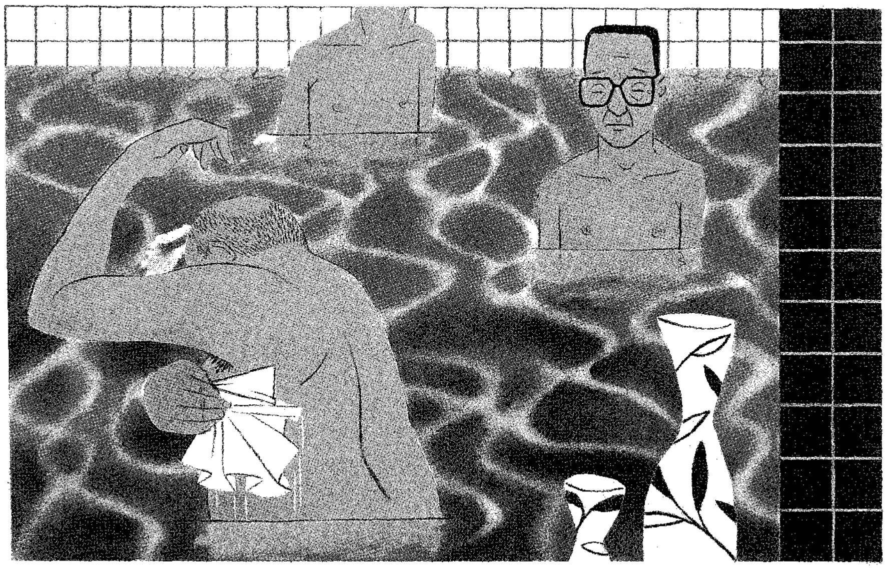
GROOVE
A cheerful high arrives early in Greg Harrison's ode to rave culture: a girl in a laundromat, listening to techno on her Discman, grooves to the sight of tumbling clothes in a dryer. The scene lasts only a few seconds, but it sets a playful vibe for Harrison's amiable clubland picture. The cast is fresh and appealingly amateurish; they deliver pleasant performances in what are, admittedly, clichéd situations (a boy falls in love with a girl on the dance floor, another kisses a boy for the first time). What makes the film so much fun is Harrison's low-key directorial style—there's no flashy MTV editing timed to the music, just some shaggy, psychedelic club lighting and perfect rave details (the bottled water, backpacks, lollipops, and stuffed animals) that give the picture its love-in zest. The film features British d.j. John Digweed's ecstatic electronica, a blast of such sheer happiness that movie audiences should bring their own glow sticks to wave joyously in the air.—*B.D.* (Angelika Film Center and BAM Rose Cinemas.)

HAMLET
In this modern-dress version, the black towers of Times Square, fretted with neon, tessellated with ledges, balconies, and catwalks, make a sinister and eloquent setting for the power struggles within the Denmark Corporation. The bedraggled Hamlet (Ethan Hawke), a slacker in a knit cap, recites "To be or not to be" in a video store and washes Polonius's blood-soaked clothes in a laundromat. Michael Almereyda, a young veteran of the New York independent scene, has developed his own form of visual poetry among the corporate settings and video screens, and many of the translations into contemporaneity are both witty and oddly right. Hawke is a depressed and adolescent Hamlet, but he doesn't cross the border into self-pity, and, in the end, the emotional power of the old play comes through.—*D.D.* (5/15/00) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

HUMANITÉ
An odd, slow, disturbing near-masterpiece set in Bailleul, in the north of France, where a sad-sack policeman named Pharaon (Emmanuel Schotté) investigates a sordid crime—the rape and murder of an eleven-year-old girl. The dim but empathic Pharaon lives with his mother and longs for Domino (Séverine Caneele), the big-boned factory worker and commonplace sex goddess who lives down the street. In form, the movie is a detective story, but we watch with increasing apprehensiveness as it dawns on us that Pharaon might be a kind of sluggish Oedipus, a sleuth who uncovers the traces of a crime that he has committed himself. The director, Bruno Dumont, works in CinemaScope, and the enormous, sharply focussed images breathe air and light and a richly suggestive stillness, a palpable sense of something powerful beneath the skin. The candor of the sexual imagery hints at a hidden connection between sex and violence, though we may find it hard in the end to say what that connection is—the movie's final shots are outrageously cryptic. Cinematography by Yves Cape.—*D.D.* (6/12/00) (Film Forum.)

JESUS' SON
The new Alison Maclean film, adapted from the short stories of Denis Johnson, is her first offering since "Crush," and it maintains her careful interest in careless lives. Billy Crudup, who gets more interesting with every movie, plays a chronic drifter. We meet him in Iowa in the nineteen-seventies (the golden age of drifting), and at other times and places of his own choosing. He falls in love,

roughly speaking, with a junkie (Samantha Morton); some of their scenes together are hard to watch, but Maclean's direction is more tender than indulgent, and the movie grips hardest when times are most raw. As the mood lifts and lightens in the second half, with the hero redeeming himself by tending to equally troubled souls, the blaze of the film dies down. Still, not since Robert Altman turned his attention to Raymond Carver has a director seemed so determined to master the ramshackle.—*A.L.* (BAM Rose Cinemas, Empire 25, Murray Hill Cinemas, and Union Square.)



A bathhouse symbolizes China's vanishing traditions, in Zhang Yang's "Shower."

EDEL RODRIGUEZ

KISS ME KATE

For the uninitiated, 3-D movies seem like a curious relic of the fifties, in a league with sock hops, the Soviet Union, and hula-hoop endurance contests. Once you do see a stellar 3-D movie like "Kiss Me Kate" projected in its original format, it's hard to understand why the technology has died away. The opening credits, hovering in front of you, create a sense of wonder akin to what a turn-of-the-century Frenchman must have felt viewing the new magic-lantern shows at the Lumière brothers' theatre. Although it's not the most eye-popping example of the genre, this 1953 musical, adapted by George Sidney from Cole Porter's Broadway smash, provides plenty of stereoscopic tricks, beginning with Ann Miller's freewheeling performance of "Too Darn Hot," which sends a whole flotilla of red handkerchiefs flying toward the audience. The perspectival high jinks continue with the antics of Howard Keel, Lilli Vanessi, and a young Bob Fosse; they sing and dance in fanciful sets that are Technicolor dreams.—*Michael Agger* (Film Forum.)

ME, MYSELF & IRENE

In the latest gross-out comedy by the Farrelly brothers, Jim Carrey, a mild-mannered Rhode Island state trooper, represses so many hostile impulses that his personality splits in two—a new man pops out of him, a guy with a low bedroom voice and cool panther moves. Switching back and forth between the two characters, Carrey performs miracles with his face, teeth, groin, ass, and elbows, but the switches are so frequent and arbitrary that Renée Zellweger, his charming co-star, doesn't have the time or space to work up a coherent response to either man. The movie fails as romantic comedy and as narrative; it starts and stops, and after a while you forget why anyone is doing anything. Of course, the Farrellys supply plenty of tingles and jolts—a turd here and there, a man with a fowl stuck up his rear. The same fate, however, should befall critics who praise this movie. "Me, Myself & Irene" is offensive not because it's in bad taste, but because it's badly made.—*D.D.* (7/3/00) (Chelsea West, East 86th Street Cinemas, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Olympia I and II, 62nd & Broadway, Union Square, and Ziegfeld.)

M:I-2

It should have been a treat. The director is John Woo, the man who took the gravity out of gunfights. The screenwriter is Robert Towne, who wrote half the movies that made Jack Nicholson a star, and the leading lady is Thandie Newton, whose face could make a thousand ships do pretty much anything she wants. But this much vaunted sequel to "Mission: Impossible," which hops from Australia to Spain and back again, is neither happy nor hip. It goes through the motions of the multinational action thriller, and, although those motions are as flamboyantly excessive as you would expect, the result is more gruelling than pleasurable. If the new flick has a core, it is Tom Cruise, who reprises his role as the leader of a team of spies. The sense of teamwork, however, has dropped away, and the movie becomes an homage to the grim cockiness of Cruise, and, in particular, to his indestructible physique.—*A.L.* (6/5/00) (84th Street Sixplex, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, New York Twin, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, Sutton 1 and 2, and Village Theatre VII.)

NIGHTS OF CABIRIA

Possibly Federico Fellini's finest film, and a work in which Giulietta Masina earns the praise she received for "La Strada." The structure is a series of episodes in the life of Cabiria (Masina), a shabby, aging, dreamy, little Roman streetwalker—a girl whose hard, knowing air is no protection against her fundamental gullibility, which, we finally see, is her humanity and her saving grace. A famous actor (Amedeo Nazzari) picks her up and takes her to his luxurious villa; she goes to a cheap vaudeville show, and when the magician hypnotizes her the innocent dreams of her adolescence pour out; a young man in the audience (François Périer) meets and proposes to her, etc. Though the film seems free and almost unplanned, each apparent irrelevance falls into place. Released in 1957. In Italian.—*Pauline Kael* (American Museum of the Moving Image; July 8-9.)

THE PATRIOT

A square but stirring and often absorbing epic about the Revolutionary War. Benjamin Martin (Mel Gibson), a South Carolinian who's a war lover hiding as a man of peace, goes into action when the British execute one of his sons. Martin refuses to play by the standard rules of warfare, in which opposing armies walk toward each other across open ground and then proceed to shoot at point-blank range; he organizes a guerrilla force that attacks out of the swamps. In response, the British commander, General Cornwallis (Tom Wilkinson), unleashes a sadistic subordinate, Colonel William Tavington (Jason Isaacs), who makes war against the American civilian population. At this point, the movie seems to jump right over the nineteenth century into the twentieth. We get ambushes, swordplay, skirmishes, battles, and family scenes, all generally well staged, with gravity and power, by the director Roland Emmerich. Written by Robert Rodat. (The charitable will attempt to overlook several scenes with happy plantation slaves.) With Chris Cooper, Joely Richardson, and Tchéky Karyo as a grumpy Frenchman who hates the British.—*D.D.* (7/3/00) (Astor Plaza, Chelsea Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Olympia I and II, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, Union Square, and Waverly 1 and 2).

THE PERFECT STORM

Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (Coronet Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Metro Cinema 1 and 2, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII).

SHAFT

His head shaved, his goatee minimalized (etched almost), and his body sheathed in black-on-black Armani, Samuel L. Jackson is a shaft all right, a walking blade of style. Until the movie collapses into an endless shoot-out, in which everyone in the tristate area allows himself to be blown away by the hero, this sequel to the 1971 film is mostly disreputable fun. The dialogue is all rhymed and syncopated—Jackson catches a line of insult and throws it back, and then someone comes at him once more, and he throws it back again, and so on. It's as if the world's conversation consisted entirely of profane soreheads telling one another off. Featuring an amazingly inventive performance by Jeffrey Wright as a Dominican drug dealer. Directed by John Singleton; written by Richard Price, Singleton, and Shane Salerno.—*D.D.* (7/3/00) (84th Street Sixplex, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Metro Cinema 1 and 2, New York Twin, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.)

SMALL TIME CROOKS

A small-time comedy from Woody Allen, who seems to have shelved, if only temporarily, his studies of anguished human souls, preferring to draw our attention to the sight of human bodies getting into nasty scrapes and even nastier suits. In the new film, Allen himself plays a useless thief who, through no talent of his own, stumbles into money; the overriding purpose of this twist is that we get to see him wearing bilious green shirts, eye-scarring indigo jackets, and sub-Versace belts studded with gold rivets. This alone is worth the price of admission. Alongside Allen are Tracey Ullman, as his loud and triumphal wife; Hugh Grant, as the smoothie who is paid to educate her, Jon Lovitz, in a delightful but underused supporting role, and Elaine May, who slips the movie into her handbag and walks away with it.—*A.L.* (5/22/00) (Beekman, Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, and Village East Cinemas.)

SUNSHINE

Stiff, a little awkward, but continuously interesting and touching. The Hungarian director István Szabó, working with the American writer Israel Horovitz, uses the rise and fall of a large Jewish bourgeois family as the prism through which to view the last hundred years of Hungarian life: emperor worship, the First World War, the brief postwar Communist dictatorship, fascism, Communism again (Stalinist variety), and, at last, freedom. Ralph Fiennes plays the young man of the family in three successive generations—a patriotic judge, a champion fencer who is felled by anti-Semitism (in the film's best section), and an Auschwitz survivor who becomes a police interrogator in the Communist dictatorship. At its worst, the movie offers the slightly dolorous pleasures of leafing through a family photo album; at its best, it's exciting and heartbreaking, and it leaves an American viewer grateful for our banal but stable democracy. Shot in English, with a fine cast including Rosemary Harris, Jennifer Ehle, and William Hurt. Superb cinematography by Lajos Koltai.—*D.D.* (BAM Rose Cinemas, Empire 25, 72nd Street East, and Union Square.)

TIME REGAINED
Only a fool, you suppose, would attempt to film Proust; in that case, Raoul Ruiz, the Chilean director, is a wise and delicate fool, especially since he elected to concentrate on the concluding volume of "In Search of Lost Time." There's no Swann, and not much of Proust's beloved Albertine (Chiara Mastroianni), but plenty of Odette (Catherine Deneuve), the Baron de Charlus (John Malkovich), and the haughty Saint-Loup (Pascal Greggory), plus enough of Gilberte (Emmanuelle Béart) to demonstrate why men and boys alike would throw their hearts, or their teacups, at her feet. The picture has a stately, waltz-like rhythm, as the narrator (Marcello Mazzarella, a dead ringer for the real Proust) guides us through the declining fortunes of his friends under the shadow of the First World War. There are the inescapable glances back into Proust's childhood, but the movie feels more companionable than cloistered. At times, both people and props start to shift and sway, as though on the deck of a ship; if you come out of the movie suffering from a mixture of nausea and nostalgia, then Ruiz can pride himself on a job well done. In French.—*A.L.* (6/19 & 6/26/00) (Cinema Village and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

THE WOMAN CHASER
It's while enduring a bland, Babbitt-esque speech at a local businessmen's luncheon that Richard Hudson—used-car salesman, dreamer, serial seducer—decides he must change his life, or, as he puts it, "tie up in a single package his reasons for existing." Given that he's in Los Angeles in the fifties and lacks any discernible creative talent, he makes the obvious choice: he'll direct a movie. From this point on, the film becomes a wicked and brilliant parody of the megalomaniac impulses that fuel moviemaking. Patrick Warburton, the actor who plays Hudson, has a large, lumberjack-like body, and he strides about dispensing blunt aphorisms concerning women, human nature, and storytelling: "The average viewer always identifies with the main character." The film is replete with stylish noir settings, shot in black-and-white, but the story doubles back on itself, and nothing is ever clearly defined. Robinson Devor (the actual writer and director), in a final irony, pulls off a surprise ending that's also a classic Hollywood cliché.—*M.A.* (The Screening Room.)

ALSO PLAYING

THE ADVENTURES OF ROCKY AND BULLWINKLE
84th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, 19th Street East 6, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Village Theatre VII.

BUTTERFLY
Angelika Film Center and Paris.

EAST-WEST
Eastside Playhouse, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Quad Cinema.

GETTING TO KNOW YOU
Film Forum.

GHOST DOG: THE WAY OF THE SAMURAI
Angelika Film Center.

GONE IN 60 SECONDS
Cinema I, East 86th Street Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, and Village Theatre VII.

PRAISE
The Screening Room.

ROAD TRIP
Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Village East Cinemas.

SHANGHAI NOON
Empire 25, Lincoln Square, and Union Square.

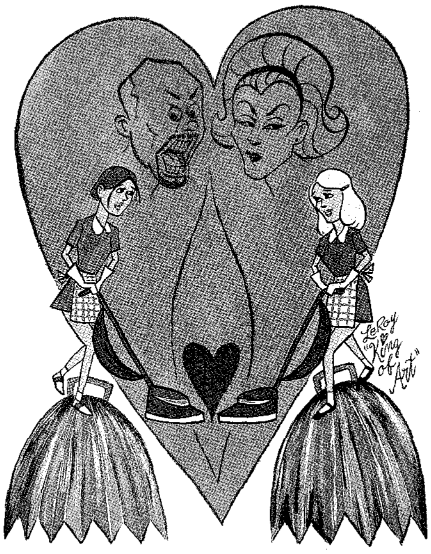
TRIXIE
Angelika Film Center and First & 62nd Cinemas.

THE VIRGIN SUICIDES
Empire 25, 59th Street East Cinema, and Village East Cinemas.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

Unless noted, call 777-FILM for show times.

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770).
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363).
Coronet Cinemas, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
East 86th Street Cinemas, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
Empire 25, 42nd St. near Eighth Ave. (398-3939).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
42nd Street E Walk, 42nd St. near Eighth Ave.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Kips Bay Theatre, Second Ave. at 32nd St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St.
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Pioneer, 155 E. 3rd St. (254-3300).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
Union Square, Broadway at 13th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly 1 and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.



Opening July 7, "But I'm a Cheerleader."

LEROY "KING OF ART"

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE
35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Through Sept. 3: "Behind the Mirror," a series of films that portray the darker side of the fifties. July 8 at 2: "Panic in the Streets" (1950, Elia Kazan). ♦ July 8 at 4: "On the Waterfront" (1954, Kazan). ♦ July 9 at 2: "The Wild One" (1954, Laslo Benedek). ♦ July 9 at 4: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955, Nicholas Ray). ♦ Classic movies. July 8-9: "Nights of Cabiria" (†).

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES
32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110)—July 5 at 7:30, July 6 at 8, and July 7 at 7:30: "Beyond the Clouds" (1994, Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian). ♦ July 6 at 7: "Johanna d'Arc of Mongolia" (1988, Ulrike Ottinger; in German). ♦ July 7 at 7: "Freak Orlando" (1981, Ottinger; in German). ♦ July 7 at 9:30, July 8 at 7, and July 9 at 5:30: "Cinema Paradiso" (1989, Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian). ♦ July 8 at 9:30 and July 9 at 3: "Rogopag" (1962, Rossellini, Pasolini, Godard, and Gregoretti; in French and Italian). ♦ July 10-11 at 8: A night of Italian-American short films.

BAM ROSE CINEMAS
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770)—Robert Altman films from the seventies. July 5 at 5 and 8:10: "Nashville" (1975). ♦ July 10 at 4:30, 7, and 9:30: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians, or Sitting Bull's History Lesson" (1976). ♦ July 11 at 4:30, 7, and 9:30: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971). ♦ July 6 at 4:30, 7, and 9:30: "The American Friend" (1977, Wim Wenders; in German). ♦ July 7 at 4:30, 7, and 9:30: "The Hudsucker Proxy" (1994, Joel Coen). ♦ The best films of the nineties, as selected by *Village Voice* critics. ♦ July 8 at 1:45, 4:10, 6:40, and 9:40: "Flowers of Shanghai" (1998, Hou Hsiao-Hsien; in Mandarin). ♦ July 9 at 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30: "Fallen Angels" (1995, Wong Kar-Wai; in Mandarin).

BRYANT PARK
Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. (521-5700)—Mondays, starting at dusk: free drive-in-style moviegoing. July 10: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941, John Huston).

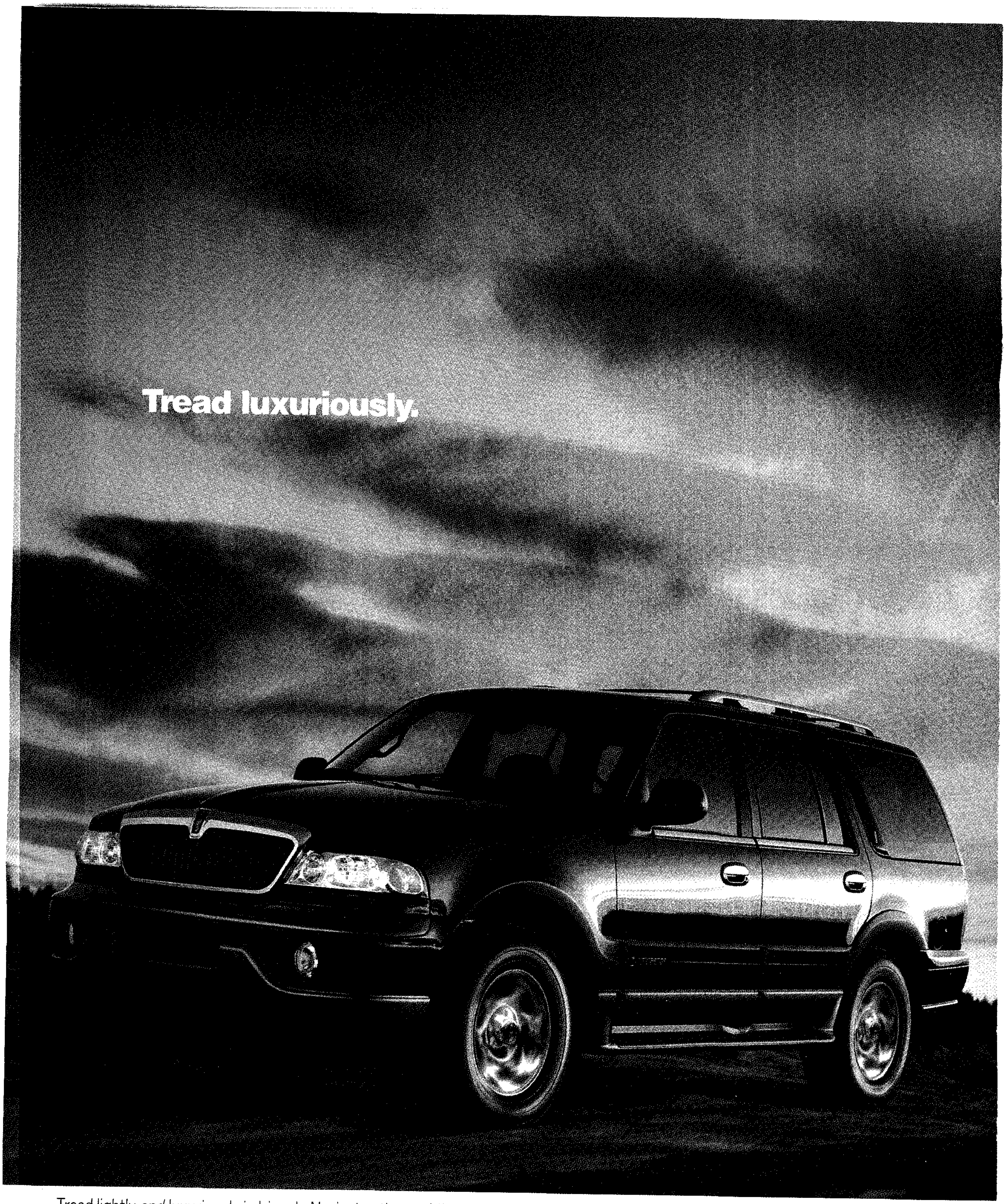
FILM FORUM
W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—July 7-20 at 1:30, 4:15, 7, and 9:40: A 3-D version of "Kiss Me Kate" (†).

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—"Hollywood in Rome," films that take place in the Eternal City, in both its ancient and modern incarnations. July 6 at 2:30 and July 9 at 5:45: "Ben-Hur" (1925, Fred Niblo). ♦ July 6 at 6 and July 8 at 2: "Roman Holiday" (1953, William Wyler). ♦ July 7 at 2:30 and July 8 at 5: "Two Weeks in Another Town" (1962, Vincente Minnelli). ♦ July 7 at 6:30 and July 9 at 1: "Cleopatra" (1963, Joseph L. Mankiewicz). ♦ A home-movie retrospective. July 7 at 8 and July 8 at 2: "The Accident" (1999, Joseph Lovett).

MUSEUM OF TELEVISION AND RADIO
25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—From June 30 to Sept. 17: "The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle and Friends," a retrospective of work by the animator Jay Ward. Tuesdays through Sundays at 12:15, Thursdays at 6, and Fridays at 7.

THE SCREENING ROOM
54 Varick St. (334-2100)—Blaxploitation films. July 7-8 at midnight: "Truck Turner" (1974, Jonathan Kaplan).

WALTER READE THEATRE
Lincoln Center (875-5600)—Through July 20: "Time and Again," a retrospective of films by Alain Resnais. All films are in French. July 5 at 1 and 6 and July 6 at 3:30 and 8:30: "Same Old Song" (1997). ♦ July 5 at 3:30 and 8:30 and July 6 at 1 and 6: "My American Uncle" (1980). ♦ July 7 at 1 and 6 and July 9 at 1 and 8:30: "Love Unto Death" (1984). ♦ July 7 at 3 and 8 and July 8 at 1 and 8:45: "I Want to Go Home" (1989). ♦ July 8 at 3:15 and July 9 at 5:45: "Smoking" (1993). ♦ July 8 at 6 and July 9 at 3: "No Smoking" (1993).



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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

COMMENT
CHEAP AND EASY

Every now and again in politics, there is a moment that captures the temper of the times, and our moment may have come this budget season in Washington. The Centers for Disease Control asked Congress if, for an extra fifteen million dollars in C.D.C. funding, it would like to wipe out syphilis from the United States by 2005. And Congress said no.

The request was not a political ploy to get a bigger budget. Syphilis is an epidemic that, for reasons no one quite understands, runs in cycles, and, after peaking in 1990, the disease is now at its lowest level in United States history. It has retreated to a handful of areas across the country: just twenty-five counties account for half of all cases. In other words, syphilis is very close to that critical point faced by many epidemics, when even the slightest push could tip them into oblivion. That's why the C.D.C. has asked for the extra fifteen million dollars—to supply that final push.

This was all patiently explained to Congress last year as the epidemic first neared its lowest ebb. The C.D.C. proposed the most prosaic and straightforward of public-health efforts—an aggressive regimen of free diagnosis and treatment. The drug of choice? Penicillin, the same antibiotic that has been so successful in fighting syphilis for the past half century. Congress wasn't interested. This year, the C.D.C. made its case again, and again the public-health budgets that emerged from the House and the Senate left the agency well short of the necessary funding. Next year, unfortunately, the moment when syphilis can be easily eliminated will have passed. The disease will have begun its cyclical return, moving out of the familiar, well-defined neighborhoods where it is now sequestered, and presenting a much more formidable target for public-health officials. "If you miss the timing, there is a point when it is no longer feasible to move to elimination," says Judy Wasserheit, who is the head of the C.D.C.'s syphilis-prevention effort. "We're already pushing the limits of that time frame."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

Exactly why, in a period of fiscal plenty, Congress cannot find the money for an anti-syphilis campaign is a bit puzzling. The disease plays a major role in the transmission of H.I.V., increasing infection rates between two- and five-fold. It often irreparably harms children born to those who are infected. And it is extremely expensive. Even with the rates as low as they are now, syphilis costs the country two hundred and fourteen million dollars a year. Congress has the opportunity to make history by eliminating a disease that has plagued the West for centuries. Why isn't it taking it?

The truth is, this is the price we pay for the ways in which disease has become steadily politicized. The great insight of the AIDS movement—later picked up by groups concerned about breast cancer and prostate cancer—was that a community afflicted with a specific medical problem could take its case directly to Capitol Hill, bypassing the medical establishment entirely. This has dramatically increased the resources available for medical research. But it has also given Congress an excuse to treat public health as another form of interest-group politics, in which the most deserving constituencies are those which shout the loudest. In fact, when it comes to illness and disease the most deserving constituencies are often those who cannot shout at all. That syphilis is a sexually transmitted disease primarily affecting very poor African-Americans only makes things worse—sex, race, and poverty being words that the present Congress has difficulty pronouncing individually, let alone in combination.

The last time America came so tantalizingly close to the elimination of syphilis was during the mid-fifties, after the introduction of penicillin. "Are Venereal Diseases disappearing?" the *American Journal of Syphilis* asked in 1951; four years later, the journal itself had disappeared. Such was the certainty that the era of syphilis was ending that the big debate in the public-health field was ethical rather than medical—namely, how the removal of the threat of venereal disease would affect sexual behavior.

As Dr. John Stokes, one of the leading experts of his day on sexually transmitted diseases, wrote, "It is a reasonable question, whether by eliminating disease, without commensurate attention to the development of human idealism, self-control, and responsibility in the sexual life, we are not bringing mankind to its fall instead of fulfillment." Stokes assumed that syphilis would soon vanish, and that we ought to worry about the morality of those who could have got the disease but now wouldn't. As it turns out, he had it backward. Syphilis is still with us. And we ought to worry instead about the morality of those who could have eliminated the disease but chose not to.

—*Malcolm Gladwell*

POESY DEPT.

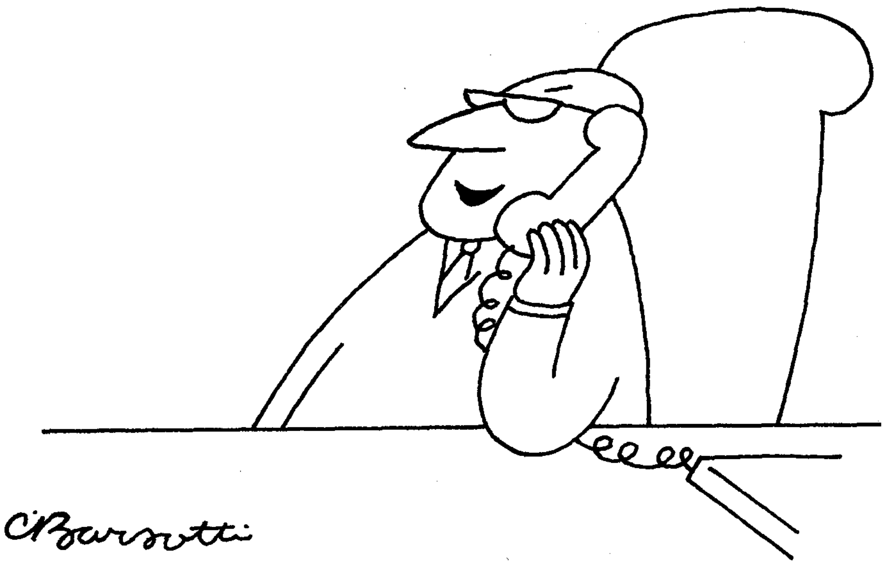
HOW TO HEAL A BROKEN HEART IN HEROIC COUPLETS

A volume of poetry doesn't usually generate big sales unless it bears the name of Seamus Heaney or Ted Hughes; but if there was ever a small book of poems that had a vast ready-made audience it is "Split Verse," a new collection about divorce. The book, which was published by a tiny New York press called Midmarch Arts and is about to go into its second printing, includes affecting works by unknown authors on such subjects as having a newly naked ring finger and moving into a gloomy new apartment while the wife keeps the house. There is an erotic ode to the gin bottle, and a poem in which a group of newly single or soon-to-be-single women discuss, over Margaritas, disappointing marital sex. ("Best I can figure, it was Christmas, / Charles's tired stocking stuffer / offered up like a diamond necklace.") There are several works in which murderous thoughts are harbored against an ex-spouse. "Her Daughter's Future Wedding," by Nita Penfold, reads, in its entirety, "All she can think about / is being in the same room / as her ex-husband. / The knives on the table." The book is subtitled "Poems to Heal Your Heart," but "Poems to Fuel Your Rage" might be equally appropriate, if perhaps less advisable from a marketing perspective.

"Ninety-nine per cent of them are unbelievably true," Meg Campbell, one of the co-editors of the collection, said on a recent Sunday afternoon, when she and her co-editor, William Duke, were hosting a reading at Shakespeare's Sister, a shop in Cobble Hill that sells candles and greeting cards.

As a box of cookies was passed around, Duke set a mood of disconcerting intimacy. He read his own composition, "The Best Sex," which is about not looking at your soon-to-be-ex-wife while making love to her; his toes curled in his flip-flops as he spoke. Campbell, who has dark bobbed hair and wore a robin's-egg-blue top, read her poem, "Court Date," an account of signing the documents that closed her twenty-year marriage. (Campbell lingered with bitter amusement over the lines "I was bone certain / you would return. / Wake up from this nightmare. / You in love / with your masseuse.") When Duke read "Every Other Weekend," a poem about trading kids in airport terminals, the room grew very silent; the listeners started taking off their glasses, and sucking on the stems, and blinking a lot. There were pained chuckles when Carol Peckham rose to read her composition, "My Mother Attends the Wedding of My Daughter," about the complicated math of reconfigured families. "The guests are my history: / Sisters, / Two shucked husbands / And the nice new one," Peckham read, while the nice new husband himself, a lanky fellow with long gray hair and a beard, sat by, smiling.

Campbell, who teaches at Harvard's school of education and is forty-seven years old, said, after the reading, that she'd started to write poetry in earnest only after her divorce, five years ago. (Did her husband really run off with his masseuse? "He married her," Campbell said. "Apparently, when he read the poem he took issue with the term 'masseuse' and told my daughter, 'She's a massage therapist.' ") Campbell has been giving readings at divorce support groups in the Boston area. "I tell people, 'You do survive. You are going to laugh again,' " she said. She might also advise them that writing divorce poetry can be a great way to meet



"Just tell him, in the words of Mike Tyson, I want his heart, I want to eat his children. He'll take the call."

a new mate. "I've had dates because of this book," she said, blushing. And although divorced readers have found the book therapeutic, Campbell believes that it might be better taken preventively.

"I think people should read the book before they get married, so that, hopefully, they will realize the depth of the commitment, rather than the fluffy industry," she said. "I got married when I was in college, and I told my daughters that I am not coming to their weddings until they are at least twenty-five."

—*Rebecca Mead*

DEPT. OF RECREATION
SURF'S UP AT P.S. 1

When the Museum of Modern Art joined up with P.S. 1, the contemporary-art center in Long Island City, earlier this year, nobody thought it would lead to the museum's cornering the market in two-by-two strips of cedar. That's because the Modern did not expect to be hiring SHoP/Sharples Holden Pasquarelli, a New York architecture firm, to turn P.S. 1's courtyard into something called "a dunescape for summer relaxation" consisting of six thousand eight-foot-long pieces of cedar, put together in a shape that from one side looks like a beached whale and from another like a collapsing covered bridge.

The structure, which was finished last week, required fifty thousand dollars and "all the two-by-two cedar we could find—we had to go all the way to Riverhead, and we wiped out the supply," according to Gregg Pasquarelli, one of the architects on the project. Pasquarelli's firm is one of the hippest young architecture firms in the city, and since its best-known commission—the Museum of Sex on lower Fifth Avenue—is still unbuilt, the wooden structure at P.S. 1 ranks among SHoP's major completed works. That will probably be enough to bring almost every New York architect under the age of thirty across the East River to see it. SHoP is the sort of firm in which the architects talk about surface and mass and transparency, and where the computer-generated construction drawings look more like CAT scans than like blueprints. It wasn't hard for Pasquarelli to find eight architecture students willing to accept modest wages in exchange for turning the CAT-scan diagrams into a real structure by sawing and hammering in the P.S. 1 courtyard for a few weeks.

Last week, Pasquarelli, an amiable thirty-five-year-old in khakis, a gold-colored shirt, and a gold Prada tie, oversaw the finishing touches on the project, which he envisions as an abstract expression of the elements you would expect to find on a real beach. "The five elements of the beach are the umbrella, the cabana, the beach chair, the Boogie Board, and the surf," he said, and he pointed out that they were all present in his structure in one form or another. The structure itself is a kind of cabana (there are even little changing rooms inside); it has places to sit in the sun and shade, and a big wading pool. There are curves that resemble a Boogie Board's, and, just in case the wading pool doesn't seem enough like real surf, there are four standing poles that spray mist to create the illusion of sea spray.

"How do you make a space where the behavior of the beach can take place in an urban environment?" he asked. "This place is for running around, jumping, getting in the water, taking your clothes off." It is also intended to be part of P.S. 1's outdoor music series, which the museum describes as a mixture of "experimental, electronic, fluxus conceptual and electro-pop," and which it is promoting in the city's dance clubs. That may be why on summer nights P.S. 1 attracts large crowds of people who are not regular museumgoers.

If there is any problem with this project, it is that it is not going to be easy to see it disappear at the end of the summer. This is one of the few instances of computer-enhanced design in which the result is warmer, livelier, and more exciting than the renderings that preceded it.

The project was initiated by Terry Riley, the Museum of Modern Art's curator of architecture and design, who last year persuaded Philip Johnson to create a temporary outdoor pavilion as the first joint architectural project between P.S. 1 and MOMA. This year, after MOMA received a grant from the publisher Judy Price and her husband, Peter, Riley approached Alanna Heiss, the executive director of P.S. 1, with the idea of using the gift to pay for five years' worth of competitions for young architects to transform P.S. 1's outdoor gallery each summer. SHoP's design won the first competition.

Putting architecture in P.S. 1's courtyard has created another tie to its adoptive parent. "Once, the Museum of Modern Art's garden was a place where we commissioned temporary pieces of real architecture—a Japanese house, a Buckminster Fuller space-frame house, a Marcel Breuer house—and this is in that tradition," Riley said the other day. "The museum garden was also where you went to find a date on Saturday night, and Alanna has figured that out." He paused for a moment, and then said, "This is actually just one of a series of projects by Alanna to get people to take their clothes off."

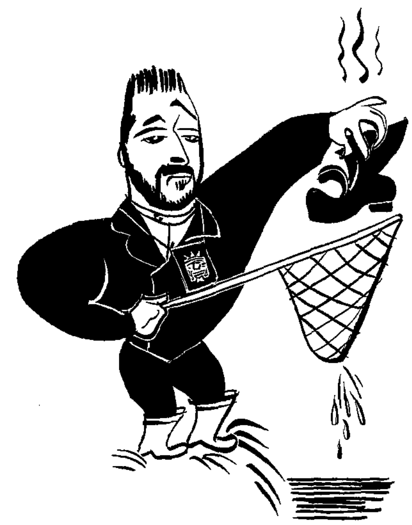
—*Paul Goldberger*

LOCAL HEROES
RIDING SHOTGUN ON TAP-WATER PATROL

As the familiar saying goes, shit happens. This is simply a fact of life, unless, like Ron Gatto, you serve in New York City's watershed police, in which case it is something closer to a job description.

On a bright-blue day not long ago, Gatto set off to give a tour of the Croton and several other neighboring reservoirs that he patrols, keeping an eye out for anything that might pollute the water. He was off duty, and driving his blue Cadillac through northern Westchester County, along back roads lined with multimillion-dollar mansions. Almost right away, a stubby green tanker truck pulled out in front of his car. "See that?" Gatto said. "That would be a trigger. If I see a septic truck coming out of an empty street, that would be a red flag."

Gatto, who is forty-two, has the broad and frankly terrifying build of a man who could once bench-press five hundred and seventy-five pounds. He has dark wavy hair, a salt-and-pepper beard, and a cop's seen-it-all sangfroid,



Ron Gatto

although in his case he has seen it all within a few hundred yards of the city's drinking-water supply.

"Guy shot himself in the head with a nail gun," Gatto said, gesturing toward the spot in the Croton Reservoir where he recently helped fish out a suicide. He does some of his patrolling quite literally by nose, but he relies on tips, too, like the one that recently led him to a Mount Kisco restaurant that was disposing of its French-fry grease by pouring it down a storm drain.

Gatto first joined the force eighteen years ago, after stints as a mechanic and as Richard Gere's estate manager. At the time, little more was expected of him than to break up illegal swimming parties and finish off the occasional wounded deer. Toward pollution, the department had adopted a see-no-evil, smell-no-evil attitude, and when, in 1991, Gatto wanted to ticket a hospital and a prison for releasing raw sewage, he was urged to let it go. Instead, he complained publicly about the city's inaction and helped to start a unit that specializes in the detection of crimes like illegal dumping.

Since then, Gatto has gone as far as anyone in making enforcement of the state's sanitary code seem like daring work. He is constantly getting awards from environmental groups at the same time that he is constantly running afoul of his superiors. They have, he claims, passed him over for raises and assigned him a decrepit car with more than a hundred and fifty thousand miles on it. "They're very blatant in what they do to me," he observed.

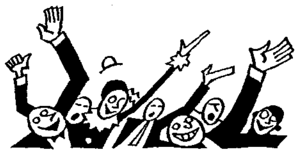
Gatto has a lot of powerful political allies locally, which may explain why he still has a job at all. He is particularly tight with Robert F. Kennedy, Jr., and just a few months ago was cited by Kennedy in *Time* as a "hero for the planet." The magazine flew Gatto and his wife out to San Francisco, where they stayed in a hotel suite that, he made a point of relating, cost eight hundred and seventy-five dollars a night. A few weeks after that, Gatto got a promotion, an act that apparently so infuriated city officials that they promptly fired the deputy chief who had promoted him.

Part of Gatto's appeal as a "hero for the planet" is that, with his biceps and his Cadillac, he is an odd poster boy for environmental idealism. His fervor seems less an expression of any particular ideology than of a natural-born stubbornness, and he insists that what he is doing is simply applying a little common sense. "Why is it easier to make a bad decision than a good decision?" he asked. "That is something nobody could ever explain to me."

—Elizabeth Kolbert

RAG TRADE

CELEBRATING A MAGAZINE THAT'S NOT A MAGAZINE



A short while ago, the founders of *Visionaire*—who describe their creation as a cross between a quarterly fashion magazine and an art book—held a party to celebrate the publication of their thirty-second issue, entitled "Where?" The party, held in a ballroom-like space at 55 Wall Street, seemed intended to be the sort of affair that is talked about for years as a spectacle of fin-de-siècle excess. Drag queens and belly dancers had been booked for the evening. On a balcony overlooking the main room, five male dancers with gleaming, hairless muscles, dressed in gold loincloths, thrust their hips about. On the floor below, four more dancers, dressed in deconstructed versions of Louis XIV court fashion, moved across a platform in slow, interpretive arcs. Invitees had been asked to wear "party dress" or "native/national costume," and a few—particularly *Visionaire's* founders—went to considerable trouble to oblige. Stephen Gan, who was an editor at *Details* in the late eighties, wore a giant Indian feather headdress; James Kaliardos, a makeup artist, went as a cowboy; and Cecilia Dean, a former model, wore a Bob Mackie Brazilian-carnival-style headdress of towering green ostrich plumes.

Each issue of *Visionaire* consists of a limited edition of small commissioned art works organized around a theme. The "Where?" issue, for instance (priced at three hundred and ninety-five dollars), is a set of fifty-five postcards of real and imaginary places, as depicted by different artists, encased in a leather pouch designed by Hermès. Previous issues have included a light box that displayed artist-designed transparencies ("the first battery-operated publication," as Gan described it) and a book based on the theme of "white," in which the art work consisted of Braille or cutouts or embossed figures on white paper.

As a cross between a fashion magazine and an art book, *Visionaire* manages to be more luxuriously excessive than either fashion or art alone. Fashion, after all, is always tainted by usefulness, and art carries with it an air of heavy permanence; but *Visionaire* happily combines the ephemerality of fashion with the uselessness of art. The concept has proved extremely successful: editions of the magazine have become collector's items, and there is always a waiting list for future issues.

And yet, that night at 55 Wall Street, although the stage was set for a celebration of lavishness, the atmosphere was strangely sober. People stood around and talked quietly. There was no wait at the bar. Most of the guests did not dress up, opting to look attractive rather than fabulous (young women in handkerchief tops; pouty art boys in tight polyester shirts). For hours, despite the loudly encouraging music, almost nobody danced except for a large, peppy drag queen who resembled Divine and described her look as "retarded whore." There was something wistful or nostalgic about the event, as though it were less an excessive fin-de-siècle party than a party whose theme was fin-de-siècle excess. That night, the millennium seemed to have passed by long ago, and the turn of the next century felt unimaginably far off in the future.

—Larissa MacFarquhar

THE FINANCIAL PAGE

HAS CAPITALISM KILLED THE MOGUL?

"Tycoons are fairly rare birds in today's business world. We seldom hear of moguls," *Forbes* told us a couple of decades ago, in words that turned out to be less than prescient. In the years that followed, the glossies came to be filled with talk of moguls: everywhere you looked there were superheroes clad in Hickey-Freeman, leaping over consumer-goods companies in a single bound, making deals, pursuing visions, transforming the world. We called them raiders, or white knights, or buccaneers, and chronicling their exploits made us short of breath. At secret breakfast meetings, they'd merge companies and produce new ones, with long, strung-together names, like German nouns. Whether we celebrated or deplored them, the message was the same: if you wanted to understand business, you had to understand the people at the very top. The great-man theory of history found a new home, in the business pages.

And so financial journalists started to sound like their counterparts of a century ago, who wrote during what Stewart Holbrook dubbed the Age of the Moguls. The very word "mogul" conjured images of bedizened Tartar emperors who ruled by decree. That analogy was, of course, overstated. But, as a recent triumvirate of first-rate biographies—Ron Chernow's life of John D. Rockefeller, Jean Strouse's of J. P. Morgan, and David Nasaw's of William Randolph Hearst—makes clear, it wasn't overstated by much.

Start with the fact that the old-school moguls wielded personal control over huge and growing sectors of the economy, and with little fear of competition. By 1899, Rockefeller was refining eighty-five per cent of all the oil in the country. Morgan's U.S. Steel was the largest corporation in the history of the planet. Morgan also controlled thirty-two other large corporations and in effect served as the country's central banker. More mundane businesses were similarly dominated by single players. American Can, for example, made ninety per cent of all the cans in the United States.

As a result, the moguls really did have the power to dictate the course of events, at least in the short term. Rockefeller was able to drive rivals out of business at will. Morgan rescued the stock market from complete meltdown in 1907 by personally strong-arming his fellow-bankers. And Hearst built a media empire that reached one out of every four Americans on a regular basis, and he did not refrain from using that empire as a platform for his personal political ambitions and his often eccentric political views. When Hearst wanted to publish columns by Mussolini and Hitler, he did so, despite Hitler's propensity for missing deadlines. This made Hearst's papers, as H. L. Mencken put it, "inordinate and preposterous—but . . . not dull." Today, the closest thing we have to Hearst's newspaper empire, in reach, is the Gannett chain, which is dull and never inordinate.

MICHAEL WITTE

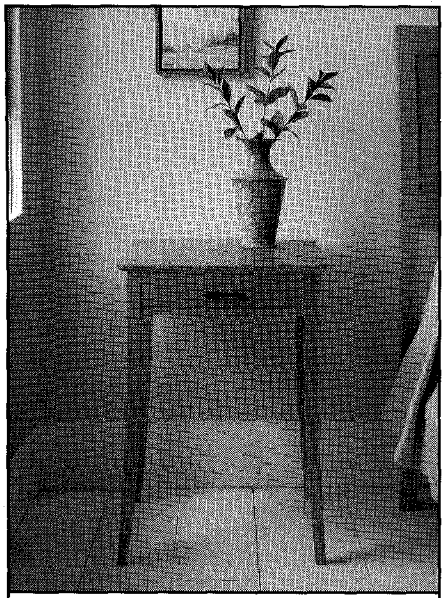
In the long run, of course, the moguls were not invincible. When Edison invented the electric light, Rockefeller's kerosene monopoly lost some of its charm. And although Morgan was powerful enough to rescue the economy after it went off the rails, he couldn't keep it from going astray in the first place. The market, by its nature, will erode existing power and move in unpredictable ways. But for a time the Gilded Age moguls were able to tame it.

How do our own business leaders stack up? Well, plenty of C.E.O.s are moguls in their own minds, and plenty of journalists document their every move as if they were right. But even today's most powerful corporate chiefs are pale imitations of their precursors: they're mini-me moguls. The global economy has left the mogul behind, and journalists are left to describe, in Karl Marx's memorable words, "this new scene in world history in time-honored disguise and borrowed language."

This may seem to be a curious conclusion, since we're often told that we live in a world of fewer and fewer mega-corporations, ruled by C.E.O.s who tell us what to watch, eat, and buy. But, while capitalism is certainly more powerful than ever before, individually large corporations, and those who run them, probably have less power than they have had at any time in the past century. The gales of creative destruction are blowing harder than ever—yes, even at Microsoft—thanks to deregulation, foreign competition, technological upheavals, and a surly new breed of put-up-or-shut-up shareholders. (In the past twelve months alone, the C.E.O.s of Coke, Kodak, Xerox, and Procter & Gamble have been shown the exit.) And a tyrannical management style won't cut it when your employees are your most valuable assets. These trends—and not the machinations of our Ron Perelmans and Michael Eisners—are really what have shaped the business landscape in the past twenty years.

The truth is, there are many C.E.O.s who understand this, who know that they can't be Rockefeller, and don't want to be. But it's the ones who still think of themselves as Superman who are fun to write about, which is why we keep doing it. In an economy that's changing as fast as this one, it's comforting to think that somebody is in control. And, as the would-be mogul leans back in his leather chair, he *looks* like he's in control. He smiles, he fires up a Cohiba. Then one of his big institutional investors calls, grumbling about the quarter's earnings report. A division head tells him that his best engineers are decamping for a Santa Clara startup. There's a clutch in his stomach. The Cohiba dies out, neglected in its ashtray. His smile doesn't waver, but his palms are clammy. And, these days, that's the life of the dealmaking, world-shaking chief executive. He didn't get small; the world got bigger.

—*James Surowiecki*



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ANNALS OF FINANCE

MARISA AND JEFF

What happens when best friends get involved in insider trading?

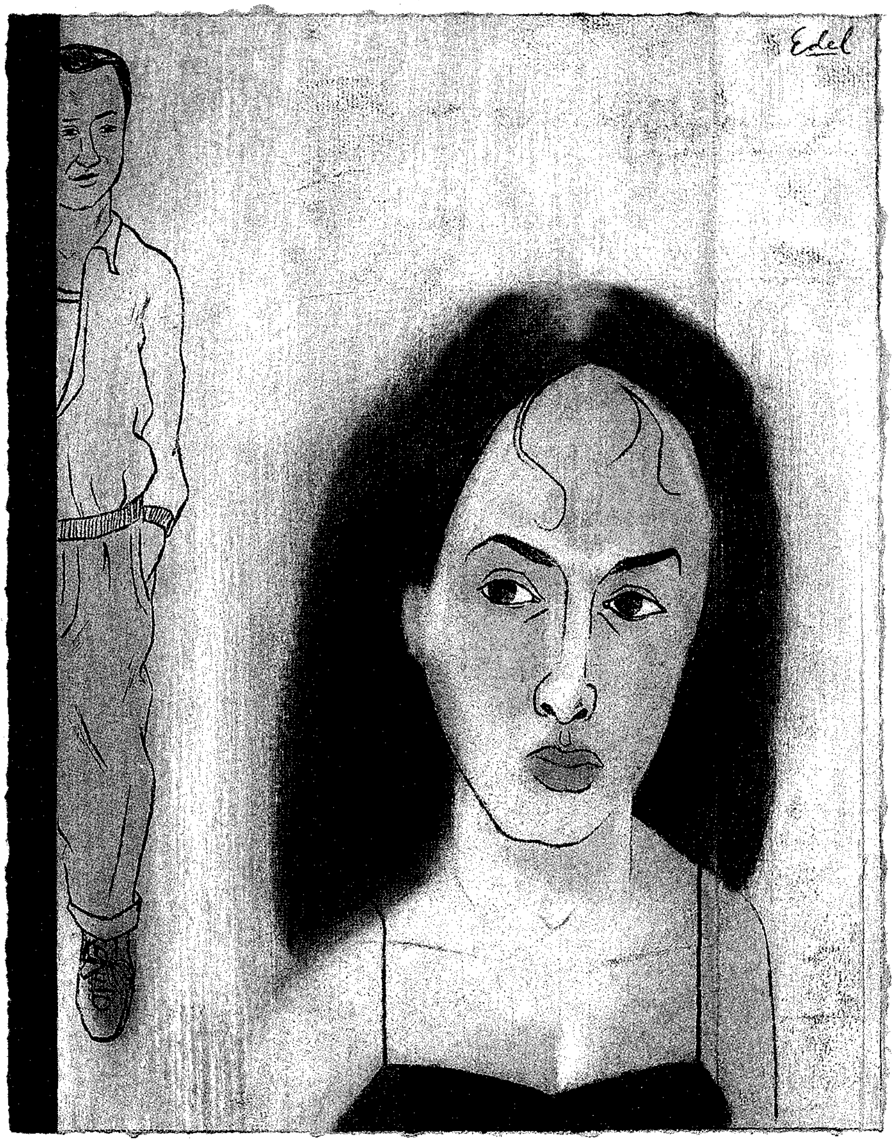
BY CALVIN TRILLIN

Marisa Baridis, a control-group analyst at Smith Barney, was part of what Wall Street people call the Chinese wall. The wall is an administrative structure that a large securities firm erects to keep its trading operation shut off from the activities of its investment bankers, who routinely acquire a lot of inside information that would be illegal to use in buying and selling stocks. Since the first step in detecting leakage of inside information is to find out what information the firm has, Marisa Baridis and her colleagues talked constantly to investment bankers and noted on a confidential "watch list" exactly where each deal stood and when an announcement that could affect the stock of any of the companies involved was expected. Then, as she once summed it up, they would "look for trading that was in line with what we knew was going to happen." On Wall Street, a Chinese wall is festooned with security precautions—paper shredders, separate computer servers, segregated trash pickup—because another way to think of the watch list is as the mother lode of inside information.

When Marisa Baridis joined Smith Barney, in 1993, she was in her mid-twenties. A business-administration graduate of Boston University, she also had a law degree from the Touro law school, on Long Island, although she had never taken the bar examination. She wouldn't have struck someone on first meeting as part of an enforcement operation. A petite young woman with pale skin and jet-black hair, she gave the impression of a certain fragility. Although the nineties bull market was gathering steam when she joined Smith Barney, control-group analysts were not among those young Wall Street types who were beginning to indulge their tastes for high-performance sports cars and staggeringly expensive co-op apartments. Marisa Baridis's starting salary at Smith Barney was about forty-five thousand dollars a year. Still, she was hardly poor. Although she had often quarrelled with her father, a Greek immigrant who was a bridge-painting contractor in Philadelphia, he took care of the rent on her apartment, on the Upper East Side, as he had taken care of whatever she needed in college and law school. He also pressured her to take the bar exam. At one point, in order to make him think she'd taken it and failed, she sent him a doctored-up rejection letter received by someone else from the New York State Board of Law Examiners.

Even without the burden of rent, Marisa Baridis had no trouble getting rid of her salary. In fact, a couple of times she was feeling so pressed that she told the credit-card company that an item she'd actually purchased had appeared on her monthly bill in error. She led the sort of singles life in Manhattan that included regular appearances at late-night clubs and memberships in fitness centers and shares in summer rentals in the Hamptons. In conversation, she sounded like a lot of other young people who worked in, say, the financial industry or the real-estate industry and lived in high-rise boxes on the East Side and worried a lot about their social lives—so that she could summarize a relationship that didn't work out by saying, "I'm like, 'Weren't you supposed to call me?' He's like, 'Yeah.' " She spent a lot of time E-mailing—not just questions to investment bankers about where a prospective merger stood but also the jokes that get passed around Wall Street electronically and messages like "Virginia just called. She said Michael and all those guys are going to dinner and then to some bar that Howard Stern is having a party at."

At Smith Barney, her performance appraisals occasionally mentioned problems like absenteeism and lack of focus. She seemed proud of holding such a responsible job in such a prestigious firm, but she wasn't getting along with her su-



He described the potential profits from their activities in terms of matching Mercedeses.

EDEL RODRIGUEZ

pervisor, and she sometimes found the work a strain. From the time she started with Smith Barney, she had been on Valium, prescribed by a psychiatrist. In the psychiatrist's view, Marisa Baridis had problems that went beyond a stressful job. Her parents had split when she was an infant, and she spent most of her childhood living with her mother, who was apparently physically ill much of that time and depressed to the point of inertia. After her mother died of breast cancer, when Marisa was fifteen, Marisa moved in with her father and his second family, but she hadn't felt truly welcome, despite the material objects her father gave her. Marisa Baridis's psychiatrist had concluded that she was suffering from low self-esteem, even self-hatred. Although she was an attractive young woman and had some good female friends, she tended to have miserable relationships with men. Her life, the psychiatrist said at one point, was an all too successful search for men who would abuse and betray her.

Marisa Baridis had heard of Jeffrey Streich before she met him. This was in the summer of 1996. For a couple of years, she'd taken a share in a Hamptons summer house run by a former girlfriend of Streich's named Tina Eichenholz, who told stories of her old beau's extravagance: on the third date, as Baridis remembered one story, Streich had given Eichenholz a five-thousand-dollar diamond bracelet. A dark-haired young man from Commack, Long Island, who had gone to community college and the State University of New York at Brockport, Streich was also involved with the securities business, but in an aspect of it that wouldn't have been familiar to the Ivy League investment bankers Marisa Baridis spoke to every day about mergers and acquisitions. He had begun his Wall Street career in what people in the trade call a bucket shop—a type of operation that Streich himself once summed up succinctly as "the bottom-of-the-barrel stock firm." A bucket shop generally pushes one or two stocks at a time—stocks that tend to be distinguished by how much the bucket shop itself owns of them and how little there is of substance to the companies that have floated them. Through high-pressure selling and reporting gimmicks and such devices as parking blocks of stock in the accounts of customers without authorization, the bucket shop keeps the house stock at an artificially inflated price. At some point, the house has its money and its customers are stuck with a stock that in the conventional market is impossible to sell.

"Before I was a broker, I was a normal human being making an honest living," Jeff Streich once said. "The only thing illegal I did, I think—when I was young I used to steal Pop Rocks." After he was a broker, he went a good deal beyond Pop Rocks. His first boss, Brett Hirsch—this was at a bucket shop called D. H. Blair—is Streich's contemporary, but he has been described as a sort of Fagin figure, who trained young men in a variety of securities scams. The thirty or so brokers and cold-callers clustered around Brett Hirsch wanted what he had—a flashy car, a flashy girlfriend, the wherewithal to toss thousand-dollar chips on the table in Las Vegas—and they worked hard to please him. On his team, they led a sleazeball version of the high life—regular visits to a strip club in the East Sixties called Scores, a ready supply of cocaine, bachelor parties in Las Vegas, a trip to Rio for New Year's. Streich began as a cold-caller, making three or four hundred calls a day off microfiche lists of prospects bought from people who'd stolen them from more respectable firms. Among members of the group, Streich was known as Heckel, a summer-camp nickname. The most inept cold-caller in the crowd became Schmeckel. Another broker was called Murray the Crook—although calling someone Murray the Crook in the Hirsch group was more or less like calling someone on an N.B.A. team Joe the Tall Guy.

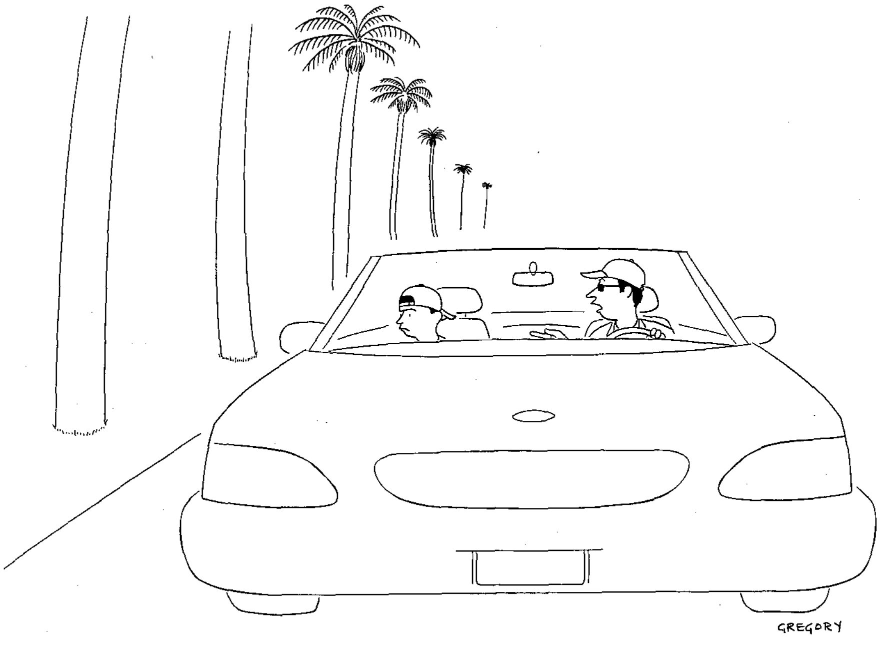
The Hirsch group, in fact, could be described as too crooked—or at least too blatant—for the bucket shops. More than once, the daytime activities of the merry band included being escorted out onto the sidewalk en masse by company security guards. Jeff Streich, a smooth talker who seemed unburdened by compunctions, could be described as too crooked—or at least too blatant—for the Hirsch group. When the group moved from D. H. Blair to a firm called A. R. Baron, he was told that the multiplicity of complaints lodged against him with the National Association of Securities Dealers had made him too much of a liability to keep on board. Baron was hardly a pillar of rectitude itself. One of its officers at that time sticks in the mind of some law-enforcement people as a man who sometimes managed to spend twenty thousand dollars in a particularly festive evening at Scores.

Being left out of Baron didn't mean that Streich had run out of moves on Wall Street. First, he joined A. S. Goldmen, where he was fired after four months for unauthorized trading; then he was briefly at a firm called Gruntal, where he was fired for telling customers that they wouldn't be responsible for losses if the initial public offering he was pitching went down instead of up; and then he went to Beacon, where he was fired after an N.A.S.D. complaint over his handling of the account of a semi-retired man from Chicago named Shy Glass. When Streich took over the account, Glass, who was in his seventies, had a four-hundred-and-forty-thousand-dollar portfolio dominated by Amgen, an early biotech company whose stock was solid and, as it happened, about to become even more valuable. Through unauthorized trading and forging a margin-account application, Streich transformed the portfolio into house stocks that had the advantage of paying him a cash kickback but the accompanying disadvantage of becoming worthless. When it was all over, Shy Glass's portfolio amounted to thirty thousand three hundred and sixty dollars.

After Beacon, Streich put together his own "private placement"—the sale of a stock issue to a limited number of buyers, without a public offering. The company Streich had for sale, LJS Holdings, was what he described as a "laundromat-slash-café," although not the sort of laundromat-slash-café that had, say, a business plan or employees. The money Streich raised for LJS—two hundred thousand dollars or so—went straight into his pocket and out again in a matter of months, spent on drugs and expensive presents for women and gambling on sporting events. By the summer of 1996, Streich was by way of being a private investor, although not one with any money to invest. He was working out of an office maintained by a young man named Vincent Napolitano, in an apartment on East Sixty-fourth Street, helping Napolitano invest in initial public offerings. Brokers ordinarily ration out I.P.O.s among their best customers, so Napolitano had opened eighteen accounts under the names of various individuals and dummy corporations with tony titles like Synergy Plus, Inc.

Streich was living in a series of apartments on the Upper East Side, sometimes a step or two ahead of an eviction notice; his policy on rent seems to have been that it was the first month's that counted. That summer of 1996, he was running a group house in the Hamptons, which can be a business for somebody who isn't squeamish about how many people he assigns to each bedroom. He carried a lot of cash. In a group, he was the sort of person who wouldn't allow single young women to pay their share of a check. To them, he seemed protective, expansive—almost like a particularly generous big brother. "You get used to these cheap guys who want to go Dutch or worry that you ordered too many appetizers," a friend of Marisa Baridis has said. "Jeff was more like 'Let's get champagne!' " Marisa Baridis later described Jeff Streich this way: "He's the kind of guy that, you know, if you, like, asked for a pack of cigarettes he would, like, give you fifty dollars and tell you to keep the change." She meant it as a compliment.

Jeffrey Streich did have a drinking problem and a cocaine problem and a gambling problem and, of course, a lying problem. Marisa Baridis met him at drinks with a group of people at a casual Hamptons spot on the water called Dockers, in a summer-house atmosphere that made no great distinction between the Wall Street of Smith Barney and the Wall Street of fly-by-night bucket shops. He was in a wetsuit, apparently having come over by Jet Ski from the house he was running. This was early in the summer—before he was ejected from the house because the agent discovered that the new tenants were not two couples but forty groupers,



"All right, so I missed your soccer game. But didn't my assistant send you a lovely fruit basket?"

before the marine-supply store sued because the check for the Jet Ski bounced. "She liked his style—she found him exciting," a friend of Marisa's has said. To friends, Marisa expressed surprise that somebody as sophisticated as Jeff Streich was interested in her.

Jeff Streich was not the first person to have suggested to Marisa Baridis—in that joking way which leaves open the option of being taken seriously—that she and a careful partner could trade profitably on her access to the Smith Barney watch list, although he was the first to describe the potential enrichment in terms of matching Mercedeses. Four or five other people, including the husband of her best friend from college, had brought up the subject, and she had dismissed it. But as she and Streich saw each other over the summer—always as part of a group—she began to consider his offer.

Although Marisa and Jeff were supposedly just pals, two people in a jolly crowd sharing an order of chicken fingers on the weathered deck of a bar in the Hamptons, or downing shots of Jägermeister during happy hour at a bar on the East Side of Manhattan, her friends sensed from the start that she had a crush on him. (They also sensed that he remained enamored of Tina Eichenholz.) Marisa had always had a weakness for big spenders and extravagant flatterers. "He knew exactly how to play her personality," one of her friends has said. "He'd tell her she was in a different category from everyone else. I think a lot of people would be like 'Give me a break,' but she believed him." When Marisa Baridis herself was later asked why, after spurning other opportunities, she began thinking about giving inside information to Streich, she said, "I don't know if I thought that was the way I could get him or power over him, have a relationship with him. It was probably the only way. If I didn't have my position, I don't think Jeff and I would have had a relationship." In August, Marisa and Jeff went out to dinner alone in New York for the first time. Before the meal was over, she'd told him that Square Industries was going to be sold in a couple of weeks and could go up twenty per cent.

Eventually, they agreed that she would leak him information and he would do the investing, observing some safeguards to avoid drawing attention—tell no one, trade moderately, stay away from options trading. They would split the profits. Matching Mercedeses were not immediately forthcoming. Sometimes, even after an entry on the watch list said that the deal was going through, some accounting or legal problem held it up. Sometimes the deal didn't have the effect on the stock that might have been expected. Then, a few days before Thanksgiving, Marisa went to a phone booth outside the offices of Smith Barney and called Jeff to say that Owen Healthcare, the world's largest manager of hospital pharmacies, was about to be taken over by Cardinal Health. A few days later, that was precisely what happened, and the stock jumped from fifteen to twenty-five. The various accounts controlled by Vincent Napolitano made a hundred and seventy thousand dollars. Streich made nearly thirty-five thousand dollars in his own accounts, partly by free riding—buying without putting up any funds—with brokers he knew from bucket-shop days or from Hamptons shares. Something had presumably gone wrong with the safeguards, though: in the day or two before the sale, the volume of Owen stock being traded had jumped more than four hundred per cent.

That is the sort of activity that tends to draw the attention of the market-surveillance division of the New York Stock Exchange. The exchange has computers that can illuminate clusters of traders in the same Zip Codes or traders with particularly large buys or traders who have multiple accounts and a sudden interest in the hospital-pharmacy industry. A report was sent to the Securities and Exchange Commission, and an attorney in the S.E.C. enforcement division put in a call to Vincent Napolitano. Eventually, Napolitano provided some trading records and appeared for a deposition. In the deposition, he said what most people accused of insider trading say—that he'd made his trades on the basis of his own research and what he'd heard around town. The investigation didn't go any further. Napolitano had mentioned Jeffrey Streich to the S.E.C. attorney only in passing, when asked to name people who often came to the office on East Sixty-fourth Street. Marisa Baridis's name had never come up.

An inside trader who uses a partner to do the investing has a built-in problem: keeping track of the partner is virtually impossible. There is no way to know whether the partner is tipping others. There is no way to know how much money the partner has made by trading on the inside information. The problem is exacerbated, of course, if the partner is someone like Jeffrey Streich. Streich was essentially using Marisa Baridis's inside information as currency. He traded tips to brokers in return for allowing him to free ride. He met with Brett Hirsch to see about trading tips for I.P.O. lists. He gave tips to brokers for a share in their profits.

Streich was constantly being warned by Marisa that widening the network, and thus the volume of trading, could only bring suspicion, and he was constantly assuring her that he'd been keeping the information to himself. In fact, there were at least a dozen people getting inside information from Streich, some of them so routinely that when a tip hadn't come along for a while they'd phone and say, "Any pickles coming?" A pickle was information from the Smith Barney watch list. Streich assumed that Napolitano was also passing along Baridis information to other people. For that matter, so was Marisa Baridis. In January of 1997, about six months after her first tip to Streich, she had started tipping the husband of her best friend from college.

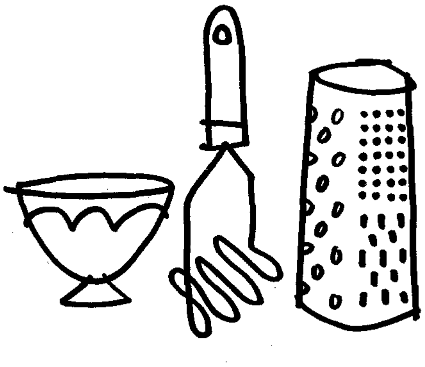
She suspected that Streich was cheating her on the split, and she was right. Streich lied about how much he'd bought. He lied about what the price was when he'd bought it. At one point, he convinced two brokers that they ought to chip in for a payment to the source of the inside information—he collected eighteen thousand dollars from them—and then he kept the money himself. For Marisa, getting any money at all from Jeff required constant badgering. At times, she threatened to quit providing information, but in April of 1997, when she moved from Smith Barney to a nearly identical job at Morgan Stanley—she was now making about seventy thousand dollars a year, working for the one old-line, white-shoe firm that had emerged from the changes of recent decades as a power on Wall Street—her arrangement with Streich remained unchanged. At around that time, she had dinner with Tina Eichenholz, who told her that Streich was playing her for a fool—that he and his friends were making an enormous amount of money and cheating her. Jeff denied it. "Did I believe Jeff that other people, his friends, his best friends, weren't involved in the trading?" Marisa said later. "I don't know if I believed him a hundred per cent, but I decided to ignore what Tina had told me."

For a year or so after that first tip about Square Industries, Jeff and Marisa had been involved in an intense but platonic relationship; they were, at least in Marisa's view, best friends. During most of that period, she had a more or less steady boyfriend, someone who had a lot of problems of his own, and their relationship was stormy. She once estimated that she and her boyfriend had broken up thirty or forty times—one time with so much gusto that the police had been summoned.

Then, in September of 1997, Jeff and Marisa went to the Mirage Hotel, in Las Vegas, with Marisa's college friend and her husband—a party of four that included two people who, unbeknownst to each other, were receiving inside tips from a third. At the Mirage, Jeff and Marisa became more than best friends. That didn't mean that they walked off into a life together while the theme music played. For one thing, he'd stuck her with the hotel bill. She went straight from Las Vegas to Hong Kong for a three-week stint in Morgan Stanley's office there, and when she returned to New York, in October, she E-mailed a friend about Jeff: "He didn't pay the bill from the hotel in Vegas. It's two thousand dollars. He has been ignoring my phone calls and when I saw him out Friday night he completely ignored me. He keeps making derogatory comments when we speak. I have to borrow money to pay the Vegas bill. I fucking hate him."

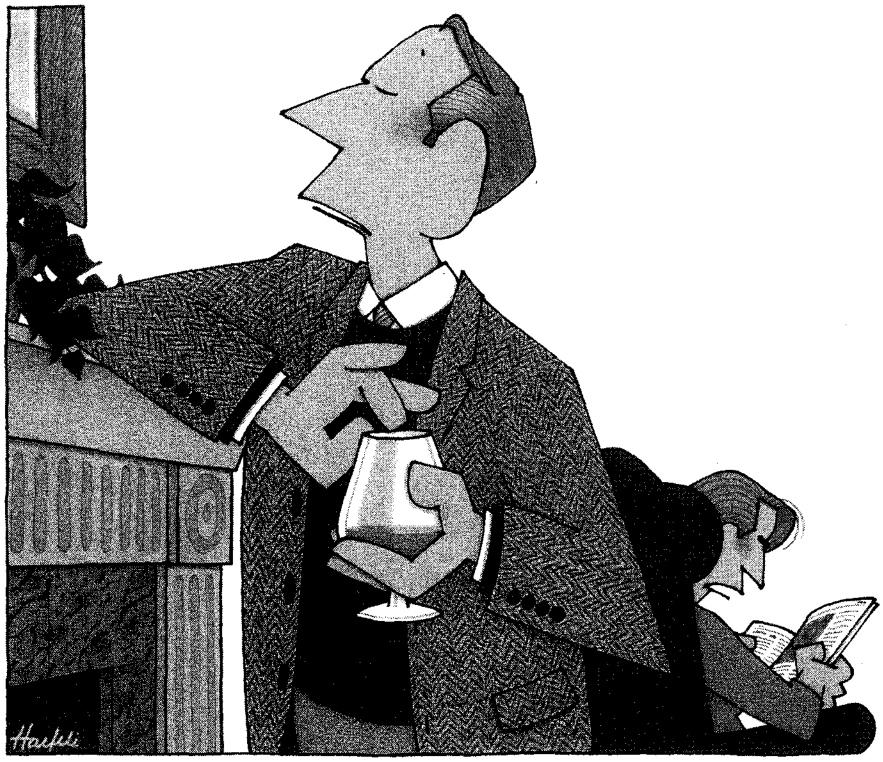
But they seemed friendly enough when they finally met for dinner one evening in late October. This was at C. S. Barrington's, on Fifty-fourth and Second. Barrington's was a place that had one of those all-glass arcades built out onto the sidewalk, so that some diners—Marisa Baridis and Jeffrey Streich among them that night—seemed almost to be eating in a show window. Over a meal of chicken fingers and fried clam strips and spicy French fries and Southwest potato skins and something called Buffalo calamari, they talked about her love life and his housing problems and her tax problems and his tax problems (both of them were dealing with I.R.S. liens) and her fears that they would get caught at insider trading. What had happened between them in Las Vegas was not mentioned, although the hotel bill was. Jeff discussed the hot prospect he was about to see in his new job as a broker for waterproofing contracts ("I think I'm just going to take him to Scores, make sure the girls give him a nice little time"). Marisa shared some of her impressions of Hong Kong ("It's like Madison Avenue—Armani, Versace, Moschino. The price isn't that different. . . . It's not like you're in Italy, where you're getting Prada for cheaper"). They exchanged views on whether a club called Envy was hot and a club called Opera was good on Tuesdays and a club called Two Rooms was over. They talked about the relative merits of Belvedere vodka and Ketel One vodka—a subject of some immediate interest to Streich, since in the time they were together he had six Martinis.

Eventually, they talked about her split of the profits and about her suspicions that he was holding out on her. When Streich wanted to underline his sincerity, he'd say, "I swear on my mother's ashes." When Marisa Baridis wanted to do the same, she said, "I swear on Heather's life." Heather was a Yorkshire terrier. "Why wouldn't you trust me?" Streich said at one point. "I never gave you a reason not to." (By then, Streich and Napolitano had each made about a quarter of a million dollars on Marisa Baridis's tips, and the other people they tipped had made hundreds of thousands of dollars more; Marisa Baridis's even split had come to about twenty thousand dollars.) Finally, he handed her twenty-five hundred-dollar bills—a down payment on thirty-six thousand dollars he assured her she would soon get. In a van parked just outside C. S. Barrington's, Investigator Walter Alexander, of the Manhattan District Attorney's office, trained a video camera on their table through the floor-to-ceiling glass and recorded the entire conversation through a concealed microphone.



In the mid-nineties, the Manhattan District Attorney's office had gone after the bucket shops. An attorney with expertise in the subject, David Gourevitch, was hired from the S.E.C. to lead a team that began with A. R. Baron, whose principals were indicted for running a criminal enterprise. During a lull in the Baron case, the team decided to prosecute a bucket-shop crime that had the look of a short and sweet conviction—the looting of the account of Shy Glass. After winning an N.A.S.D. arbitration, Glass's attorney, Kenneth David Burrows, had been aggressive about trying to collect what his client was owed. (Burrows did eventually recover a good deal of money from the company that had acted as Beacon's clearing broker.) He also pressed law-enforcement agencies. He got in touch with both the United States Attorney's office and the Manhattan District Attorney's office. Unauthorized-trading cases are often difficult to prosecute—the broker's defense tends to be that the client did authorize the transaction in one of their many telephone conversations—but Streich had made this one easy by his forgery. The D.A.'s office called in Jeff Streich and demonstrated to him and his lawyer that it had enough evidence to put him in prison for fraud.

Whatever differences may exist between people who work in Wall Street's most prestigious securities firms and people who work in bucket shops, they are as one when it comes to their response to being caught in an offense that could mean jail time: they look for someone else to turn in. Faced with serious charges in the Glass case, Streich offered information on Beacon and said that he'd been involved in an insider-trading ring whose participants he could name. He was willing to wear a wire to a meeting with the central figure herself—Marisa Baridis. A few days after Marisa Baridis had dinner with Jeff Streich at C. S. Barrington's, she was summoned to the chief



"I hardly think you'll warrant an invitation-only funeral."

counsel's office at Morgan Stanley. Two detectives were there, and they took her to the District Attorney's office for questioning. Within a few hours, the head of the Morgan Stanley compliance department was flying home from Hong Kong to oversee a damage-control operation that included hiring a law firm, a public-relations firm, a private-investigation firm, and a team of trauma specialists to minister to the remaining members of the control group. "It was a very painful time for the firm," the leader of the compliance department said later. The press had been predictably unkind. The phrase in the newspapers which stuck in his mind was Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau's comment that at Morgan Stanley the fox had been put in charge of guarding the henhouse.

It was a painful time for Marisa Baridis, too. She spent that first night in jail. Then her father came up from Philadelphia and made bail. Her initial denial of wrongdoing hadn't lasted long. The videotape was devastating. She was actually seen accepting marked hundred-dollar bills, twenty-three of which were later found by the D.A.'s people in her apartment. On the tape, she had described the Chinese wall and said that for someone in her position to leak inside information was the most illegal thing you could do. When her lawyer, Paul Shechtman, saw the tape some days later, he told her, "There are two phases of a criminal case—the guilt-determining phase and the sentencing phase. I think we should focus on the sentencing phase."

Marisa Baridis had turned the conversation so relentlessly to every element of the crime that one senior assistant district attorney who watched the tape thought at first that she might have been wired herself by some other law-enforcement agency. The agency he would have had in mind was the United States Attorney's office, which up to then had handled insider-trading cases. In fact, the federals were so irritated at what they considered poaching that they, in effect, stole Marisa Baridis as a defendant. Even after two senior assistant district attorneys rose in protest from the spectator seats in a federal courtroom, like a couple of strangers at a wedding taking the minister up on his invitation to speak now or forever hold their peace, she was allowed to plead guilty to federal charges, which carried some tactical legal advantages and made it impossible for the state to prosecute her. Among the conditions, of course, was that she reveal absolutely everything she knew about the insider-trading scheme and its participants. In other words, she had to give up somebody, too. All she had to offer was her best friend's husband.

In a court of law, someone who receives inside information is called a tippee. Of the dozen people identified as tippees by Jeff Streich only Vincent Napolitano elected to go to trial. The rest of them showed up at a cramped and well-worn courthouse on Centre Street, in lower Manhattan, to plead guilty before New York Supreme Court Judge Edward McLaughlin and to swear, in most cases, that they were both remorseful and nearly broke. Although only one of the tippees received a sentence that included jail time, Judge McLaughlin did not attempt to hide his contempt for how easily they had yielded to temptation and how dissolute their lives had been. "I just wonder whether there are people who actually when they get access to inside information say, 'I'm going to turn down the chance to make that thirty or forty thousand dollars,'" he said at one sentencing. "The thirty or forty thousand dollars becomes a hundred thousand or so. . . . It goes up the nose, down the toilet, and out the window."

Streich and Marisa Baridis couldn't be sentenced until they made good on their agreements to testify for the prosecution at Napolitano's trial, and, for one reason or another, that trial didn't take place until last fall, nearly two years after the videotaped dinner at C. S. Barrington's. At one point during the wait, Streich wrote to literary agents about the possibility of marketing his story as a book—a project that didn't go even as far as his laundromat-slash-café. "It's a story of greed, backstabbing, double-crossing, manipulation, and love, set in the high stakes, high pressure world of finance," he wrote. "This is a strong character-driven morality tale that plays out like Sleepers, Wall St, and Goodfellows, that is full of lovable losers."

Nobody who was involved in the aftermath of the insider-trading scheme had actually found Jeffrey Streich lovable, but the impression of Marisa Baridis was more complicated. "I submit to you that Marisa Baridis is one of the strangest people any of us will ever encounter," Adam Reeves, an assistant district attorney, told the jury during the trial of Vincent Napolitano, who was ultimately convicted. Baridis was, of course, a witness rather than the defendant in that trial—a witness who sometimes seemed bewildered by the questions she was asked, and answered so quietly that she was regularly asked by the lawyers to raise her voice—but she was sufficiently central to the narrative of the case to require an explanation by both the prosecution and the defense. Both lawyers seemed to take it for granted that, to some extent, she'd been a victim of Streich's manipulation, if not exactly an innocent victim. She wanted her cut, after all, and being bedazzled by a smooth-talking scoundrel did not seem to explain the inside tips to her best friend's husband. "To suggest that Marisa Baridis is shallow and superficial I don't think is a stretch," Napolitano's lawyer, Joseph Corozzo, Jr., said to the jury, although he also said, "I submit she is smart and she is devious." Some of the law-enforcement people who worked on the insider-trading case saw Marisa Baridis as a spoiled kid looking for thrills—someone whose daddy was still paying for her apartment when she was making seventy thousand dollars a year, someone who had said in the Barrington's transcript that carrying on the insider-trading scheme was fun. But even people who felt that way did not seem completely without sympathy for her. It was not easy to put aside that breathtaking betrayal at C. S. Barrington's.

CASABLANCA LILY

It has the odor of Mother leaving
when I was a boy. I watch the back
of her neck, wanting to cry, Come back. Come back!
So it is the smell of not saying what I feel,
of irrationality intruding
upon the orderly, of experience
seeking me out, though I do not want it to.

Unnaturally white with auburn anthers,
climbing the invisible ladder from birth
to death, it reveals the whole poignant
superstructure of itself without piety,
like Mother pushing a basket down
the grocery aisle, her pungent vital body
caught in the stranglehold of her mind.

—*Henri Cole*

"I find in my own thinking that I come back to one word constantly," Assistant District Attorney Adam Reeves said when Jeffrey Streich appeared before Judge McLaughlin to be sentenced for his crimes against Shy Glass and his role in the insider-trading ring. "It's the word 'betrayal' and . . . it ramifies in many different ways throughout this case." Streich had undoubtedly betrayed the trust of Shy Glass, Reeves said, and there was what some saw as "a very ugly form of betrayal" at Barrington's—although that had been at the behest of the authorities. The District Attorney's office itself had been betrayed by Streich, who was at one point declared in violation of his coöperation agreement after authorities discovered that he had not been forthcoming about the participation of two people—Tina Eichenholz and Vincent Napolitano. Streich, Reeves said, even betrayed the court, in a manner of speaking, since it was apparent that he had not always testified fully and accurately in the Napolitano case.

The previous day, Reeves had asked the Judge to impose a stiff prison sentence on Vincent Napolitano—charging, as the prosecution had charged from the start when the jury was out of earshot, that he was a loan shark and a bookie who had threatened Streich and others by claiming a connection to organized crime. (Judge McLaughlin gave Napolitano two-to-six.) But Streich's case, Reeves said, was much more complicated. Acknowledging that the crime against Shy Glass had been monstrous, Reeves argued that such monstrousness had to be weighed against coöperation that had been instrumental in the successful conclusion of two major investigations. Giving Streich a sentence that was as severe as the one given Napolitano, Reeves said, could have a chilling effect on the inclination of criminals to come forward with information on crimes that would otherwise go unprosecuted. "The dignity of our criminal-justice system is dependent on offering fair outcomes to people who do many unfair things," Reeves said.

There really wasn't much left for the defense lawyer to add. Reeves had even reported detecting remorse in Streich, and had not drawn attention to the fact that the principal criminal scheme Streich's coöperation had brought down would not have existed if he himself hadn't concocted it. "I have radically changed my life," Streich said. "I am no longer involved with drugs and gambling. I no longer take shortcuts that have plagued my whole life." Judge McLaughlin noted that Streich's "active, potentially dangerous coöperation" had produced convictions, but he also said, "There is no rational system that absolves entirely the conduct that you did." To use financial terms, Judge McLaughlin said, the sentence was deeply discounted—one and a third years to four years in state prison.

Marisa Baridis's friends are less likely than the district attorney to find any mitigating factors about Streich's betrayal that night. He had used her, as well as her inside information. Rather than spare her as much pain as possible, he had seemed to lead her gratuitously into a discussion of embarrassing personal matters while Investigator Alexander dutifully recorded the conversation from his van. In fact, Marisa's friends say they're astonished at how little anger she seemed to feel after she realized what Streich had done—almost as if his behavior were just an extreme example of how relationships often end.

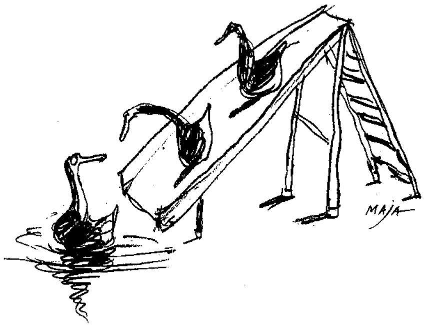
By the time Jeff was sentenced, Marisa had already appeared before Federal District Judge John Keenan for sentencing. A dozen people had shown up to be with the defendant. Her father was there. So was her new fiancé—someone she had met at the real-estate firm she now works for, and someone her friends judge to be a welcome change from the sort of men she'd been attracted to in the past. Four of her girlfriends were there, dressed so much alike, in black pants suits, that they appeared to be members of some sort of team. Her lawyer, Paul Shechtman, said the case had "destroyed her human capital"—her closest friendship, her career in the financial industry. Describing his client as someone whose psychological vulnerabilities made her an easy mark for Streich, Shechtman said, "We wouldn't be here today if Ms. Baridis hadn't met Jeffrey Streich in the summer of 1996."

In the interpretation of the case which Shechtman favors, money was not a serious motivation for what his client did—unless it was making money for Jeffrey Streich so that he could buy bracelets for her instead of for Tina Eichenholz. Even the leaks to her best friend's husband could be interpreted as a way of making Jeff jealous that she could deal with somebody else, although that interpretation suffers from the fact that she'd waited nine or ten months to tell Streich that there was another tippee. She did say to Streich at Barrington's that she had tipped someone else, and that the unnamed other person paid her with "no ifs, ands, or buts." As it turned out, she was mistaken: her best friend's husband had also been cheating her on the split.

There was no sign of anger when Marisa Baridis made her statement to Judge Keenan, in a barely audible voice. "My friends blame Jeffrey Streich for what has occurred," she said. "I see it differently. He was no friend but I only blame myself. I have tried to understand why I acted the way I did and to deal with the pieces of my life that are left." The probation report had recommended that she not be sent to prison, and the federal prosecutor did not quarrel with that recommendation. Judge Keenan gave Marisa Baridis two years' probation. The general counsel of Morgan Stanley had sent a letter urging the opposite—a particularly stiff sentence. Morgan Stanley, of course, had also been betrayed, and, in an indication that old-fashioned manners are still valued somewhere on Wall Street, its general counsel pointed out, among other things, that Marisa Baridis had never apologized to the firm.

Jeffrey Streich is now in prison. Although he's pleased Marisa Baridis got off without jail time, he said during a recent conversation in the prison visiting room, the notion that her insider trading was driven by an infatuation with him is nonsense—simply a convenient way to present her as a victim. In his version of what happened, insider trading had the same attraction for her as for anyone else—the power that comes from being the source of information and the money that could help support a style of living he summed up as "Prada and two dogs." He said that Marisa was simply a friend, and that he'd done nothing to woo her. He described their interlude in Las Vegas—an occasion for her to send elated E-mails back to friends in New York—as nothing more than two people who'd had too much to drink going to bed together.

Streich expressed regret for betraying his friends in the insider-trading scheme but much more regret for betraying the customers who trusted him as a broker. Although he is certain that his bucket-shop days are behind him forever—he intends to make his living in the construction business—he still seems proud of how good he was at selling stock over the phone. When other brokers had difficulty closing, he said, they'd often ask him to come on the line. In the entire time he was a broker, of course, he didn't sell one share of legitimate stock, but it occurred to him that he might have been good at that, too, if he had learned the business somewhere other than in the Hirsch group. Musing on that as he sat in the visiting room, he said, "If I had started at Lehman Brothers, I would have been all right. Maybe." ♦



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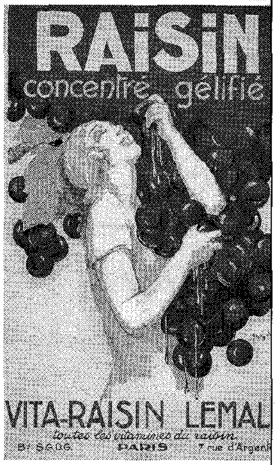

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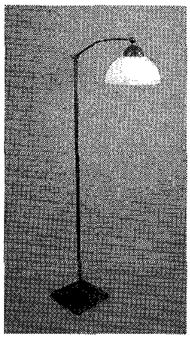

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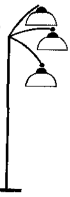

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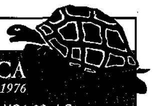

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PERSONAL HISTORY

ARBITRAGE

In exile, the author builds a memory of Egypt.

BY ANDRÉ ACIMAN

One afternoon in 1973, during the Indian-summer days of my first semester of graduate school at Harvard, I went to visit a girl who had invited me to her studio after a seminar. We had taken to walking part of the way home together after class, and this time she had asked me in for tea, but I had assumed it was really for something else, only to find, as we sat down on her sofa, that I was actually there to help her write an overdue paper on Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey." When I showed signs of reluctance, her features became flustered, and, without warning, she burst out sobbing. I felt sorry for her and held her in my arms until the crying subsided. I finally agreed to help; she got up swiftly, disappeared into the kitchen, took out an old-fashioned kettle, and put some water on to boil. Then she led me to a gnarled wooden table that stood against a wall, pulled out two chairs, and, after lighting a cigarette, which made me think that we would be working on the paper together for quite some time, suddenly stubbed it out, remembering that she had plans to see someone else that evening. Would I mind terribly helping with the paper while she was gone? Sullenly, I said I didn't mind. An uncomfortable moment of silence passed between us. I was welcome to wait for her, if I wanted, she offered, as she hastily slipped on her coat. A few seconds later, the glass panel on the front door downstairs gave a resounding clank.

Still dazed by the speed with which one thing had led to another, I thought about how she had folded a baby-blue paper napkin and set it gently under my teaspoon, saying, with goading irony, before rushing to the door, "For the sugar, for the tea, for the writer," as if to suggest with this tiny gesture of solicitude that she wasn't the inconsiderate sort. I lit a cigarette and let my eyes roam around the tiny studio she had frequently mentioned on our walks but which corresponded to nothing I had expected. From her table, I looked out onto the corner of Mount Auburn and Linden Streets. The late-summer evening was settling slowly on the adjoining rooftops, and a crowd of students was straggling back from the libraries, some headed for an early dinner. The studio, small, cluttered, and overheated, despite the open windows, seemed strangely trusting, candid almost. Like a child who's been told to entertain a stranger while Mother's getting dressed upstairs, it dutifully reminded me to help myself to anything I pleased: make more tea, look for treats—"There are bound to be *things*," she'd said, indicating the icebox and a tiny kitchen cabinet, which she had flung open both to encourage me to do likewise when she was gone and to indicate, with feigned absent-mindedness, that its contents were as unfamiliar to her as they would be to anyone who happened to drop by. It took me a while to realize that her exaggerated ignorance of her kitchen was simply her way of showing that she was casual about everything else in her life.

All that she owned was on show: her notebooks, her sweaters, Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" clumsily splayed on the floor, a striped ironing board standing next to her bed, a Greek icon, and a domed photo enlarger that had been relegated to the periphery of the room like a demoted hanger-on. Among this scatter of objects was the teapot, over which she had placed a quilted tea cozy. In the cloying comfort of the hot room, the presence of that unusual piece of quilting suddenly thrust me back a decade earlier, to the languid *fin d'été* world of my childhood in Alexandria, where I had lived before my family's expulsion, in 1965, and where my aging, after-school tutors had sipped tea at my desk. The tiny studio now felt so familiar, so welcoming in its Old World warmth, that I almost forgot it belonged to a flamboyant jet-setter with whom every man in our class claimed to have had the same adventure.

And so, as I poured the tea the way my tutors had done, I began to feel not happy, necessarily, but exceptionally sheltered and snug in this studio. I wanted to stay there for a long time, and neglected even to take myself to task for not having seized the moment when I'd held the girl in my arms, knowing that she would have kissed me passionately if only I had been bolder. I liked this room. I knew this room. Perhaps a tiny part of me was already lodged there and determined to come back again and again in the days to come, in search of that moment just after sunset when, switching on the first light and letting the windows turn to mirrors against the darkening sky, I would watch Cambridge disappear and Alexandria rise suddenly upon the windowpanes.

I had invented another Egypt, a mirror Egypt, an Egypt that stood beyond time. Photograph by Iraida Icaza.

The paper on "Tintern Abbey" was not difficult to write. I had written my own paper a week before and had already said all the scholarly things I could think of saying about the poem, so this was to be done more in the spirit of an evening ramble, something I didn't really have to write and wouldn't be graded on. Part of me didn't much care how good it was, especially since I was feeling a tad spiteful. Yet there was, thanks to that quilted tea cozy, a moment of inspiration, though I hadn't quite registered it yet—something in Wordsworth and me and this girl and this studio, and in my recognition now, years after reading Proust and Leopardi, of the unmistakable signals that a memory was just about to blossom there.

While I was writing, I'd get up every once in a while, to drink some water, go to the bathroom, or snoop around the studio. I remember how scant the light was, and how startling it seemed to me, even at the time, that this dark, quiet room and this girl and the student I was then were in many ways tied together by a poem by Wordsworth entitled "Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey, on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye During a Tour."

On the eve of Bastille Day, July 13, 1798, the twenty-eight-year-old Wordsworth went with his sister to Tintern Abbey, on the Wye River, in Wales, a place he had already visited five years earlier, in 1793. That same evening, he began to write a poem celebrating his return. The poem invokes not only the present moment but also the previous visit, as well as the future memory of both visits:

> While here I stand, not only with the sense
> Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
> That in this moment there is life and food
> For future years.

Wordsworth fears losing that future memory, and at the end of the poem he asks his sister, if he dies, to remember their visit for him:

>   Nor, perchance—
> If I should be where I no more can hear
> Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
> Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
> That on the banks of this delightful stream
> We stood together. . .

Wordsworth at Tintern Abbey, it occurred to me, was doing more or less what I was doing in this girl's room: firming up the present by experiencing it as a memory, by experiencing it from the future as a moment in the past. What Wordsworth remembers at Tintern Abbey is not the past but himself in the past imagining the future; and what he looks forward to is not even the future but himself, in the future, retrieving the bone he buried in the past.

This, in the world of finance, is called "arbitrage": the purchase of securities or currency in one market for resale in another. As soon as a profit is made, the cycle starts again, with subsequent purchases sometimes paid for with unrealized profit drawn from previous sales. In such transactions, one never really sells a commodity, much less takes delivery of anything. One merely speculates, and seldom does any of it have anything to do with the real world. Arbitrageurs may have seats on not one but two exchanges, the way the very wealthy have homes in not one but two time zones, or exiles two homes in the wrong places. One always longs for the other home, but home, as one learns soon enough, is a place where one imagines or remembers *other* homes.

Wordsworth was given to such mnemonic arbitrage. He purchased at the Exchange of Time what he sold at the Exchange of Place, knowing that, at the end of the transaction, he'd borrow from Place to purchase from Time to sell back to Place all over again. He built on air, the way futures traders speculate on margin; he grounded the present on the past, and the future on the past recaptured. His system was elliptical: to use focus A you need to establish focus B, but to establish B you need A. The very act of anticipating an epiphany becomes the epiphany itself.

In some cases, Wordsworth even layered the anticipation of that epiphany with the recollection of similar anticipations, and hence similar epiphanies, in the past. When Wordsworth went to Tintern Abbey in 1793, he was probably already remembering a trip he'd made to Wales in 1791. This, in turn, suggests that in 1798, when he finally composed "Tintern Abbey," he was echoing an earlier mnemonic experience. He was not just remembering. He was remembering remembering. His final visit to Tintern Abbey, incidentally, took place in 1841. In that year, Wordsworth did not write a poem. Instead, all we have are these words from a letter he sent to a friend:

> Thence we came along the Wye the banks of which noble river I was truly glad to revisit—to Tintern Abbey where last Tuesday we had the great pleasure of meeting Miss Fenwick and Dora.

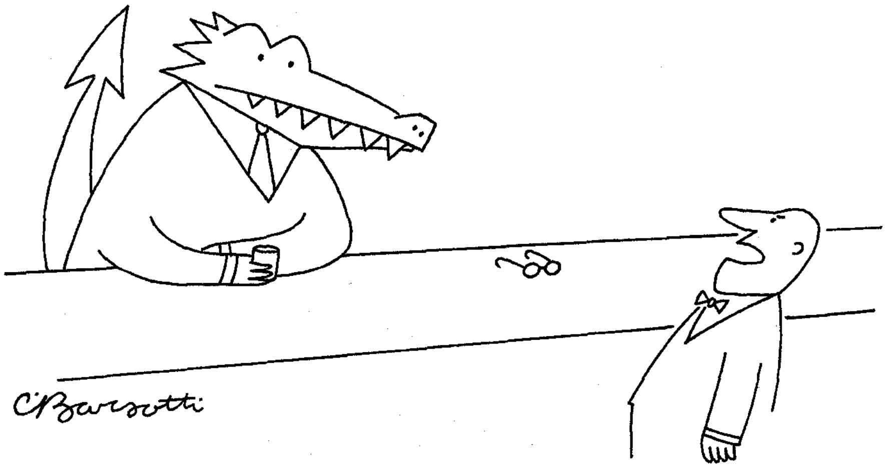
From the man who produced what is arguably the most moving poem in English Romantic literature, and probably the most eloquent poem on memory ever written, this sounds almost intentionally flat. Perhaps it was not intentional at all. Perhaps this is simply how an aging Wordsworth responded to a situation that had become far too gnarled for his poetic imagination. He had already written his elegy on returning to Tintern Abbey. To write about Tintern Abbey again, in 1841, he would have had to write a poem celebrating not only his present visit but also his three other visits to the area.

I finished the essay on Wordsworth and, after tearing off the striped yellow sheets of paper and stapling them neatly on the girl's table, I proceeded to the next page of the notebook. Without giving the matter any thought, I began to write a story about going back to a place that was my own Tintern Abbey.

In the story, a young man returns to Alexandria. This, however, is by no means a momentous return journey. He is back in Alexandria because the ship on which he was sailing to Greece has made a stop for repairs. While minor work is being done to the vessel, he decides to take advantage of the unexpected layover to stroll around the city he knew a decade before. He is wearing dark flannel trousers and a rumpled white shirt. For lack of anywhere else to go, he finds himself drawn to the city's Jewish cemetery, where he decides to visit his grandfather's grave. The road is very dusty, as all unpaved Mediterranean roads are.

Standing outside the cemetery, he taps at the gate, hears no answer, and taps again, harder. Finally, the warden grumbles behind the door and opens it. The place looks exactly as the young man remembered it: a row of trees, a gravel path, a pebbled alleyway between the graves in serene morning silence. He glances around at the old tombstones and then—to make conversation—asks the aging caretaker how he makes ends meet, given that there are no visitors or Jewish "clients" left in Alexandria. The warden points to an old Coca-Cola icebox. Students heading to and from the university sometimes come in for a Coke. This is Alexandria's cemetery row, and people stop by. As they talk, the young man hears the cackle of a brood of chickens picking their way between the graves. Like many Bedouins in Egypt, the warden also earns a living by selling fresh eggs.

The young man and the warden proceed to look for the grandfather's grave. Neither of them has any idea where to find it. The man thinks back to the last time he went to the cemetery—with his father, ten years ago—and he finds himself threading between the odd-shaped tombstones, suddenly locating the one he is looking for. It occurs to him as he



"Damn it, he was a regular."

stares at the inscription on the marble that, unless he makes an effort to remember where it is, he'll never be able to find this grave again.

The warden, who has gone into his hut, returns with a bucket of water to clean the marble slab. The young man pours the water meticulously, going at the task with unexpected zeal, perhaps in order to avoid asking himself why he has come here at all or what he expected to find. He asks the warden's son for a Coca-Cola, and the boy brings the bottle out awkwardly, holding it in both hands, as though he were carrying a struggling hen by the neck. The young man does something he remembers his father telling him he should never do: he places the bottle on the gleaming, flat marble, heaves himself up, and sits on the warm slab. It is a beautiful, sunny day. He is sweating. He knows that it will only get hotter. He lights a cigarette. His feet are dangling from his perch. He could just as easily be sitting on the edge of a swimming pool.

And as the young man sits there, under the scant shade offered by a palm tree, his thoughts turn to the beach, to the beaches of Egypt especially, and to how he has remembered them over the last ten years, first from Italy and then from New York. He realizes suddenly, in a sort of delayed double take, that if he simply lifts his head and looks over the cemetery wall he will see his favorite body of water in the world, lying scarcely two minutes away.

The last time he saw this marble slab, he remembers, he was thinking about Italy, a country he feared and had never seen. His father had already purchased their tickets on an Italian liner, and an uncle had promised to meet them in Naples. Now, thinking about Egypt's beaches makes him long for the fountains of Rome, especially on those dry, scorching Italian summer days when a fountain in a crowded piazza is all the beach an impoverished exile can get.

During the three years that my family spent in Italy immediately following our expulsion from Egypt, my parents had so little money that my mother had to alter my father's old clothes for me. The task kept her busy for weeks. He owned several pairs of flannel trousers, and these were the easiest to spare. Thus I found myself, like the young man of my story, wearing thick gray wool trousers into late spring each year, and I came to dread their unbearably prickly nap, especially when it grew hot. And I learned to read in that discomfort the first, unmistakable hints of summer. One day in New York, years later, I wore wool trousers and felt a flush of almost sexual pleasure course along my thighs, taking me back to those days in Rome when the pall of wool would send me in search of a fountain, where I could entertain the illusion that I was one step closer to the beach in Egypt, to my friends and my relatives, and to an entire world that I longed to recover: the smells, the heat, the cast of light, the taste of ripe fruit, the sound of a car rolling on gravel with its engine turned off, even the sounds of the flies, of itinerant venders, and of the city's crowded squares after Sunday Mass. By a fountain on a hot day, I could let myself believe that if the sky were only clearer a luminous Alexandria would surface suddenly, like the wide expanse of sea facing Xenophon's soldiers on their desperate journey back through Asia Minor. I learned to love Rome the roundabout way—by investing in it the nostalgia I felt for my first home—and the wool, the heat, and the sweat were as welcome a price to pay as is the foul odor of horse dung around New York's Claremont Stables to a new city dweller who spent his childhood on a farm.

This is mnemonic arbitrage. Not only did I remember, in the girl's studio in Cambridge, a sensation that I had experienced in Rome that evoked Alexandria but, when I eventually did return to Alexandria, in 1995, I caught myself looking at my beloved Mediterranean through tiny side streets only to feel a sudden yearning for West End Avenue, facing the Hudson River through 106th Street—which had become the dearest spot on earth to me, precisely because it reminded me of Alexandria. In Alexandria, I was homesick for the place from which I had learned to re-create Alexandria, the way that the rabbis in exile were forced to reinvent their homeland on paper, only to find, perhaps, that they worshipped the paper more than the land.

In my story, when the sun at the cemetery grows too oppressive, the young man gets down from his perch and heads toward the warden's hut. He tips the man twenty dollars—probably more

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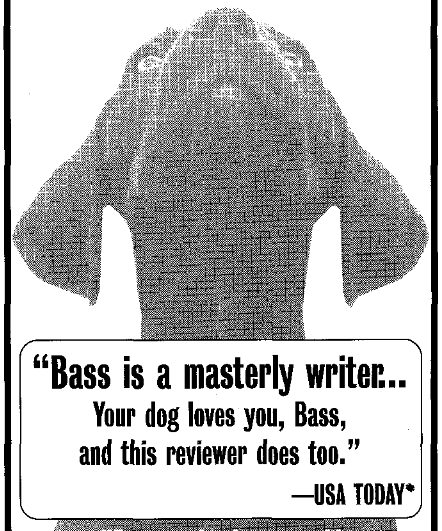

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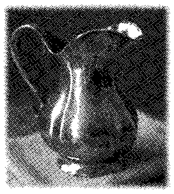

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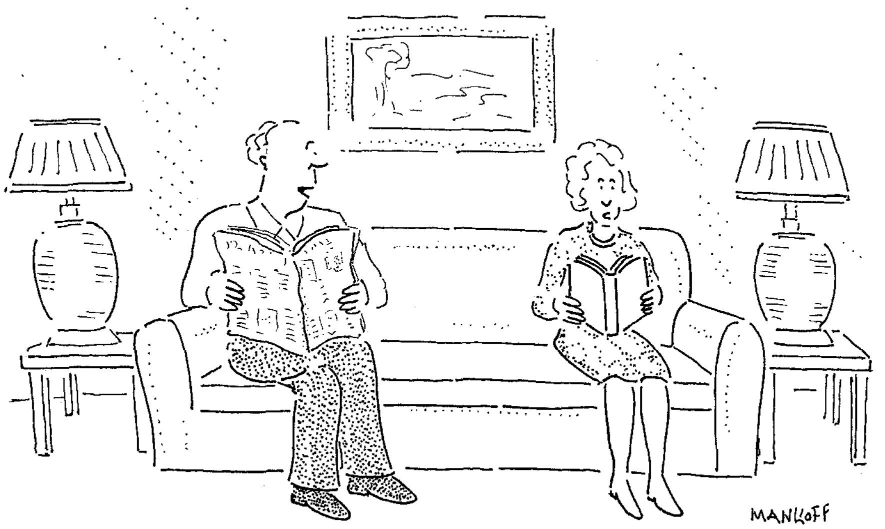


"Know what I think?"
"Of course."

• •

than a month's salary for the warden, who accepts it reluctantly and offers the young man another Coke in return. The young man is reminded of the unfair exchange of armor between Glaucus and Diomedes and accepts the Coke.

But then the warden goes back into the hut and comes out with a tiny object, wrapped in what looks like an old kerchief. It's an antique silver cigarette lighter, with an inscription, probably left behind by a Jewish mourner years ago. Perhaps that mourner had come back in the same way as the young man had, dawdled for a while, smoked a cigarette, and then left, forgetting the lighter. To the young man's surprise, the inscription on the lighter bears all three of his initials. He knows that the lighter isn't his. He has never owned such a lighter. Had the other mourner left it for him? The young man had come to the cemetery not knowing that he was looking for something; this is what he found.

Campy, to be sure, but this is the mystery, or the epiphany, my imagination concocted on that Indian-summer night in Cambridge. It would take me years to understand the meaning of the gift I had invented. The lighter could have belonged only to the young man—who was, of course, me. He/I *had* returned to the cemetery before, though we hadn't realized it. We had been going back there every day for years, leaving our lighter in the Bedouin's care to remind us that part of ourselves would be forever left behind in Egypt, that part of ourselves had never and would never take the ship.

I never really finished the story. I picked it up again four years later and labored over it for two months, before finally abandoning it again. Then I returned to it one last time, on yet another Indian-summer day, this time in New York—perhaps because by now Indian-summer weather reminded me less of Egypt than of my desire to write about Egypt. I was sitting on a terrace as I worked, and when I shifted my chair away from the sun I suddenly recalled how, in Egypt, the glare of the sun is so powerful that you are forced to squint or to avoid looking directly at anything—which is why you can't stare at the sea and why the act of *not* seeing the sea was the surest sign, for me, that there was a vast body of water nearby. In the story as I rewrote it that day, the young man is reminded of the beaches of his childhood not because his legs are dangling as they would at a swimming pool but because the glare from the marble tombstone leaves him momentarily blinded.

It's possible that my love for the splendid vistas of the sea began not, as I have always liked to think, on the beaches of Alexandria but on that terrace in New York, just as I learned to love the summer sun not in June but in October. Like a dishonest guide who takes tourists to an archeological dig and then pretends to stumble on a statuette he has purposely planted there the day before, I wanted to take this love and graft it back onto the city I had known as a child. I wanted to repatriate my memories, ship everything back home, including the history of my apprenticeship that evening in Cambridge, when through the roundabout passageways of memory I brought almost everything I had known and become into one room.

I wrote around that tale for two decades. The story itself had become too elaborate, clothed in too many memories, in the history of its own revisions. Over the years, it was the one story I thought about whenever I thought of writing; it hovered above me like an unclaimed ghost begging for an honorable burial. More insidiously, it gradually changed the meaning of writing for me. My inability to rewrite that story mirrored my inability to return to Egypt, and I began to feel that the acts of writing and returning were bound in such intricate ways that without returning I would never be able to write anything at all, but that returning would close the book on Egypt prematurely, before I'd done so on paper.

Egypt itself had become a metaphor. Losing Egypt, reclaiming Egypt, or even trying to forget Egypt were no less of a metaphor than writing about Egypt was. I had invented another Egypt, a mirror Egypt, an Egypt that stood beyond time, because although it gave every indication of having been lost there was scant evidence that it had ever existed; it was an Egypt "on margin" or "on spec," an Egypt I "castled" with every other place I might have called home, an Egypt from the past that kept intruding on the present to remind me, among so many other things, that if I loved summoning up the past more than I loved the past I summoned up, and if it was not really Egypt but remembering Egypt that I loved, this was because my trouble was no longer with Egypt but with life itself. Not knowing how to let go of things was nothing more than the mirror image of not knowing how to take them when they were offered, for my deepest fear of all, which came to me obliquely that evening in Cambridge as I thought of Wordsworth and of this girl whose life seemed so rooted in the present, was of living directly under the noonday sun, without the shadows of past or future.

In October, 1995, after the publication of my memoir, “Out of Egypt,” I finally did go back to Alexandria, and decided to visit the Jewish cemetery, not just for my grandfather’s sake but also as a way of returning to the scene I had imagined more than twenty years earlier. Uncannily enough, almost everything I had invented in the short story was borne out by experience: the warden, my inability to locate the grave, the washing of the marble, the silence around me, the warden’s child, and the dusty road. When I did eventually find the tombstone, it was only because I remembered how I had discovered it in the story. I had *returned to fiction*—or had, at least, stepped into a realm where memory and imagination traded places with the dizzying agility of an entrechat.

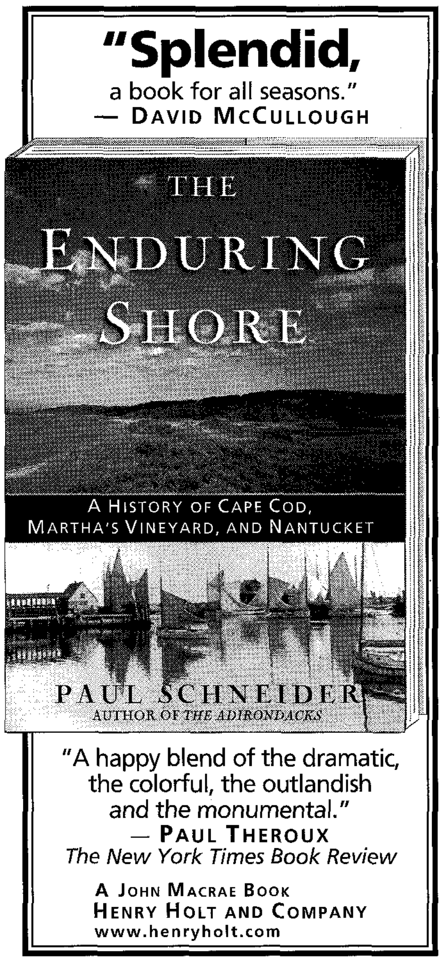
There were a few differences: there was no slab on which to sit and enjoy the warm autumnal light that afternoon. Nor was there anything to drink. I tried to think about the meaning of my visit and about the decades I’d spent waiting for it, and I tried to decide—as though such decisions meant anything—which of the many places I’d lived in felt more real to me now that I had finally seen Egypt again. I didn’t know the answer. I thought of the first time I had read “Tintern Abbey,” in an anthology I’d purchased before leaving Egypt, and of how I had used the very same volume in my senior year in Rome, and in a college course in New York, annotating the poem each time. And I thought of the lighter with my initials and of the Coca-Cola icebox, of dark flannel trousers on warm, sunny days, of Italy and of Linden Street, and of the girl in whose studio this tale was born. I thought of Earl Grey tea, and of my tutors, and of the spoon she had placed to my right before saying goodbye. I had brought all these images with me, as if to free each one here, the way ornithologists, having studied and labelled various birds in their laboratories in North America, will travel all the way back to the Amazon to release them in their natural habitat. I had come to place each one like a tiny pebble at my grandfather’s grave, already sensing, as in the parable of the talents, that I had perhaps been a false steward for them, one who, as Wordsworth describes in “The Prelude,” “hath much received and renders nothing back.” I had stood and waited too long. Was this all I had to show for the years? All I could think of were Wordsworth’s own words: *Was it for this?*

> Was it for this
> That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved
> To blend his murmurs with my nurse’s song.

I did not want to answer the question. I did not want to be with the dead. I suddenly wished I were elsewhere again.

When I had finished writing, that evening in Cambridge, and was about to head home, I went over to the girl’s kitchen sink to wash my mug but stopped short of doing so, depositing the mug in the sink instead, after rinsing it somewhat, to show that I was civil but not servile.

I remember the sight of her bed undone, the scent of her crumpled sheets when I leaned over and touched them, as though they held deep secrets that I’d never dare to ask about. And, as I surveyed her room, I thought to myself that it would take very little to persuade me to wait for her, especially since she had said that I could, for I already knew not only that one day soon we would sleep together on this bed, between these sheets, but that on the night when that did happen I’d look back on this moment when I stood up from the table, feeling quite pleased with myself and, stepping toward her bed, swore to remember that, while thinking about Tintern Abbey and Alexandria and this girl and this bed and these sheets and everything else I wished to write about, I had also committed an act of arbitrage. I had marked this moment as one of those to which I knew I would return many times over, and not just on our first night together but in future years as well, and in other homes, perhaps with other women, and in other cities, because it was not even this moment, or this place, or this girl that mattered anymore, but how I had woven my desire to live and be happy with each, and that, even if nothing were to happen in my life to make me happy, the very act of thinking back on things could, in the end, make me no less happy than an experienced Ulysses, waking up in Ithaca, thinking of the journey home. ♦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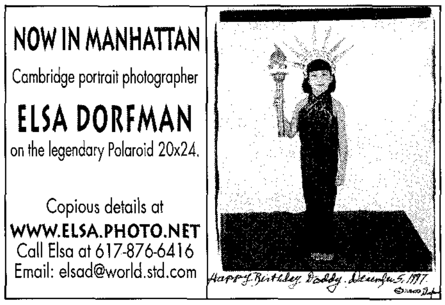
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THE GOOD DOCTOR

Paul Farmer set out twenty years ago to heal the world. He still thinks he can.

BY TRACY KIDDER

On maps of Haiti, National Highway 3 looks like a major thoroughfare. And, indeed, it is the *gwo wout la*, the biggest road across the Central Plateau, a dirt track where trucks of various sizes, overfilled with passengers, sway in and out of giant potholes, raising clouds of dust, their engines whining in low gear. A more numerous traffic plods along on donkeys and on foot, including a procession of the sick. They are headed for the village of Cange and the medical complex called Zanmi Lasante, Creole for Partners in Health. In an all but treeless landscape, it stands out like a fortress on a hillside, a large collection of concrete buildings half covered by tropical greenery. Now and then on the road, a bed moves slowly toward it, a bearer at each corner, a patient on the mattress.

Zanmi Lasante is famous in the Central Plateau, in part for its medical director, Dr. Paul Farmer, known as Doktè Paul, or Polo, or, occasionally, Blan Paul. The women in Zanmi Lasante's kitchen call him *ti blan mwen*—"my little white guy." Peasant farmers like to remember how, during the violent years of the coup that deposed President Aristide, the unarmed Doktè Paul faced down a soldier who tried to enter the complex carrying a gun. One peasant told me, "God gives everyone a gift, and his gift is healing." A former patient once declared, "I believe he is a god." It was also said, in whispers, "He works with both hands"—that is, both with science and with the magic necessary to remove ensorcellments, to many Haitians the deep cause of illnesses. Most of the encomiums seem to embarrass and amuse Farmer. But this last has a painful side. The Haitian belief in illness sent by sorcery thrives on deprivation, on the long absence of effective medicine. Farmer has dozens of voodoo priests among his patients.

On an evening last January, Farmer sat in his office at Zanmi Lasante, dressed in his usual Haiti clothes, black pants and a T-shirt. He was holding aloft a large white plastic bottle. It contained indinavir, one of the new protease inhibitors for treating AIDS—the kind of magic he believes in. A sad-faced young man sat in the chair beside him. Patients never sat on the other side of his desk. He seemed bound to get as close to them as possible.

Farmer is an inch or two over six feet and thin, unusually long-legged and long-armed, and he has an agile way of folding himself into a chair and arranging himself around a patient he is examining that made me think of a grasshopper. He is about forty. There is a vigorous quality about his thinness. He has a narrow face and a delicate nose, which comes almost to a point. He peered at his patient through the little round lenses of wire-rimmed glasses.

The young man was looking at his feet. He wore ragged sneakers. They were probably Kennedys. Back in the nineteen-sixties, Farmer explained to me, J.F.K. had sponsored a program that sent industrial-grade oil to Haiti. The Haitians considered it of inferior quality, and the President's name ever since has been synonymous with shoddy or hand-me-down goods. The young man had AIDS. Farmer had been treating him with antibacterials, but his condition had worsened. The young man said he was ashamed.

"Anybody can catch this—I told you that already," Farmer said in Creole. He shook the bottle, and the pills inside rattled. He asked the young man if he'd heard of this drug and the other new ones for AIDS. The man hadn't.

Well, Farmer said, the drugs didn't cure AIDS, but they would take away his symptoms and, if he was lucky, let him live for many years as if he'd never caught the virus. Farmer would begin treating him soon. He had only to promise that he would never miss a dose. The young man was still looking at his shoes. Farmer leaned closer to him. "I don't want you to be discouraged."

The young man looked up. "Just talking to you makes me feel better. Now I know I'll sleep tonight." Clearly, he wanted to speak to Farmer some more, and just as clearly he was welcome to do so. Farmer likes to tell medical students that to be a good clinician you must never let a patient know that you have problems or that you're in a hurry. "And the rewards are so great for just those simple things!" Of course, this means that some patients wait most of a day to see him, and that he rarely leaves his office before stars shiver in the louvred windows. There is a price for everything, especially virtue.

"My situation is so bad," the young man said. "I keep injuring my head, because I'm living in such a crowded house. We have only one bed, and I let my children sleep on it, so I have to sleep under the bed, and I forget, and I hit my head when I sit up." He went on, "I don't forget what you did for me, Doktè Paul. When I was sick and no one would touch me, you used to sit on my bed with your hand on my head. I would like to give you a chicken or a pig."

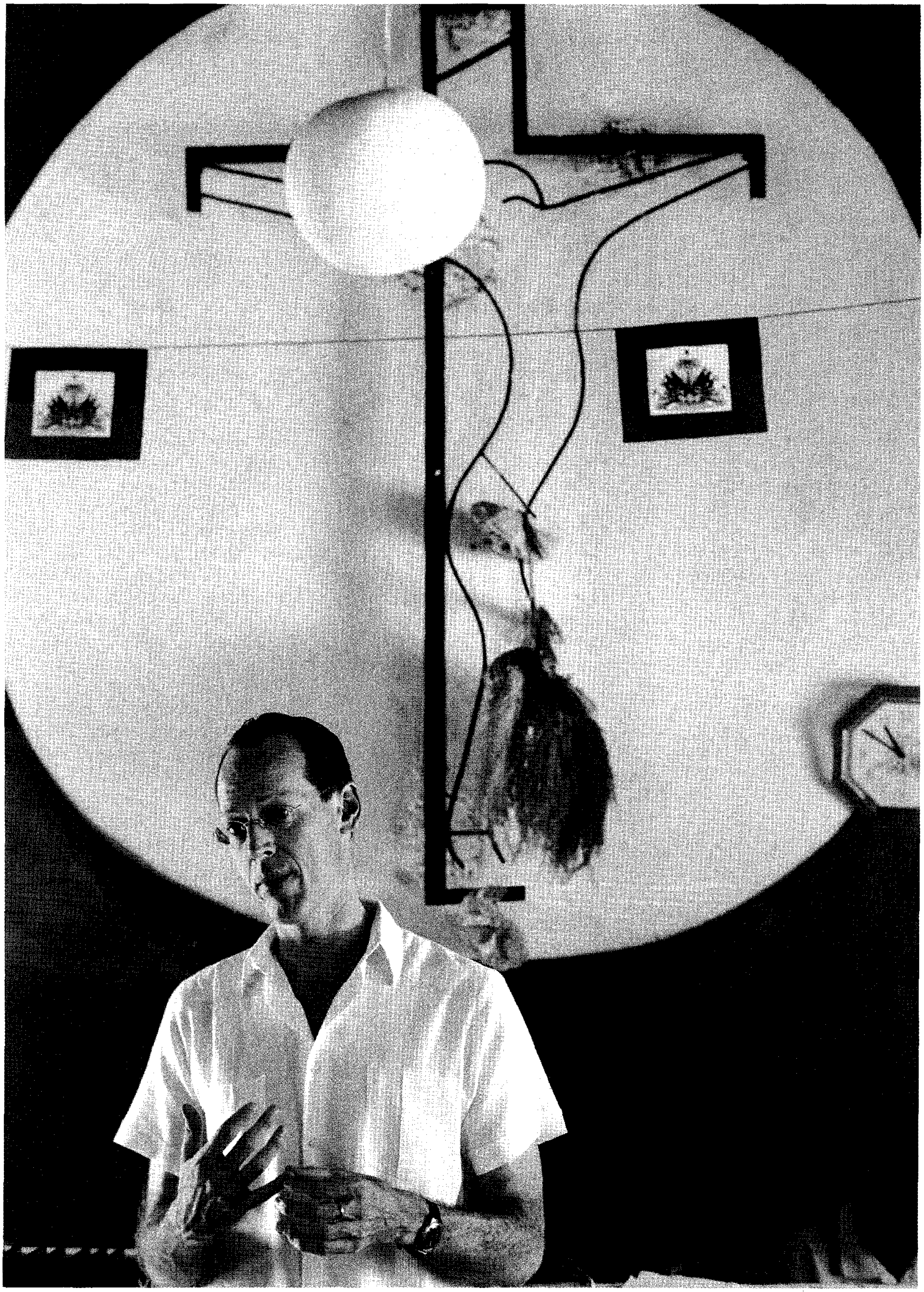
When Farmer is relaxed, his skin is pale, with a suggestion of freckles underneath. Now it reddened instantly, from the base of his neck to his forehead. "You've already given me a lot. Stop it!"

The young man was smiling. "I am going to sleep well tonight."

"O.K., *neg pa*" ("my man").

Farmer put the bottle of pills back in his desk drawer. No one else is treating impoverished Haitians with the new anti-retroviral drugs. Even some of his allies in the Haitian medical establish-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GILLES PERESS



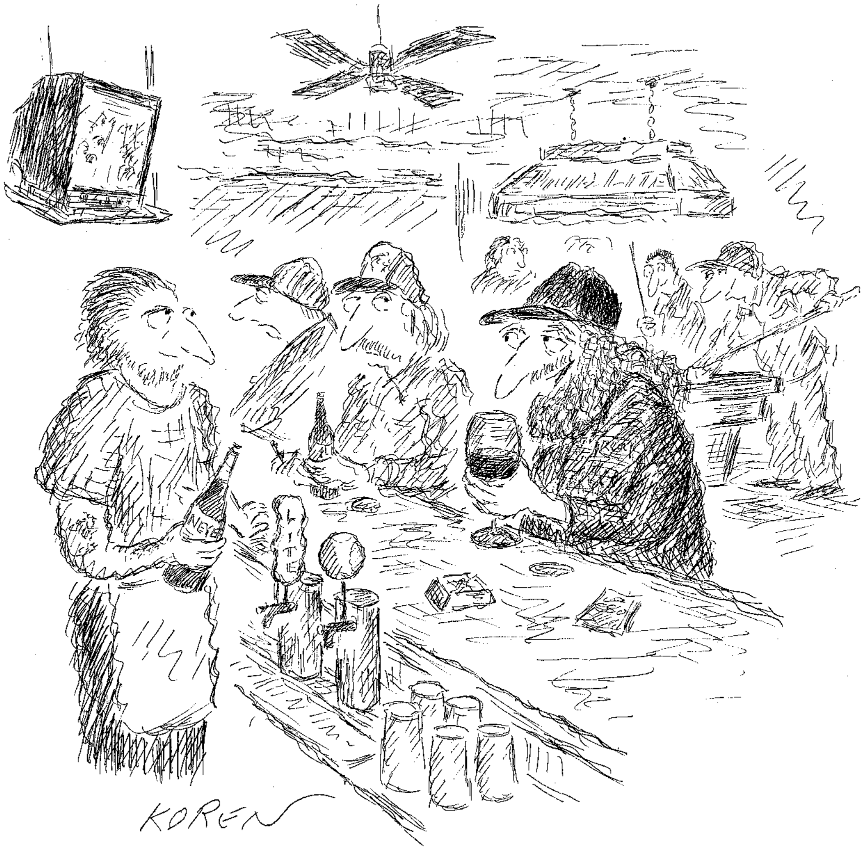
Farmer at a meeting in Kay Epin, Haiti. His idea was to bring Boston medicine to the island's Central Plateau.

ment think he's crazy to try. The drugs could cost as much as eighteen thousand dollars a year per patient. But the fact that the poor are dying of illnesses for which effective treatments exist is, like many global facts of life, unacceptable to Farmer. Indeed, to him it is a sin.

Last fall, he gave a speech to a group in Massachusetts called Cambridge Cares About AIDS and said, "Cambridge cares about AIDS, but not nearly enough." He wondered if he'd gone too far, but afterward, at his suggestion, health-care workers in the audience and people with AIDS collected a bunch of unused drugs, and he ended up with enough to begin triple therapy for several of his Haitian patients. He is working on grant proposals to obtain a larger, more reliable supply. He doesn't seem to think there is a chance he'll fail. In his experience, when he begs for medicines someone always comes through. Begging of one sort or another is the main way in which he and others managed to create Zanmi Lasante. They didn't borrow, but he did a little stealing—the first microscope in Cange was one he had appropriated from Harvard Medical School.

Farmer graduated from Duke in 1982, summa cum laude and with a major in anthropology. He started coming to Haiti the following spring. On an early visit, he met an Episcopal priest named Fritz Lafontant, who became, and remains, the patriarch of Zanmi Lasante. In 1984, Farmer enrolled at Harvard Medical School, and two years later he enrolled in Harvard's graduate program in anthropology. He received both degrees simultaneously, in 1990. He worked hard at his studies, but often far away from Harvard, while helping to create, piece by piece, the medical complex that would become Zanmi Lasante and serving as an unlicensed doctor in Cange. By the time he got his M.D., he had dealt with more varieties of illness than most American physicians see in a lifetime. With several American friends, he had also founded Partners in Health, Zanmi Lasante's sponsoring organization, with headquarters in Cambridge.

Farmer had chosen to work in one of Haiti's poorest regions. His idea was to bring Boston medicine to the Central Plateau, and in some respects he has succeeded. About a million peasant farmers rely on the medical complex now. About a hundred thousand live in its catchment area—the area for which the organization provides community health workers. On many nights, a hundred people camp out in the courtyard beside the ambulatory clinic; by morning, three hundred, sometimes more, are waiting for treatment. Unlike almost every other hospital in Haiti, Zanmi Lasante charges only nominal fees, and women and children and the seriously ill pay nothing. Partners in Health pays the bills, which are remarkably small. My local hospital, in Massachusetts, which treats about a hundred and seventy-five thousand patients a year, has an annual operating budget of sixty million dollars. Zanmi Lasante spends only about one and a half million dollars to treat forty thousand patients a year. (Farmer spends about two hundred dollars to cure an uncomplicated case of t.b. in Haiti. The same cure in the United States costs between fifteen and twenty thousand dollars.)



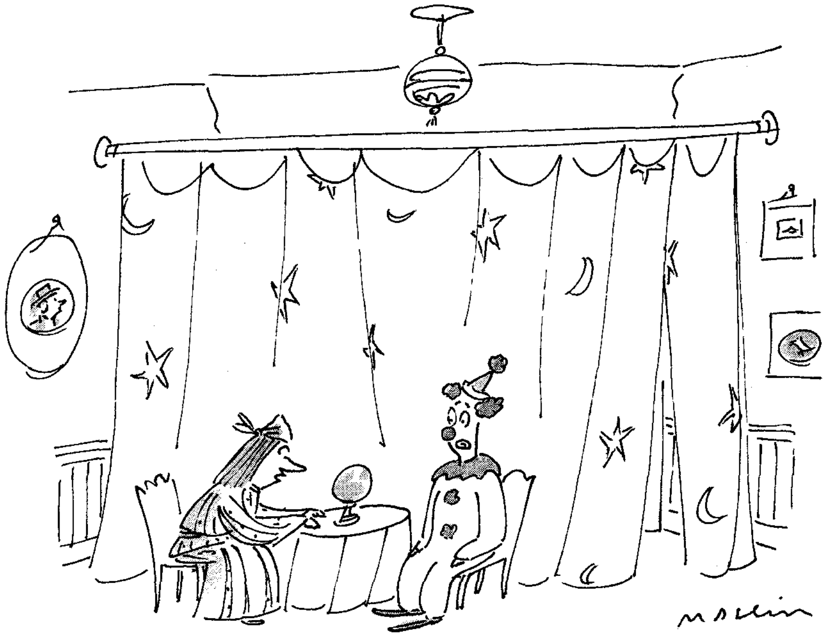
"Hey, Johnny—am I nuts, or does this have a hint of oak?"

Sometimes the pharmacy muddles a prescription or runs out of a drug. Now and then, the lab technicians lose a specimen. Seven doctors work at the complex, not all of them fully competent—Haitian medical training is mediocre at best. But Zanmi Lasante has built schools and communal water systems for most of the villages in its catchment area. A few years back, when Haiti suffered an outbreak of typhoid resistant to the drugs usually used to treat it, Partners in Health imported an effective but expensive antibiotic, cleaned up the water supply, and stopped the outbreak in the Central Plateau. The medical complex has launched programs in its catchment area for both the prevention and the treatment of AIDS, and has reduced the vertical transmission rate (from mothers to babies) to four per cent—about half the current rate in the United States. In Haiti, tuberculosis kills more adults than any other disease, but no one from the catchment area has died from it since 1988.

Farmer now has these titles, among others: associate professor in two different departments at Harvard Medical School; member of the senior staff in Infectious Disease at the Brigham and Women's Hospital, in Boston; chief consultant on tuberculosis in Russian prisons for the World Bank (unpaid, at his insistence—he deplores some of the World Bank's policies); and founding director of Partners in Health, which has outposts not only in Cange but in Mexico, Cambodia, Peru, and Roxbury, Massachusetts. The organization is perennially overextended, perennially just getting by financially. It raised about three million dollars last year, from grants and private donations—the largest from one of the founders, a Boston developer named Tom White, who has donated millions over the years. Farmer contributed, too, though he didn't know exactly how much.

In 1993, the MacArthur Foundation gave Farmer one of its so-called genius grants. He had the entire sum sent to Partners in Health—in this case, some two hundred and twenty thousand dollars. During his medical-school years, Farmer camped out in Roxbury, in a garret in the rectory of St. Mary of the Angels. Later, during sojourns in Boston, he stayed in the basement of Partners in Health headquarters, and he went on staying there after he got married—to Didi Bertrand, the daughter of the schoolmaster in Cange, and "the most beautiful woman in Cange," people at Zanmi Lasante say. When a daughter was born, two years ago, Farmer saw no reason to change their Boston digs, but his wife did. Now they have an apartment in Eliot House, at Harvard. He never sees his paychecks from Harvard and the Brigham. The bookkeeper at Partners in Health cashes them, pays his family's bills, and puts the rest away in the treasury. One day not long ago, Farmer tried to use his credit card and was told he'd reached his limit, so he called the bookkeeper. She told him, "Honey, you are the hardest-working broke man I know."

By any standard, Farmer's life is complicated. Didi, who is thirty-one, and their daughter spend the academic year in Paris, where Didi is finishing her own studies in anthropology. Several friends have told Farmer that he should visit his family more often. "But I don't have any patients in Paris," he says forlornly. In theory, he works four months in Boston and the rest of the year in Haiti. In fact, those periods are all chopped up. Years ago, he got a letter from American Airlines welcoming him to its million-mile club. He has travelled at least two million miles since. I spent a month with Farmer: a little more than two weeks in Haiti, with a short trip to South Carolina wedged in; five days in Cuba, at a conference on AIDS; and the rest in Moscow, on t.b. business. He called this "a light month for travel." It had a certain roundness. A church group was, in effect, paying for his flight to South Carolina; the Cuban government covered his travel to Havana; and the Soros Foundation financed his trip to Moscow. "Capitalists, Commies, and Jesus Christers are paying," he said.



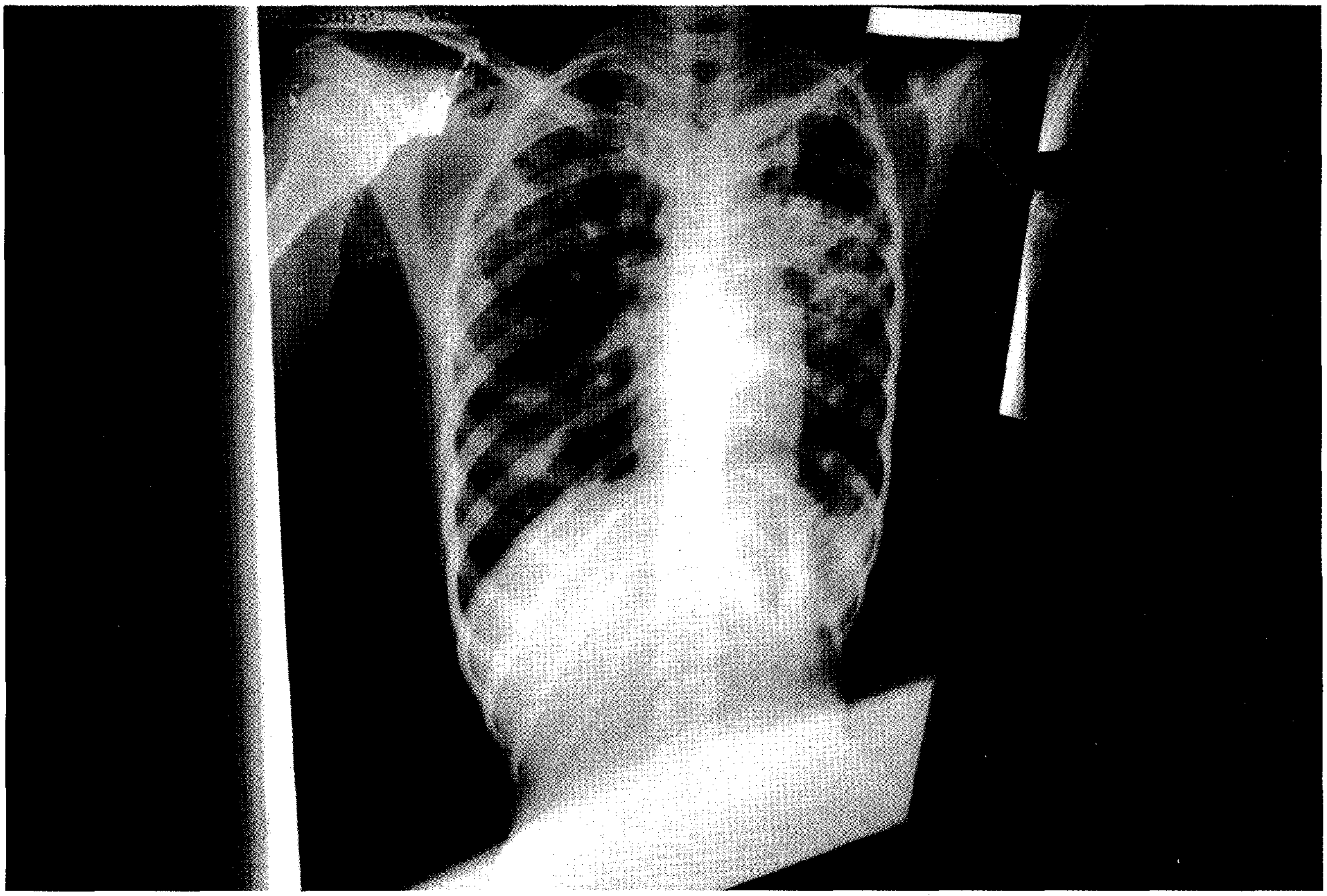
"You will run away from the circus and join a dot-com."

When Paul Farmer goes on a long trip, he carries medicines and carrousels of slides and gifts of Haitian art for his hosts, and ends up with room for only three shirts. He owns one suit, which is black, so that he can, for example, wipe the fuzz off the tip of his pen on his pant leg while writing up orders at the Brigham, catch a night flight to Lima or Moscow, and still look presentable when he arrives. En route to South Carolina, the zipper on his suit pants came apart. "Oh well, I'll button my coat," he said before his speech. "That's what a gentleman does when his zipper is broken."

He addressed a meeting of the Anderson County Medical Society. Some of its members visit Cange every year to treat patients free. Some in this particular audience were also church people—the Episcopal Diocese of Upper South Carolina has been making donations to Zanmi Lasante for almost two decades. It was a jacket-and-tie crowd. Farmer gave them his Haiti talk, a compendium of harsh statistics (per-capita incomes of about two hundred and thirty dollars a year and consequent burdens of preventable, treatable illnesses, which kill twenty-five per cent of Haitians before the age of forty) and cheerful photographs that showed what contributions from places like South Carolina could do. Here was a photograph of a girl who had come to Zanmi Lasante with extrapulmonary t.b. She was bald, her limbs were wasted. And here was the same girl, with a full head of hair and chubby cheeks, smiling at the camera. Cries of surprise from the crowd, followed by applause. No matter who the audience, that pair of photographs always had the same effect. Farmer had felt jubilant, too, when he treated the girl, but the fact was that the "before" picture more nearly represented the Haitian norm. When the applause died away, Farmer made a little grin. "It's *almost* as if she had a treatable infectious disease."

Throughout the world, the poor stand by far the greatest chances of contracting treatable diseases and of dying from them. Not just simple poverty but even relative poverty in affluent countries is associated with large burdens of disease and untimely death. Medicine can address only some symptoms of poverty. Farmer likes to say that he and his colleagues will make common cause with anyone who is sincerely trying to change the "political economies" of countries like Haiti. In the meantime, though, the poor are suffering. They are "dying like smelt," as Farmer puts it. Partners in Health believes in providing services to them—directly, now. "We call it pragmatic solidarity," he told the audience in South Carolina. "It's standards of care for the poor. We are physicians. I don't mean we should do bone-marrow transplants in Cange, but proven therapies. Equity is the only acceptable goal."

"He always kind of holds your feet to the fire," the m.c. said when Farmer was done, and, indeed, the applause sounded only slightly more than polite.



An X-ray shows the effects of advanced tuberculosis on the lungs of Géralda Lahieu, a sixteen-year-old patient at Zanmi Lasante, Farmer's medical center in Cange, Haiti. Increasingly, tuberculosis is resistant to the drugs used against it.

probably a goofy term, but we mean it."

Farmer showed a slide with a quotation from the World Health Organization: "In developing countries, people with multi-drug-resistant t.b. usually die, because effective treatment is often impossible in poor settings." He asked, "Why is it impossible? Because adequate resources have not been brought to bear in places like Haiti and Peru." He showed another photograph of a child—a child who "did not want to be declared cost-ineffective." He said, "Cost-effectiveness analysis is good if you use it in order not to waste money. But what's so great about reducing health expenditures?" He told the audience, "We need to oppose this push for lower

Like much of the audience, Farmer is himself religious. He subscribes to the Catholic doctrine called liberation theology, and to its central imperative—to provide "a preferential option for the poor." But, he told me, "I hang on to my Catholicism by a tiny thread. I'm still looking for something in the sacred texts that prohibits using condoms." Some of his beliefs, ones he hadn't openly expressed that night—for example, "I think there should be a massive redistribution of wealth to places like Haiti"—would have seemed extreme to this sedate audience. Yet he liked these people a great deal.

Farmer's politics are complex. He has problems with groups that on the surface would seem to be allies. With, for example, what he calls "W.L.s"—"white liberals," some of whose most influential spokespeople are black. "I love W.L.s, love 'em to death. They're on our side," Farmer once said. "But W.L.s think all the world's problems can be fixed without any cost to themselves. We don't believe that. There's a lot to be said for sacrifice, remorse, even pity. It's what separates us from roaches." As often as not, he prefers religious groups and what he calls "church ladies."

We stayed at the house of a church lady that night, an impeccably genteel Southerner. She lived in a retirement community. When we arrived, one of her neighbors, a retired dentist, was repainting the movable flags on all the residents' mailboxes. Of our hostess, Farmer had said, "She is a very good person. I'll take her over a Harvard smart-ass any day. I love her, actually." I was a little puzzled. This woman wasn't a person you'd suspect of threatening the world order. An hour before dawn the next morning, we climbed into her big new car and she turned on her headlights. They lit up her garage, which was filled to the rafters with boxes and crates—all the equipment Farmer had requested for a new ophthalmology clinic in Cange.

As we flew back toward Haiti, via Miami, Farmer worked on thank-you notes to patrons of Partners in Health. During the descent into Miami, Farmer said he had a fantasy that one day he'd look out at the skyline and at the count of ten all the buildings erected with drug money would collapse. He glanced out the window, disappointed once again. He had other Miami rituals. Depending on its length, a layover at the airport was either "a Miami day" or "a Miami day plus," and included a haircut from his favorite Cuban barber (they'd chat in Spanish) and a thorough reading of *People*, which he called the Journal of Popular Studies, or the J.P.S. (it took him fifty-five minutes, "about as long as Mass in the States"). And then it was up to the Admirals' Club, which he was in the habit of calling "Amirales." There he'd take a hot shower and then stake out a section of lounge (this was "making a cave" or "getting cavaceous at Amirales") and answer E-mail. He had a message from one of the staff in Cange:

> Dear Polo, we are so glad we will see you in a mere matter of hours. We miss you. We miss you as the cracked, dry earth misses the rain.

"After thirty-six hours?" Farmer said to his computer. "Haitians, man. They're totally over the top. My kind of people."

Days and nights ran together. He has a small house in Cange, the closest thing in his life to a home, perched on a cliff across the road from the medical complex. It's a modified *ti kay*, the better sort of peasant house, with a metal roof and concrete floors, and is exceptional in that it has a bathroom, albeit without hot water. Farmer told me that he slept about five hours a night, but, many times when I looked inside his house, his bed seemed unused. Once he told me, "I can't sleep. There's always somebody not getting treatment. I can't stand that." I suppose he slept some nights. His days usually began around dawn. He'd spend an hour or so among the people who had camped out in the lower courtyard, to make sure the staff hadn't missed someone critically ill, and another hour gobbling a little breakfast while answering E-mail, from Peru and other Partners in Health outposts, and Harvard students, and colleagues at the Brigham, and the various warring factions involved in the effort to stop the Russian t.b. epidemic. Then he saw patients in his office.

Tifrère Lahieu was carrying his sister Géralda the day she was admitted to the hospital in Cange. Farmer had also treated their mother for tuberculosis. "Only physicians are noncompliant," he says. "If the patient doesn't get better, it's your own fault. Fix it."

Most of the patients were indeed the poor and the maimed and the halt and the blind. For consolation, there was the man he called Lazarus, who had first arrived on a stretcher, wasted by AIDS and t.b. to about ninety pounds, and now weighed a hundred and fifty. There was a healthy-looking young woman with AIDS whose father only a month before had been saving for her coffin. But there was also a tiny old woman whose backbone had been eaten by t.b. bacilli, and who hobbled around with her torso at right angles to her legs. A sixteen-year-old boy who weighed only sixty pounds. ("His body has got used to starvation. We're gonna buff him up.") A lovely young woman being treated for drug-resistant t.b., now in the midst of a sickle-cell crisis and moaning in pain. ("O.K., *doudou*. O.K., *cheri*," Farmer cooed. He gave her morphine.) An elderly man with drug-resistant t.b. who was totally blind. (He'd wanted a pair of glasses anyway; Farmer had found him a pair.) He called the old women "Mother," and the old men "Father." He exchanged quips with most of his patients while he examined them. He turned to me. "It's so awful you might as well be cheerful."

Off and on during those two weeks in Cange, he conducted what he called "a sorcery consult." A woman had decided that one of her sons had "sent" the sickness that killed another son. Farmer was trying to make peace in the family. This would probably take months, because, for one thing, it was useless to try to convince any of the parties that sorcery didn't exist. Farmer said he felt "eighty-six per cent amused." But he saw suffering behind these accusations. Saying that one son had "sold" the other, the mother had used an old Creole word once applied to slaves, and such charges, which often tore friends and families apart, always seemed to spring from the jealousies that great scarcity inspires—in this case, the accused son lived in a better *ti kay* than his mother. Farmer said, "It's not enough that the Haitians get destroyed by everything else, but they also have an exquisite openness to being injured by words."

After office hours, he went on rounds, first to the general hospital and then, with trepidation, to the children's pavilion upstairs, where there always seemed to be a baby with the sticklike limbs, the bloated belly, the reddish hair of kwashiorkor, a form of starvation. Just two weeks earlier, on his first morning back in Cange this year, he'd lost a baby to meningitis, in its ghastly *purpura fulminans* presentation. And, only days later, another baby, from beyond the catchment area—within it, all children are vaccinated free—had died of tetanus. Farmer saved rounds at the t.b. hospital for last, because just now everyone there was getting better. Most of the patients were sitting on the beds in one of the rooms watching a soccer game on a wavy, snowy TV screen. "Look at you bourgeois people watching TV!" Farmer said.

Everyone laughed. One of the young men looked up at him. "No, Doktè Paul, not bourgeois. If we were bourgeois, we would have an antenna."

"It cheers me up," Farmer said on the way out. "It's not all bad. We're failing on seventy-one levels, but not on one or two." Then it was across the road to his *ti kay*, where he worked with a young American woman from Partners in Health who had been dispatched to help him—on his thank-you notes and upcoming speeches and grant proposals. But on many nights Ti Jean, a handyman, would appear out of the dark, with news that would take Farmer back to the hospital.

A thirteen-year-old girl with meningitis had arrived by donkey ambulance. The young doctors on duty hadn't done a spinal tap, to find out which type of meningitis, and thus which drugs to give her. "Doctors, doctors, what is wrong with you?" Farmer said. Then he did the tap himself. Wild cries from the child: "*Li fe-m mal, mwen grangou.*" Farmer looked up from his work and said, "She's crying, 'It hurts, I'm hungry.' Can you believe it? Only in Haiti would a child cry out that she's hungry during a spinal tap."

Two days before we left for Cuba, Farmer took a hike to the village of Morne Michel, the most distant of all the settlements in the catchment area. "And beyond the mountains, more mountains" is an old Haitian saying. It appeared to describe the location of Morne Michel. A t.b. outpatient from the town had missed an appointment. So—this was a rule at Zanmi Lasante—someone had to go and find him. The annals of international health contain many stories of adequately financed projects that failed because "noncompliant" patients didn't take all their medicines. Farmer said, "Only physicians are noncompliant. If the patient doesn't get better, it's your own fault. Fix it." A favorite Doktè Paul story in the village of Kay Epin was of the time, many years earlier, when he chased a man into a field of cane, calling to him plaintively to come out and be treated. He still went after patients occasionally. To inspire the staff, he said. Hence the trip to Morne Michel.

He drove the first leg in a pickup truck, past dirt-floored huts with banana-frond roofs, which leak during the rainy season, so that the dirt floors turn to mud; and little granaries on stilts, which don't prevent rats from taking a third of every farmer's meagre harvest; and yellow dogs so skinny, Haitian peasants say, that they have to lean against trees in order to bark. In a little while, the reservoir that feeds the Péligre Dam came into view, a mountain lake far below the road. The scene looked beautiful: blue waters set among steep, arid mountainsides. But if you saw with peasant eyes, Farmer said, the scene looked violent and ugly—a lake that had buried the good farmland and ravaged the mountainsides.

We parked near the rusted hulk of a small cement factory, beside the concrete dam. In every speech and in all his books, Farmer is at pains to assert the interconnectedness of the rich and poor parts of the world, and here in the dam he had his favorite case study. The dam was planned by engineers from the United States Army during the rather brutal American occupation of Haiti early in the twentieth century, and was built in the mid-fifties, during the reign of one of America's client dictators, by Brown & Root, of Texas, among others, with money from the U.S. Export-Import Bank. The dam had drowned the peasants' farms and driven them into the hills, where farming meant erosion, all in order to improve irrigation for American-owned agribusinesses downstream and, eventually, to supply electricity to Port-au-Prince, especially to the homes of the wealthy élite and the foreign-owned assembly plants, in which peasant girls and boys from Cange still work as servants and laborers, more than a few of them nowadays returning home with AIDS. Most of the peasants didn't get paid for their land. As they liked to say, the project hadn't even brought them electricity or water.

On the other side of the dam, a footpath—loose dirt and stones, slippery-looking—went straight up. Farmer has a slipped disk from eighteen years of travelling the *gwo wout la*. He also suffers from high blood pressure and mild asthma, which developed after he'd recovered from a possible case of tuberculosis. His left leg was surgically repaired after he

"Yes, he does speak, but only on condition of anonymity."

was hit by a car and turns out at a slight angle—like a kickstand, as one of his brothers says. But when I got to the top of that first hill, sweating and panting, he was sitting on a rock, writing a letter. It was the first of many hills. We passed smiling children carrying water jugs that must have weighed half as much as they did, and the children had no shoes. We passed groups of laughing women washing clothes in the muddy rivulets of gullies. Haitians, Farmer had said, are a fastidious people. "I know. I've been in all their nooks and crannies. But they blow their noses into dresses because they don't have tissues, wipe their asses with leaves, and have to apologize to their children for not having enough to eat."

"Misery," I said.

"And don't think they don't know it," Farmer said. "There's a W.L. line—the 'They're poor but they're happy' line. They do have nice smiles and good senses of humor, but that's entirely different."

We stopped awhile at a cockfight, the national sport, and passed beside many fields of millet, the national dish, which seemed to be growing out of rocks, not soil. We passed small stands of banana trees and, now and then, other tropical species, Farmer pausing to apply the Latin and familiar names: papaw, soursop, mango—a gloomy litany, because there were so many fewer of each variety than there should have been. We paused on hilltops, where the wind was strong and cold on my sweaty skin. Curtains of rain and swaths of sunlight swept across the vast reservoir far below and across the yellow mountains, which, I realized, could never look pretty again to me. I wondered how Haitians avoided hopelessness. I wondered how Farmer did. After about two and a half hours, we arrived at the hut of the noncompliant patient, another shack made of rough-sawn palm wood with a roof of banana fronds and a cooking fire of the kind Haitians call "three rocks." The patient, it turned out, had been given confusing instructions by the staff at Zanmi Lasante, and he hadn't received the money, about ten dollars a month, that all Zanmi Lasante's t.b. patients get—for extra nutrition, to boost their immune systems. He hadn't missed any doses of his t.b. drugs, however.

Farmer gave him the money, and we started back through the mountains. I slipped and slid down the paths behind him. "Some people would argue this wasn't worth a five-hour walk," he said over his shoulder. "But you can never invest too much in making sure this stuff works."

"Sure," I said. "But some people would ask, 'How can you expect others to replicate what you're doing here?' What would be your answer to that?"

He turned back and, smiling sweetly, said, "Fuck you."

Then, in a stentorian voice, he corrected himself: "No. I would say, 'The objective is to inculcate in the doctors and nurses the spirit to dedicate themselves to the patients, and especially to having an outcome-oriented view of t.b.' " He was grinning, his face alight. He looked very young just then. "In other words, 'Fuck you.' "

For a person whose résumé makes one think of Albert Schweitzer—the once popular image of that personage, at least—Farmer has an oddly cheerful and irreverent turn of mind. From time to time, colleagues, and even a close friend or two, have subjected him to moral envy, as if his self-abnegation were meant as a reproach to them. It isn't as though he doesn't preach self-sacrifice, but he practices more than he preaches. He has taken only two vacations in the last twelve years—the first after he was run over, in Cambridge in 1988, the second in 1997 while recovering from hepatitis A, contracted in Peru. Yet he thinks that other people ought to have vacations, and the more luxurious the better. He likes a fine meal, a good bottle of wine, a fancy hotel, and a hot shower. But he doesn't seem to need any of those things, or the money to buy others, in order to be happy.

It was impossible to spend any time with Farmer and not wonder why he'd chosen this life. Maybe some partial explanations can be found in the usual place.

One morning, between airplanes, he and I were standing near the side exit of a crowded bus, and he said, "I feel at home. *Our* bus had doors like these." He added, "Until the bus turned over." He was about twelve. The bus was older. His father had bought it from the State of Alabama, had refashioned it into the Farmer residence, and parked it in a campground in Florida. The Farmers came from western Massachusetts. The whole family—Farmer's father and mother and six children—was heading home from a vacation there when the bus flipped onto its roof. No one was seriously hurt.

"Where did you live after that?" I asked.

"In a tent. Of course. What kind of a question is that?" He was smiling. "This is before it got crazy, before the boat."

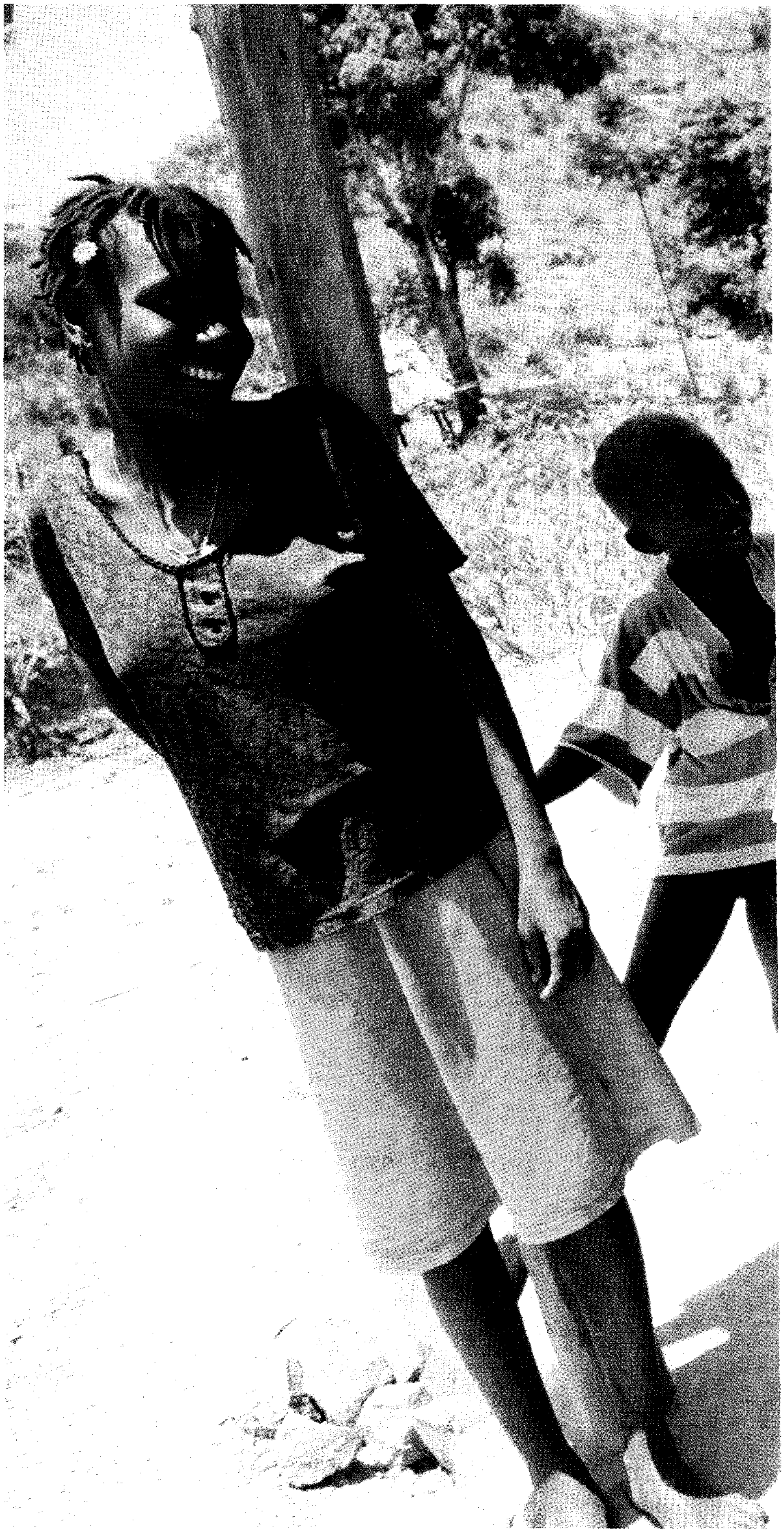
His father bought a boat, on which he intended the family to achieve full self-sufficiency. But the one time they went to sea they hauled up only a couple of edible fish, and were buffeted all night in a storm. Then his father got lost heading back for port and grazed a rock. After that, the boat stayed moored in a bayou on the Gulf Coast, north of Tampa.

The bus door opened, and Farmer, returning to the present, looked at the door and said, "My madeleine this morning."

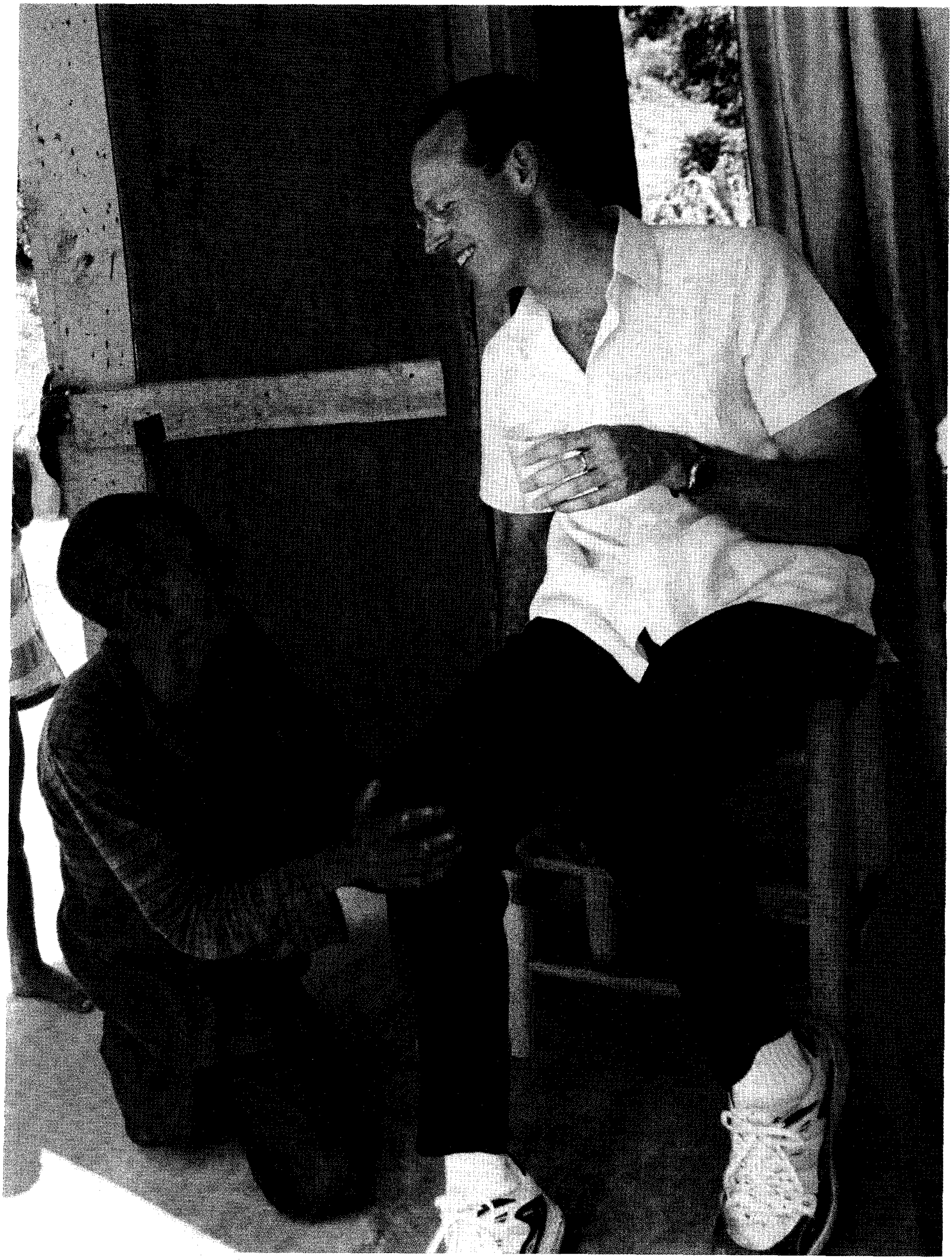
Farmer's father had a profession—schoolteacher, usually. He was a big, vigorous man and a good athlete. He was strict with his children about manners and schoolwork and chores. But in most other respects he shunned convention, stubbornly pursuing his various schemes. "You didn't tell him that he couldn't do something, because then he'd have to prove that he could," Farmer's mother said. "He was a great risktaker, and everything always turned out all right. I mean, no one ever got seriously hurt." He died suddenly, at the age of forty-nine, in apparent good health, while playing basketball.

Farmer, according to his younger sisters, was a scrawny boy, intense in anger and affection, and very smart. He started a herpetology club in fifth grade. No one came to the first meeting, but his father required his siblings to attend the family lectures about plants and animals that Paul delivered at home. He received a scholarship to Duke. There he first discovered wealth. "How come you put your shirts in plastic?" he asked, watching his roommate unpack. At Duke, he soaked up culture. He was drama critic and art critic for the student paper. The first play he ever saw was one he was sent to review.

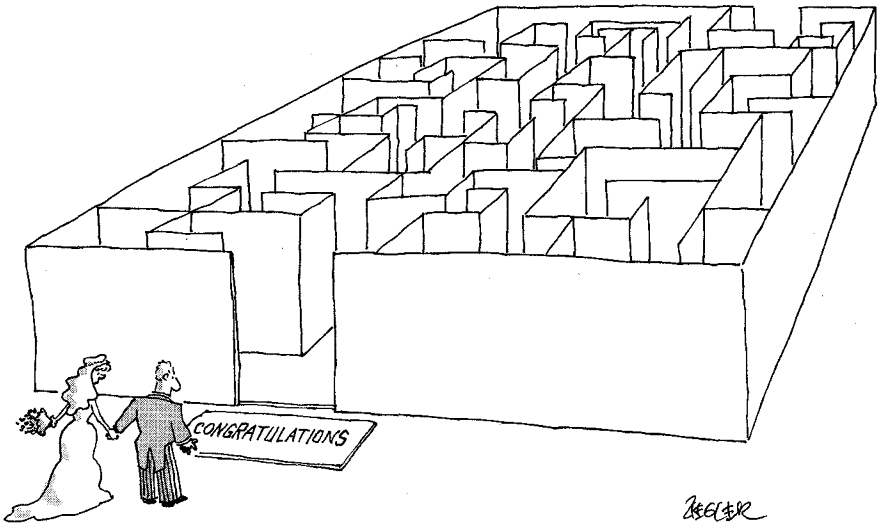
But growing up on a bus and a boat, without hot showers, hardly implies a single fate. One of his sisters is a commercial artist, another manages community relations for a hospital's mental-health programs, the third is a motivational speaker. One brother is an electrician, the other a



Farmer at a house built by Zanmi Lasante. "I never had a sense of a home town," he says.



"It was 'This is my campground.' Then I got to the bottom of the barrel, and it was 'This is my home town.' "



professional wrestler (known to fans as the treacherous New World Order Sting and to his family as the Gentle Giant). A person with Farmer's background might well have yearned for a lucrative suburban practice. He himself doesn't like to make too much of the connections between his present life and his childhood, which, for the most part, he remembers as happy. He did say that it had relieved him of a homing instinct. "I never had a sense of a home town," he said. "It was 'This is my campground.' Then I got to the bottom of the barrel, and it was '*This* is my home town.'" He meant Cange.

Farmer told me, "It stands to reason that a person who lives the way I do is trying to lessen some psychic discomfort." He had wanted to avoid "ambivalence," he said, and had tried to build his life around "areas of moral clarity"—"A.M.C.s," in Partners in Health lingo. These are areas, rare in the world, where what ought to be done seems perfectly clear. But the doing was always complicated, always difficult, in his experience. Thinking of those difficulties, I imagine that most people wouldn't willingly take them on, giving up their comforts. Yet many would like to wake up knowing what they ought to do and that they were doing it. Farmer's life looked hard, but by the time we left Haiti I also thought that it was enviable.

Leaving Haiti, Farmer didn't stare down through the airplane window at that brown and barren third of an island. "It bothers me even to look at it," he explained, glancing out. "It can't support eight million people, and there they are. There they are, kidnapped from West Africa."

But when we descended toward Havana he gazed out the window intently, making exclamations: "Only ninety miles from Haiti, and look! Trees! Crops! It's all so verdant. At the height of the dry season! The same ecology as Haiti's, and look!"

An American who finds anything good to say about Cuba under Castro runs the risk of being labelled a Communist stooge, and Farmer is fond of Cuba. But not for ideological reasons. He says he distrusts all ideologies, including his own. "It's an 'ology,' after all," he wrote to me once, about liberation theology. "And all ologies fail us at some point." Cuba was a great relief to me. Paved roads and old American cars, instead of litters on the *gwo wout la.* Cuba had food rationing and allotments of coffee adulterated with ground peas, but no starvation, no enforced malnutrition. I noticed groups of prostitutes on one main road, and housing projects in need of repair and paint, like most buildings in the city. But I still had in mind the howling slums of Port-au-Prince, and Cuba looked lovely to me. What looked loveliest to Farmer was its public-health statistics.

Many things affect a public's health, of course—nutrition and transportation, crime and housing, pest control and sanitation, as well as medicine. In Cuba, life expectancies are among the highest in the world. Diseases endemic to Haiti, such as malaria, dengue fever, t.b., and AIDS, are rare. Cuba was training medical students gratis from all over Latin America, and exporting doctors gratis—nearly a thousand to Haiti, two en route just now to Zanmi Lasante. In the midst of the hard times that came when the Soviet Union dissolved, the government actually increased its spending on health care. By American standards, Cuban doctors lack equipment, and are very poorly paid, but they are generally well trained. At the moment, Cuba has more doctors per capita than any other country in the world—more than twice as many as the United States. "I can sleep here," Farmer said when we got to our hotel. "Everyone here has a doctor."

Farmer gave two talks at the conference, one on Haiti, the other on "the noxious synergy" between H.I.V. and t.b.—an active case of one often makes a latent case of the other active, too. He worked on a grant proposal to get antiretroviral medicines for Cange, and at the conference met a woman who could help. She was in charge of the United Nations' project on AIDS in the Caribbean. He lobbied her over several days. Finally, she said, "O.K., let's make it happen." ("Can I give you a kiss?" Farmer asked. "Can I give you two?") And an old friend, Dr. Jorge Pérez, arranged a private meeting between Farmer and the Secretary of Cuba's Council of State, Dr. José Miyar Barruecos. Farmer asked him if he could send two youths from Cange to Cuban medical school. "Of course," the Secretary replied.

Again and again during our stay, Farmer marvelled at the warmth with which the Cubans received him. What did I think accounted for this?

I said I imagined they liked his connection to Harvard, his published attacks on American foreign policy in Latin America, his admiration of Cuban medicine.

I looked up and found his pale-blue eyes fixed on me. "I think it's because of Haiti," he declared. "I think it's because I serve the poor."

I had the impression that he was angry, disappointed, and a little hurt. An oddly potent combination. And then I felt I was forgiven. Lying in the bed next to Farmer's in the hotel room took me back to late-night talks in college and in the Army. I turned out the light, and he went on talking, his voice growing slurred:

"I had a lovely day. I'm lucky. All my days are good. Not all are lovely, but they're good. I wouldn't trade with anyone."

A few nights later, we started flying toward Moscow. We stopped off in Paris for eighteen hours, so Farmer could attend his daughter Catherine's second-birthday party. He'd brought short-acting benzodiazepines to get us through the flights. They have left my memories of Paris all wrapped up in gauze. A small apartment in the Marais district, and Farmer in his black suit, dancing with his daughter, holding her to his chest, swaying from side to side in a loopy, long-limbed waltz. And the little girl's dark eyes, which her face hadn't yet grown into, fixed in serious rapture on some invisible object in the ceiling. Later, Farmer sat on the sofa and watched Catherine play with her stuffed animals. His wife, Didi, tall and stately—she probably was, in fact, the most beautiful woman from Cange—called to him from the kitchen. When did he leave for Moscow?

Tomorrow morning, Farmer said.

From the kitchen came the sound of something dropping and a deep-throated exclamation.

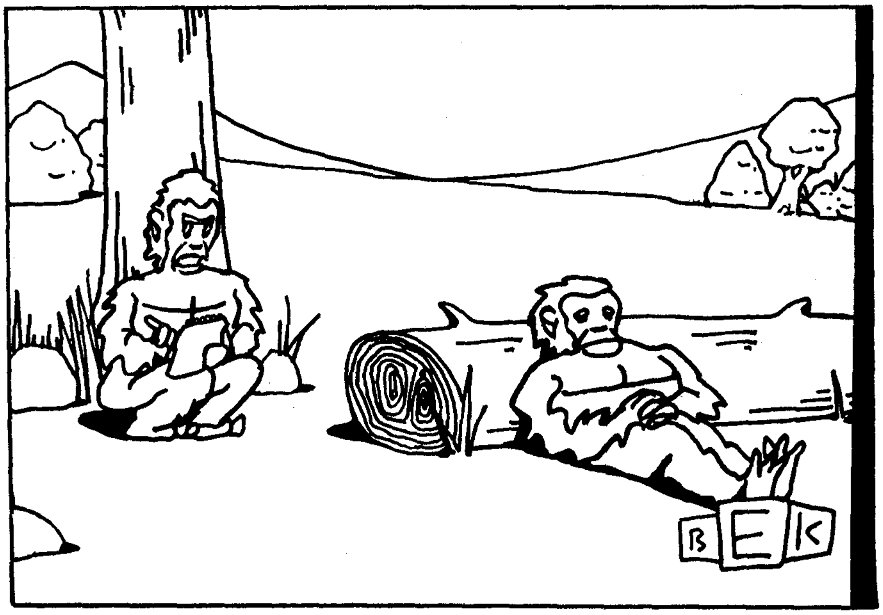
Farmer was skipping the first meeting in Moscow to make this stop. He'd said he felt guilty about that. Now I looked over at him. He was clasping his knees with his elbows and covering his mouth with both hands. He seemed to be trying, as Haitians say, to make his body very small. I remember thinking, despite my haze, I'd remember this. It was the first time I'd ever seen him at a loss for words or action.

About a third of the world's people have t.b. bacilli in their bodies, but the bacterium is indolent. It multiplies into lung-consuming, bone-eating illness in only about ten per cent of the infected. The likelihood of getting sick increases greatly, however, for those who suffer from malnutrition or various diseases, such as H.I.V. People who live in crowded peasant huts and prisons and homeless shelters and slums stand the best chances of inhaling t.b. bacilli, of having the infection expand into active disease, and also, in some settings, of contracting or generating drug-resistant strains. A person with active disease who receives only one anti-t.b. drug, or who receives several for too short a time, can become a site of rapid bacterial evolution. The drugs apply the selective pressure. The host winds up sick with bacilli immune to those drugs, then coughs them up for others to share. This occurs infrequently in places of nearly universal poverty like Haiti, where most people don't get treated at all, and most often in places where wealth and poverty are mingled, where the poor receive some therapy but not enough—places like New York City and Peru and post-Soviet Russia.

Farmer was obliged to go to Moscow because five years ago an old friend of his, a priest named Father Jack, had died of drug-resistant tuberculosis. It seemed that he must have caught it while working in Carabayllo, a slum on the outskirts of Lima. Farmer and a close friend and colleague named Jim Yong Kim—a fellow-doctor from Harvard and the executive director of Partners in Health—went to the shantytown and, sure enough, discovered an epidemic of multi-drug-resistant t.b.

The patients they found in Carabayllo—about fifty, initially—were mainly young, and all were poor. Most had severely damaged lungs. Partners in Health had already helped finance a small clinic in the shantytown, and a good doctor was on hand, but cures would be difficult. Many of the workers were terrified of inhaling the drug-resistant germs. Farmer and Kim would have to arrange to feed the patients, in order to strengthen their immune systems. They'd have to arrange for laboratory analysis of each patient's t.b., so that they'd know which antibiotics to use. Because most patients had t.b. resistant to all five of the best drugs, they'd have to give them "second-line" antibiotics. In short, they'd have to build a first-rate health-care system out of the shantytown's mediocre one—a system that would administer those drugs reliably and keep the patients' spirits up, because the second-line drugs are weak and have unpleasant side effects, which a patient has to endure for as much as two years. Moreover, the second-line drugs were little used and very expensive, and Farmer and Kim didn't know where they'd find the money to buy them. They couldn't expect help from Peru's medical establishment, which had rather recently established a first-rate t.b. program and didn't welcome news that the program had a flaw. And they had no chance of getting money from foundations, because the World Health Organization had, in effect, declared projects like theirs too expensive for "resource-poor settings."

The W.H.O. had created a program for worldwide t.b. control called DOTS—Directly Observed Therapy Short Course. Properly applied, DOTS insures that patients take regular doses of the cheap and powerful first-line antibiotics for six



"Monkey see, monkey overanalyze."

to eight months. DOTS worked well in most places. Farmer had used the program for years in Haiti, even back before it had a name. It was inexpensive. It was all that poor countries could afford. Therefore, the policymakers seem to have reasoned, it had to be sufficient, even in settings where first-line-drug resistance had surfaced. As one expert in international health said later, "The party line had been 'We've got a way of treating t.b., which is DOTS, and that's expensive enough. If we were to treat M.D.R. t.b., it would be at twenty times the cost.' They said that without thinking through the next step—that if you wipe out drug-sensitive t.b. and let the other flourish, you've really got a problem."

Farmer and Kim had some allies. The most powerful was Howard Hiatt, the former dean of the Harvard School of Public Health. He watched their project in Peru, a little nervously, from a distance. For a time, he wondered where they were getting the money for the second-line drugs. Then one day the president of the Brigham and Women's Hospital stopped him in a corridor and said, "Your friends Farmer and Kim are in trouble with me. They owe this hospital ninety-two thousand dollars." Hiatt looked into the matter: "Sure enough. They would stop at the pharmacy before they left for Peru and fill their briefcases with drugs. They had sweet-talked various people into letting them walk away with the drugs." Looking back, Hiatt was amused. "That's their Robin Hood attitude."

Actually, they only borrowed the drugs. Tom White, the chief donor to all their causes, soon wrote a check for the entire bill.

It took Farmer about twenty-two hours round trip to travel between Cange and Carabayllo. Over the next three years, he made the journey fifty times. Kim went almost as often. "Peru nearly killed us," Farmer said later—literally true in his case, when he came down with hepatitis A and ignored the symptoms for a time. But the results were very good. Indeed, "astonishing" to Howard Hiatt. He arranged a meeting of the eminent in worldwide t.b. control, among them some of the policymakers. There Farmer and Kim presented their team's results, and also epidemiological evidence that strains of drug-resistant t.b. are at least as contagious and virulent as drug-susceptible ones and that in epidemics involving drug resistance DOTS will cure no more than half the victims, will amplify resistance among the rest, and will allow M.D.R. to go on spreading. The atmosphere was heated. Farmer and Kim were upstarts, mere clinicians, and their message was embarrassing to many people there. But they had solid data. And some of the people who received their data at the meeting were, after all, scientists.

"Paul and Jim mobilized the world to accept drug-resistant t.b. as a soluble problem," Hiatt says, looking back. This was no small matter, he believes. "At least two million people a year die of t.b., more adults than from any other infectious disease. And when those people who die include predominantly people with drug-resistant strains, as will happen unless a very big and good program gets established, it's not going to be two million. That number could be increased by an order of magnitude."

Many other meetings and arguments followed, but after that one a general strategy for treating M.D.R. officially existed, and was endorsed by the W.H.O.—a strategy like the one Farmer and Kim had used. It even had a name: DOTS-Plus. With help from Hiatt, and later from others as well, Kim worked to reduce the prices of the second-line drugs. (Today, they cost ninety per cent less than when Kim and Farmer started using them in Carabayllo.) But Peru had drained about a million dollars a year from their little treasury—all the money they'd hoped to save as an endowment for Partners in Health.

Farmer asked for help from the Open Society Institute, George Soros's foundation. The O.S.I. turned him down, but sent him a letter of recommendation. It said that the O.S.I. understood the importance of his and Kim's work in Peru, because the O.S.I. had a similar project in Russia. Farmer knew about the t.b. epidemic in Russia, of course. It had arisen in the turmoil that followed the dissolution of the Soviet Union, the small wars and the thievery and the structural economic readjustments imposed in part by international lenders. The troubles contained ingredients not just for an epidemic but for a drug-resistant epidemic: a failing health-care system had led to many uncompleted therapies; a rising crime rate had led to overcrowded prisons. Farmer knew that Soros had put up twelve and a half million dollars for a pilot project to improve t.b. control in Russia. But Farmer hadn't known the details until he saw the letter. The O.S.I. would use the DOTS strategy. It would treat all patients as if they had nonresistant, pan-susceptible t.b., and for those who didn't get better it would provide hospice care to ease their deaths.

Farmer was appalled. With Hiatt's blessing, he wrote a two-page letter to the O.S.I., explaining that its project was bound to fail.

In the event, Farmer ended up in George Soros's office. Soros shouted over the phone at the director of his project, Alex Goldfarb, for a while, in Farmer's presence. Then he asked Farmer to help fix the pilot project. Farmer wavered. Haiti needed him more. But his basic impulse was to say, "You can't just let a poor person die," and here he thought he saw a chance to apply this creed on every level. "Forgive me for saying this," Kim once remarked. "But the great thing about t.b. is that it's airborne." T.b. is only predominantly a disease of the poor. Others get it, too, just from breathing. The affluent world would have to pay attention to the threat of a t.b. so difficult to treat, to the dire but real possibility that strains resistant to every drug would spread across borders. Conceivably, the affluent nations would decide to protect themselves. Then they'd have to do on a grand scale what Partners in Health had done in Carabayllo and in Cange.

So Farmer took a trip to Siberia with Alex Goldfarb. They returned as friends. What they saw in the overcrowded prisons alarmed Farmer. He and Goldfarb went to see Soros to ask for more money. Soros said that would just delay the international response. Instead, he arranged a meeting at the White House, with Hillary Clinton presiding. Farmer and Goldfarb helped write the talking points for Soros and critiqued the ones prepared for the First Lady. She prevailed upon the World Bank to take action, and the World Bank dispatched something called a mission to Moscow, a group of economists, epidemiologists, and public-health experts

ALL PHOTOS GILLES PERESS/MAGNUM

Patients sometimes wait for hours to see Farmer in his office, and he rarely leaves before dark. Farmer's fight against the

"noxious synergy" of AIDS and tuberculosis took him from Haiti to the prisons of post-Soviet Russia.

who would work out the details of a t.b. loan to Russia.

This mission to Moscow was a good example of what Farmer meant when he said that in Areas of Moral Clarity only the imperative to take action is clear. He represented the World Bank on the problem of t.b. in Russian prisons. Alex Goldfarb represented the Russian Ministry of Justice, which ran the prisons. The Ministry of Health, in charge of the civilian sector, felt it should receive the great majority of whatever money was loaned. Some of the World Bank consultants agreed. But nearly half of all cases and most of the drug-resistant ones languished in the prisons, and the prisons were playing the role of what Goldfarb called "an epidemiological pump," spreading t.b. among prisoners, then sending them back to civilian society. Besides, prisoners were part of Farmer's special constituency—it was in the Gospels, you could look it up. So he and Goldfarb thought the Ministry of Justice should get half the loan. The mixture seemed combustible: World Bank consultants with substantial résumés, some with egos to match, mixed with Russian colonels and generals and former apparatchiks and old t.b. warriors, members of a defeated empire, on the lookout for condescension.

Farmer had flown to Russia four times already on this business, and he was tired of it, he said. Tired of the meetings and arguments in rooms that grew increasingly airless, where there were no patients, his thoughts straying back to Haiti: when the next meningitis victim came in, would the doctors, in his absence, do a spinal tap? Tired physically, too, just then. Our first morning in Moscow, he said at breakfast, "I'm still biologically deranged." He wore his third and last shirt. One of the buttons was missing. His black suit was rumpled. His face was red, probably because in his mind he was already arguing. One member of the World Bank team had been quoted as saying, "It's ridiculous and too expensive, this proposal for the prisons. It's ridiculous." Now Farmer himself said, over breakfast, "The battle is joined. But this is a ten-year program. This is a very long process. Ten years. I think I should be nonconflictual at least for a day. I'm trying to talk to myself. I'm trying to keep from slugging the guy." He added, "The prisoners are dying. They'll go on dying."

As the days wore on, Farmer's smiles and his vigor returned, and with them, somehow, the illusion of a stylishly dressed man. He seemed to be winning the argument about the percentage of the loan the prisoners would receive. Now he and the other consultants were arguing about details, about whether or not the gaunt, tuberculous prisoners would receive ten cents' worth of extra food a day. "The food fight," Farmer called it. He kept his temper.

Our hotel was situated across from Red Square, and from certain windows you could catch glimpses of the onion-topped towers of St. Basil's Cathedral. Farmer thought that it was one of the most beautiful buildings in the world, but it was marred by the fact that it was built to celebrate Ivan the Terrible's bloody victory over the Tartars. Marred for him. Erasing history, he liked to say, always served the interests of power. He practiced his usual brand of tourism. He visited a prison.

Moscow's central prison, the largest in the city, is called a *sizo*—a detention center. The building was immense, though I couldn't grasp its actual dimensions, because of the complexity of turnings, through doorways where you had to duck your head, and climbings, up ancient metal staircases, and hikes, down corridors that made me think of abandoned subway tunnels, with some sort of yellow fibreboard slapped haphazardly on the walls. We passed through various climate zones, from warm to cold to warm again, and regions of odor, some of food, others hard to place—it seemed better not to know.

"Don't get lost," a prison official said. "This is not a good place to get lost."

We passed a file of prisoners, all dressed in baggy pants, in ragged coats and caps, gray faces in dim light; one had the crookedest nose I'd ever seen. Then we reached the prison hospital. "Think of Cuba," Farmer whispered to me. "Look at this shitty place." The guides were all doctors or public-health officials, and they deplored the conditions. They opened the door to a cell reserved for patients with AIDS. "There are fewer than in the usual cells," one of the doctors said.

"How many?"

"Only fifty in this room."

Farmer went in first, followed by a translator. A dingy gray room, smaller than many American living rooms, full of double-decker beds, laundry hanging from clotheslines. Most of the men were young. In a moment, Farmer was shaking hands with them, touching arms and shoulders, and in another moment loud voices all around him were competing to air grievances. One prisoner, older than the rest, evidently something like a spokesman, declared that he had merely been a witness to the killing of a man, but because he had AIDS he got five years. The actual killer, who was tried with him, got only three. "And when I get out I will cut his head off," he said. Everyone, prisoners and doctors, laughed, a deafening sound in the cramped cell.

Farmer thanked the prisoners. The spokesman said, "I wish you would come more often."

"I would like to."

Another twisty passage, into the t.b. department. "The doctors are overworked and have almost no protection," an official said. "The X-ray equipment—it is exhausted." They weren't sure how many patients had drug-resistant strains. "We do not have laboratory support from Moscow. We get no information from the other institutions where the prisoners come from. This is a division of the railway station. Fifty per cent are not from Moscow."

We went into another cell, this one filled with t.b. patients, the same as the last but a little more crowded and humid—the humidity that comes from many pairs of lungs exhaling. Several men were coughing, each distinctively, I thought—a Chaliapin bass, a baritone, a tenor. Farmer stood beside a bed, his arm resting on the mattress of an upper berth. "You look good," he said to one of the men. "Anybody coughing up blood?"

"No."

"So, pretty much, people are getting better?"

"It's not worse," said a prisoner.

He asked them where they came from.

Grozny, Volga, Baku.

"Tell him I've been to Baku," Farmer said to the translator. "And it's better to be here. Tell him I've been to Colony Three."

A young man sitting on an upper berth said, "I saw you in Colony Three. You were with a woman."

"Yes, I was there with a woman!" Farmer exclaimed. He shook hands with the man. "It's nice to see you again."

It was time to leave. "Good luck," Farmer said through the translator. "Tell them I hope everybody gets better."

We headed back toward the prison office. "I like these prison medical people," Farmer said to me. "They're trying." He turned to the translator. "Tell Ludmilla"—she was one of the doctors—"I've met some extremely dedicated prison doctors." He had singled out Ludmilla because she'd told him a story about an Italian human-rights activist who had accused her of mistreating AIDS patients, by keeping them isolated from the other inmates. Farmer had said, "In a setting where there's a lot of t.b.? *Not* to isolate them would be a violation of human rights!"

About ten per cent of Russia's one million prisoners had active t.b. In many prisons, a majority of them had drug-resistant strains; twenty per cent, it was feared, had M.D.R. On top of that, one of the doctors told Farmer, the incidence of syphilis was rising. Alarming, because rising syphilis announces the imminence of AIDS, and AIDS would grossly magnify the t.b. epidemic. "It's gonna be a fucking disaster," Farmer said softly to me as we headed back to the central office.

Now the crude conference table there was laid with a feast. Farmer declared, "Oh, thank you! Just what I like!" He murmured to me, "I was afraid of this. I hate vodka." But he knocked it back with expertly feigned pleasure, just as he did in Haiti when eating proffered items of what he called "the fifth food group." Toasts were offered, and counter-toasts. After a while, Farmer's grew lengthy.

"I have been working in Haiti for almost twenty years, ever since I was a young chap, and some years ago I was asked by the State of Massachusetts to be a t.b. commissioner, and I said, 'What the hell do we do?' I was in Haiti and I had a lot of t.b. patients and I took sputums and I brought them to Boston. And I took them into the lab and I wrote, 'Paul Farmer, State T.B. Commissioner.' I wanted them to process my samples from Haiti and they did and never asked any questions, so I did it more and more, and then I did it with sputums from Peru, and, of course, eventually they asked me why. I said, 'Massachusetts is a great state, it has a big t.b. lab, lots of t.b. doctors, lots of t.b. nurses, lots of t.b. lab specialists. It lacks only one thing: tuberculosis.' "

One of the Russians—a colonel—laughed. A woman doctor said, "We have lots of t.b. and no labs."

More toasts, more vodka. After a time, the colonel asked Farmer, "Is America a democracy?"

Farmer's face grew serious. "I think whenever a people has enormous resources, it is easy for them to call themselves democratic." He cited the "idiotic" remark that the Italian visitor had made to Ludmilla, and went on, "I think of myself more as a physician than as an American. Ludmilla and I, we belong to the nation of those who care for the sick. Americans are lazy democrats, and it is my belief, as someone who shares the same nationality as Ludmilla—I think that the rich can always call themselves democratic, but the sick people are not among the rich. Look, I'm very proud to be an American. I have many opportunities because I'm American. I can travel freely throughout the world, I can start projects, but that's called privilege, not democracy."

As Farmer talked, the colonel's face had begun showing signs of exertion. Now he let his laughter out. He said, "But I only wanted to know if you would permit me to smoke a cigarette."

In the end, Farmer won his skirmishes in Moscow. He'd managed to sneak food into the budget by calling it vitamins. And, for now at least, the prisoners would get about half the loan. The first installment was projected at thirty million dollars. (The figure has since been increased to a hundred and seventy million, paid out over five years.) Farmer believed the world ought to spend the money outright, not lend it, and he figured that stanching the epidemic in Russia and the former republics would cost at least half a billion dollars. Still, he felt happy.

So did Goldfarb. "I am always ambivalent, though," he told Farmer. "It means I have to deal with this thirty million. Keep them from stealing it. And there is a lot at stake with this project. It has to work, or we can forget DOTS-Plus."

Farmer and Goldfarb spent a lot of time together that week. Goldfarb usually appeared in slightly rumpled tweeds and corduroys, threatening to do battle with one or another Russian official or member of the World Bank team. Farmer would argue him out of this. They seemed to have the kind of friend-

MEMORY
LANE

“Stroll down it alone—I’ll wait here.”

ship that thrives on argument. At dinner one night, Goldfarb said, in sonorously accented English, “Prisoners. They are not nice people. They are epeedeemeeologically eempoortant.”

“Our big split,” said Farmer. He turned to me. “The stench of innocence is what I smell. The stench of guilt is what he smells.”

“I should take that back,” Goldfarb said. “About half of the people should not be in jail.”

“Three-quarters,” said Farmer. “Come on, Alex. Those are crimes against property.”

“There is twenty-five per cent should be in jail for life,” said Goldfarb.

“No. Ten per cent,” said Farmer. “You think I’m naïve.”

“You are not naïve,” said Goldfarb. “You see the whole situation. You just don’t accept that . . .”

“People aren’t nice.”

“No! Bad people. You are not naïve. You can just disregard things which are unpleasant, and that is why you are not scientific. You disregard reality.”

“But you still like me,” said Farmer.

“Of course I like you!” said Goldfarb.

Farmer had wished for a blizzard in Moscow. He had got just a snowfall. We walked back to the hotel on slippery sidewalks, in the cold, cold night, Farmer with his red scarf over his nose, his glasses fogging up.

I rehearsed his argument with Goldfarb, Farmer’s whittling down the number he thought should be in prison. If it had gone on, I thought, he might have got down to one per cent, or zero.

“Do you think I’m crazy?” Farmer asked.

“No. But some of those prisoners have done terrible things.”

“I know,” he said. “And I believe in historical accuracy.”

“But you forgive everyone.”

“I guess I do. Do you think that’s crazy?”

“No,” I said. “But I think it’s a fight you can’t win.”

“That’s all right. I’m prepared for defeat.”

“But there are the small victories,” I said.

“Yes! And I love them!”

Many of Farmer’s friends worried about his health, and thought he should cut back his gruelling schedule. One, at least, thought he should retire from his clinical work in Haiti and concentrate on “big issues,” such as the Russian t.b. epidemic. Now, on a street in Moscow, I began to pose a hypothetical question. “But without your clinical practice—”

Farmer interrupted. “I wouldn’t be anything,” he said.

We left Moscow before dawn, and flew to Zurich, where we boarded a plane to Boston. Farmer carried a large curved sabre made of glass and filled with cognac, a present from the Deputy Justice Minister. The customs agents raised their eyebrows. Other passengers did double takes. He smiled back, but his smile looked wan. Every takeoff and landing nauseated Farmer for a few minutes. When we arrived in Boston the next afternoon, he’d have to go right to another meeting—funding for the women’s clinic in Cange was running out.

Most modern descriptions of human behavior give selfishness great explanatory power, even over what look like selfless acts. But after I’d spent a month with Farmer altruism had begun to seem plausible, even normal. On the airplane back to Boston, he offered his own explanation. “There’s a social truth and a personal truth,” Farmer said, once we’d crammed ourselves into our seats. While he spoke, he traced a finger over his stowed tray table, making evanescent designs, as if of his thoughts. “We live in a time of great ease and bounty. I have complete access to all that ease and bounty. At the same time, I have had the world revealed to me as it really is. It isn’t a different world—it’s the same world. There is no reason or event. I came back to Catholicism through liberation theology because it’s such a powerful rebuke to the hiding away of poverty, but that was after I was already involved in Haiti. I would read stuff from scholarly texts and know they were wrong. Living in Haiti, I realized that a minor error in one setting of power and privilege could have an enormous impact on the poor in another. For me, it was a process, not an event. A slow awakening, as opposed to an epiphany.”

He held up a finger and moved it to his left. “I can have this world of privilege, and I like this world of privilege.” He moved the finger to his right. “But I’m not willing to erase this world of suffering.” He went on, “People don’t get up in the morning and say, ‘I’m going to erase this world of suffering.’ They’re just cosseted. They don’t have to see the suffering. We live in a country so rich that you can hide away anything in it. What does it mean to be human, as opposed to being American? I believe in signs, kind of jokingly. But here, after a week of haggling over ten cents for a day's worth of food for Russian prisoners, I open the paper and the basic message of Clinton's State of the Union is how are we going to get rid of this huge budget surplus. We were in Moscow central prison two days ago. We were in Morne Michel. What do you have to do to erase the people in those places? How do you say this without sounding like some self-important asshole? I now know the choices I made are the right ones for me. I feel happy. Satisfied. Not self-satisfied. I'm not satisfied about this loan to Russia. It's a *loan*. What does it mean to be human, instead of a cockroach? Solidarity, compassion, sympathy, and love."

He glanced out the airplane window, and began telling me a story. Back before Zanmi Lasante, he said—when he was twenty-three, volunteering as a doctor's assistant in a hospital in Léogâne, in Haiti—he had a long talk with an American doctor, a kindly man who seemed to love the Haitians. The doctor had worked there for a year. Now he was departing.

"Isn't it going to be hard to leave?" Farmer asked him.

"Are you kidding? I can't wait. There's no electricity here. It's just brutal here."

"But aren't you worried about not being able to forget all this? There's so much disease here."

"No," said the doctor. "I'm an American, and I'm going home."

Farmer thought about that conversation all day and into the evening. "What does that mean, 'I'm an American'? How do people classify themselves?" He thought the doctor's answer was sensible, a legitimate answer. But he didn't know his own. He was supposed to start medical school himself in the fall. I'm definitely going to be a doctor, he thought.

Farmer fidgeted in the narrow airplane seat. "So later on that night, a young woman came in. She was pregnant, and she had malaria. . . . It's not as if it hasn't happened since." He stopped, his face turned to the window again.

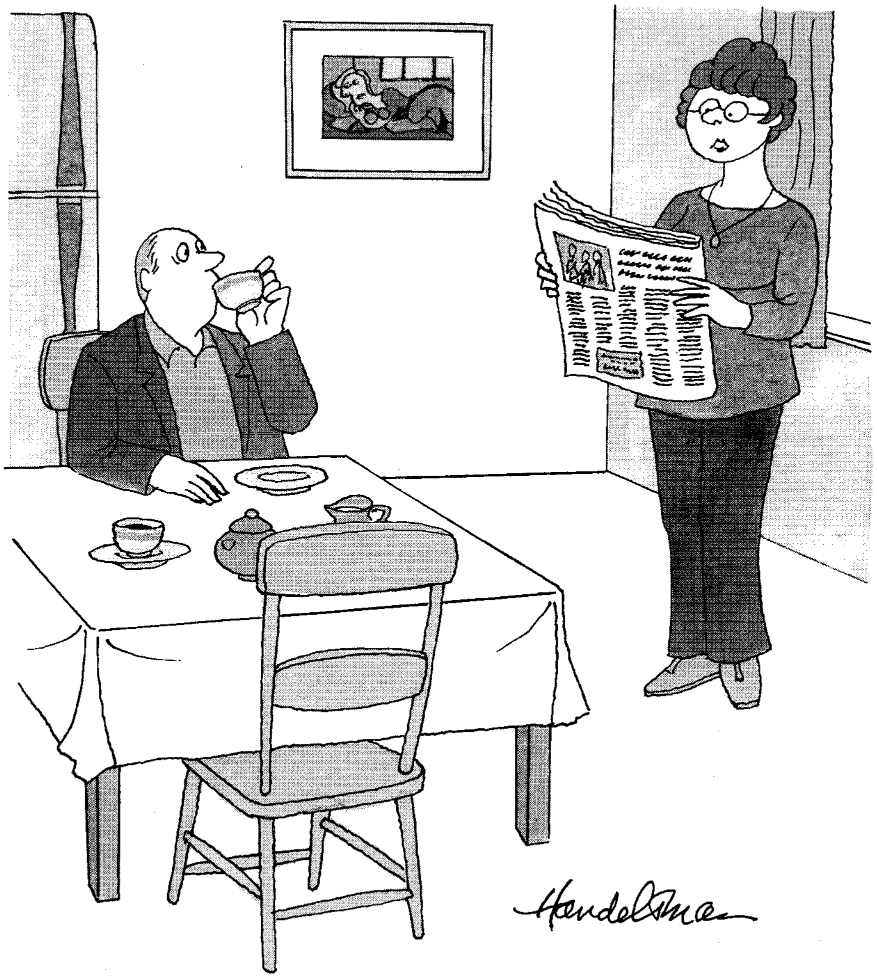
"She had a very high parasitimia. Bad malaria. She went into a coma and, you know, I didn't know the details then. I do now, because it's my specialty. She needed a transfusion, and her sister was there and—" It was drizzling outside. He stared out at the runway landscape, gray and dull, crying softly.

"It's not about her. It happens all the time in Haiti, but I didn't know that then. So there was no blood at the hospital, and the doctor told her sister to go to Port-au-Prince to get some blood. But she would need some money. I had no money. I ran around the hospital. I rounded up fifteen dollars. I gave her the money and she left, and then she came back, and she didn't have enough money to go to Port-au-Prince. So meanwhile the patient started having respiratory distress. And this pink stuff started coming out of her mouth, and the nurses were saying, 'It's hopeless,' and other people were saying, 'We should do a cesarean delivery.' I said, 'There's got to be some way to get her some blood.' Her sister was beside herself. She was sobbing and crying. The woman had *five kids*. The sister said, 'This is terrible. You can't even get a blood transfusion if you're poor.' And she said, 'We're all human beings.' She said that again and again. 'We're all human beings.' "

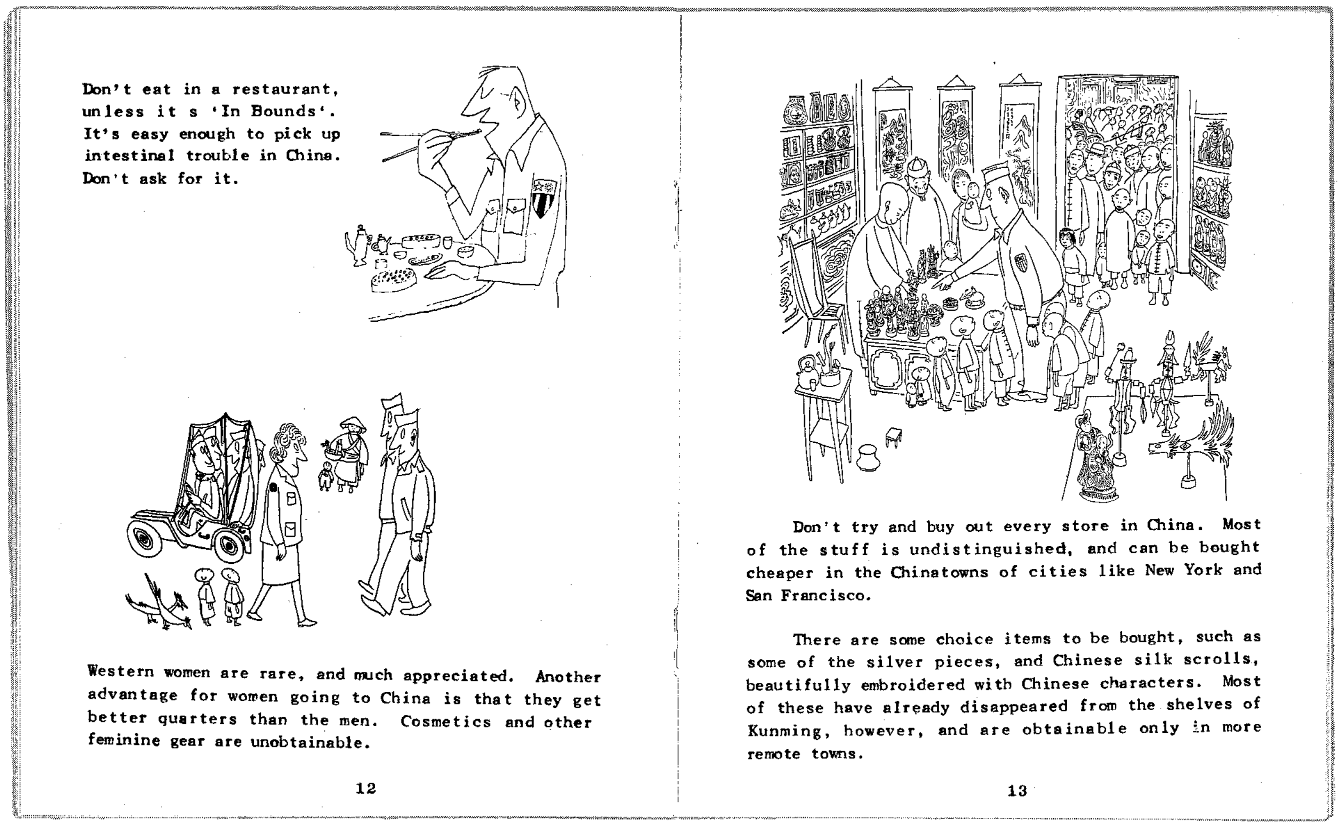
The flight crew was preparing the cabin for takeoff. In a moment, Farmer would start feeling sick. "My big struggle is how people can not care, erase, not remember. I'm not a dour person. But I have a terrible message. And I'm not gonna put my seat in an upright position."

He had recovered his normal voice. The death was a memory again. He said, quoting the sister once more, " 'We're all human beings.' As if in answer to my question." He shook his head.

"The other thing about it is, I knew that the physicians and the others focussed on my reaction. The nurses were saying, 'Poor Paul. What a sweet young man.' And the doctors thought, He's new here, he's green, he's naïve." He paused. "Yeah, but I got staying power. That's the thing. I wasn't naïve, in fact." ♦



"I can't help feeling a little suspicious. One half is to be run by Bill Gates, and the other half by someone called Gil Bates."



Don't eat in a restaurant, unless it s 'In Bounds'. It's easy enough to pick up intestinal trouble in China. Don't ask for it.

Western women are rare, and much appreciated. Another advantage for women going to China is that they get better quarters than the men. Cosmetics and other feminine gear are unobtainable.

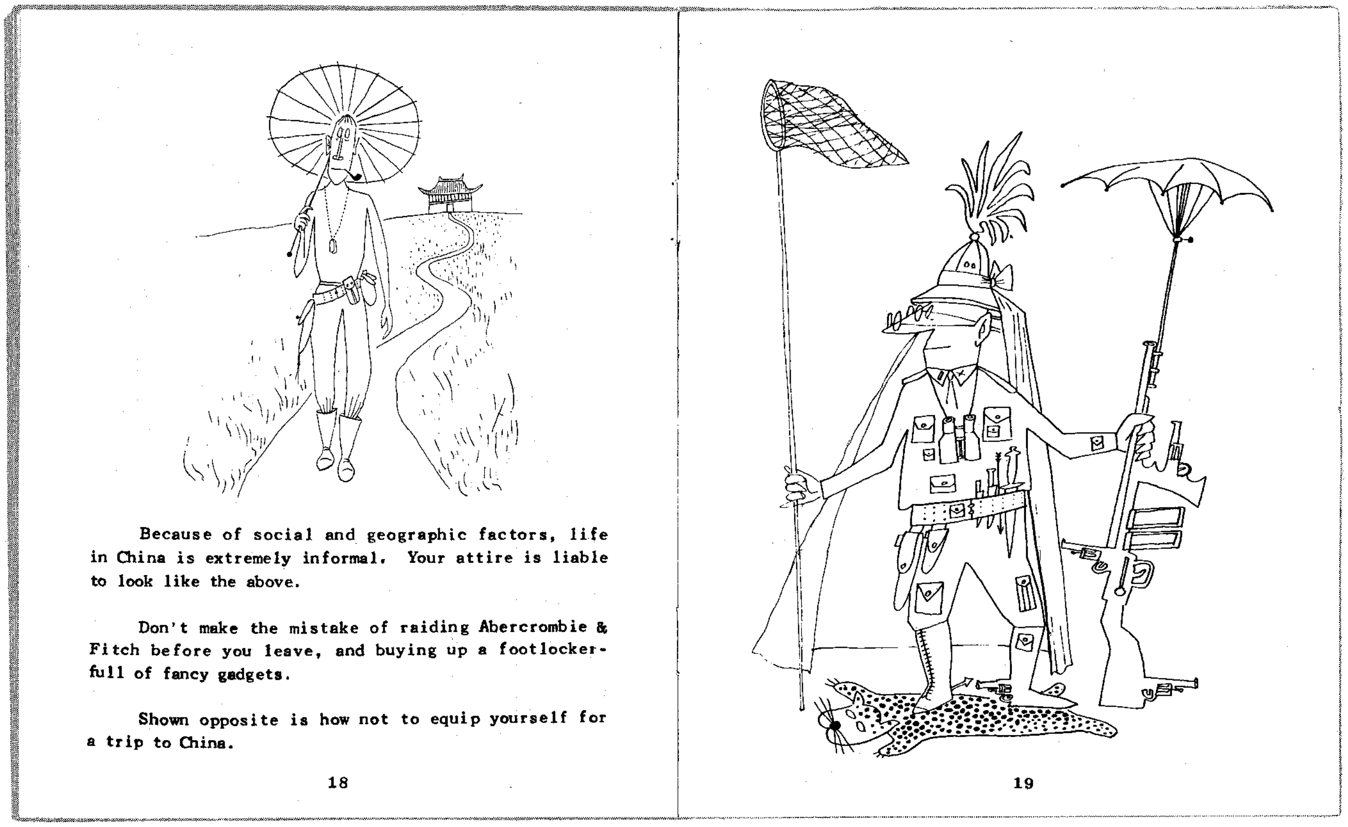
12

Don't try and buy out every store in China. Most of the stuff is undistinguished, and can be bought cheaper in the Chinatowns of cities like New York and San Francisco.

There are some choice items to be bought, such as some of the silver pieces, and Chinese silk scrolls, beautifully embroidered with Chinese characters. Most of these have already disappeared from the shelves of Kunming, however, and are obtainable only in more remote towns.

13

Pages from the booklet Steinberg wrote and illustrated, in 1943, as a primer for American soldiers in China (above and below).



Because of social and geographic factors, life in China is extremely informal. Your attire is liable to look like the above.

Don't make the mistake of raiding Abercrombie & Fitch before you leave, and buying up a footlocker-full of fancy gadgets.

Shown opposite is how not to equip yourself for a trip to China.

18

19

From the darkening perspective of old age, he returned to his career in the military in a new series of drawings (following pages).

PORTFOLIO BY SAUL STEINBERG

MISSION TO CHINA

The artist's wartime adventures.

BY JANE KRAMER

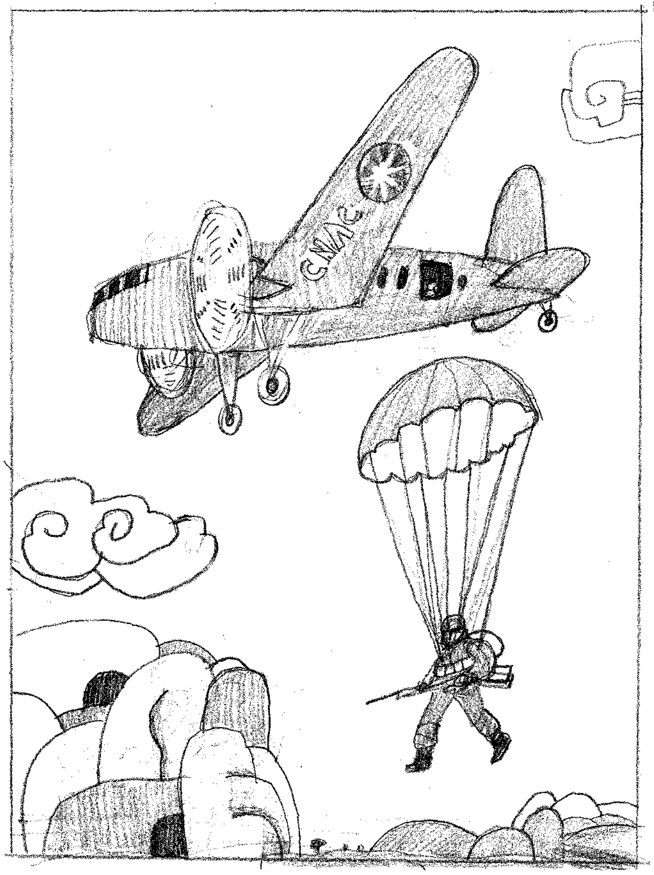
The Chinese have two ways of describing what an artist does. The popular way, the one ordinary people use, is *hua hua*, which means "to paint a picture." But the other, the one artists themselves prefer, is *xie hua*, which means "to write a picture." That, of course, is what Saul Steinberg did. "A writer of pictures," Harold Rosenberg called him. "Writing through images," Norman Manea said. Saul's pictures were an acid conversation between his mind's eye and his eye's mind. They were also a conversation with reality, or what passes for reality, and Saul, who loved the world, had very strong doubts about reality. Hedda Sterne, the wife he was courting when the Navy sent him to China, told me that even as a young man Saul would look out the window at a beautiful landscape and then peer into the lower-right-hand corner, for the signature. The only other artists who understood the irony of signatures (and stamps and seals) as well as Saul did were, of course, the classical Chinese masters. I would say that Saul was made for China, but it's probably as accurate to say that China was made for him.

Saul went to China as an ensign—"weather observer," his official posting read. This was in 1943—exactly ten years after he left Bucharest to study architecture in Milan, and only two years after he "dealt" (his word) his way out of an internment center on the Adriatic, ending up in Santo Domingo and promptly mailing some drawings to this magazine. Saul had entered the United States under the wartime Romanian quota—and under the sponsorship of the magazine's editor, Harold Ross, a flinty character not normally given to signing financial guarantees for young Mitteleuropa Dadaists who, whatever their fluency in Italian, French, and Romanian, didn't really speak a word of English. Saul tried to enlist as soon as he arrived, and was assigned to Washington, where Naval Intelligence and the O.S.S. scooped him up before some hapless assignment officer could look at his chart and decide to ship him out to the Pacific with a can of deck paint and a battleship for a canvas. Within a few months, he had his commission. He was a twenty-nine-year-old on an adventure—which is to say that in short order he found himself strapped onto a bench in a pitching, groaning Air Force C-47, crossing the Himalayan Hump between Chabua, in the northeast corner of India, and the Chinese city of Kunming. That was the "weather observer" part, and each trip lasted three horrible hours, which he could still describe, pitch for pitch, groan for groan, when he told me the story, last year, at the age of eighty-four. What he really did in Kunming was "write pictures" for Chinese partisans, instructing them thus in the art of demolition—i.e., blowing up Japanese roads and bridges—far better than any of the experts attached to the Fourteenth Air Force had apparently been able to do.

Saul's taste for the clandestine—for "masquerade," as Rosenberg put it—was such that he rarely talked about his China mission. It may be that for him the best part of that mission was the mystery it conferred, the delicious prospect of *not* talking about it later. Not even Hedda knew the details. (Or, you could say, she knew the important Steinbergian details: the partisans' English, as in "one egg, two eggs, three eggses"; the condemned man walking in the rain to his execution, holding an umbrella.) At the time, of course, she couldn't know anything secret—"There were ten letters to choose from, like Hallmark cards, that would pass the censors," she told me—and afterward she didn't ask. Nor did his closest friend, the Italian writer Aldo Buzzi. They had studied together in Milan, and wrote to each other nearly every week until Saul's death, last year; when I called Buzzi, thinking about their letters, he reminded me dryly that there wasn't exactly a lively postal service between Italy and the American A.P.O. in 1943. In a memoir that Saul was writing, in Italian, in the late seventies, China gets a paragraph. Well, not China, precisely, but a "national malady" he called Chinese diarrhea, which you cured with a medicine called "cement," and which he describes by telling what it was like to spend your mornings in an outhouse, where "you remained, as if at the office, seated, reading the newspaper, chatting." That's it, except, of course, for the drawings—which is what he intended.

The China drawings most of us know are the ones that appeared in 1945, in "All in Line," Saul's book of wartime drawings. The ones that most of us don't know are these: a late series he began in the eighties and worked on for fifteen years, from the darkening perspective of his old age; and some ebullient drawings in a twenty-page booklet he wrote and illustrated for the O.S.S., in 1943, as a primer for American soldiers about to make that same flight over the Hump to a place where the locals were apt to peer into your window to stare at your body hair and to think of your jeep on the road as an evil spirit in pursuit. I saw the booklet myself almost by accident, a few months before Saul died. A small dinner. Six friends. Saul wonderfully dressed up as one of his Steinberg self-portraits. The key to Saul, as Rosenberg famously said, was in his love of uniforms, costumes, and disguises, and this particular costume involved a walking stick and (it was freezing outside) a natty pale, tropical suit and waistcoat. One of us said that he looked like Saul Steinberg-at-the-Raj—upon which Saul started talking about India, and then about the trip from India to China, and then about a book he had put together in China. The next morning, he sent me a photocopy.

A few days ago, Anton van Dalen, Saul's old assistant and friend, told me that the original drawings, flown from Kunming to Washington, are stamped on the back with all sorts of top-secret military stamps, signatures, and seals, and that one drawing even survived a plane crash. "Make sure to mention the crash," he said. "Saul liked that." ♦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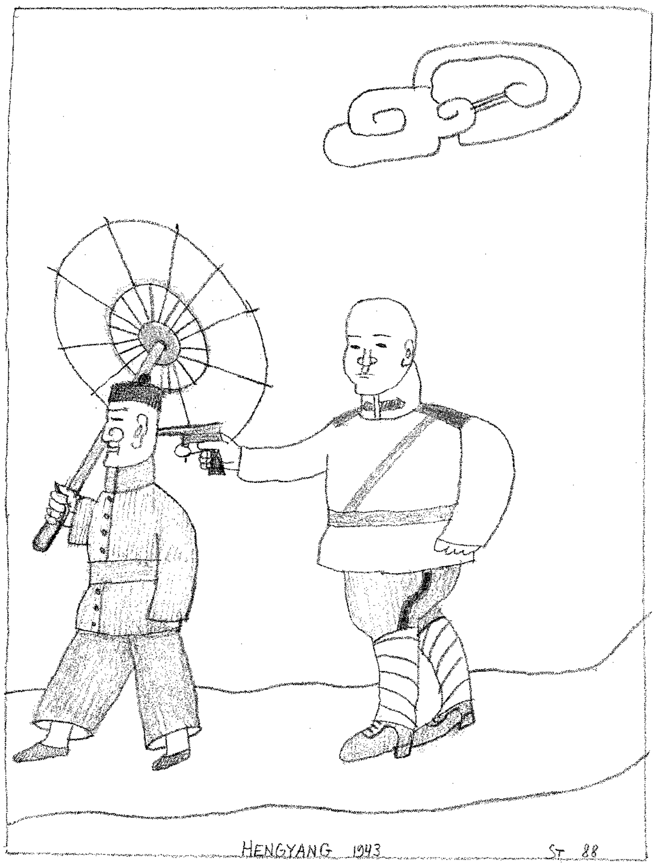
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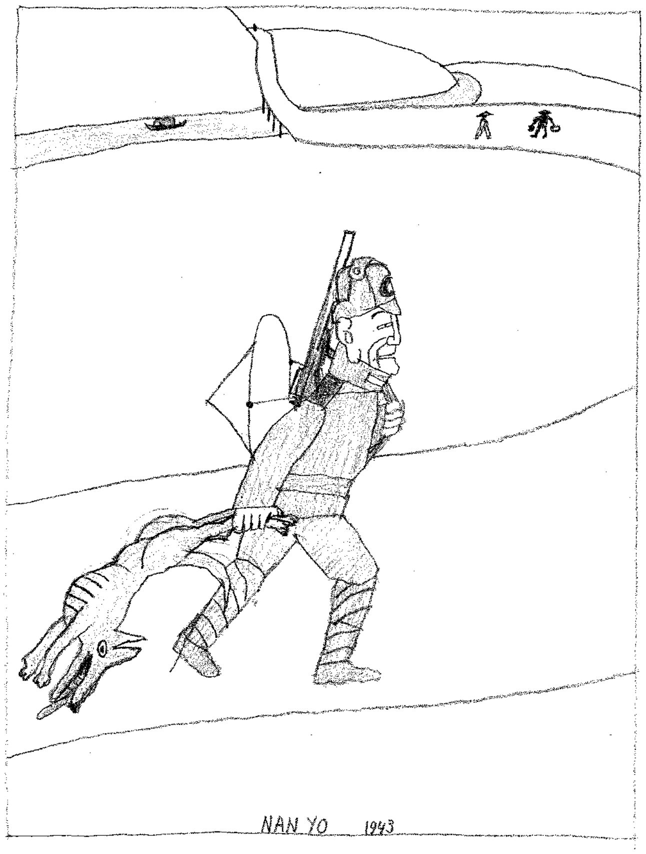
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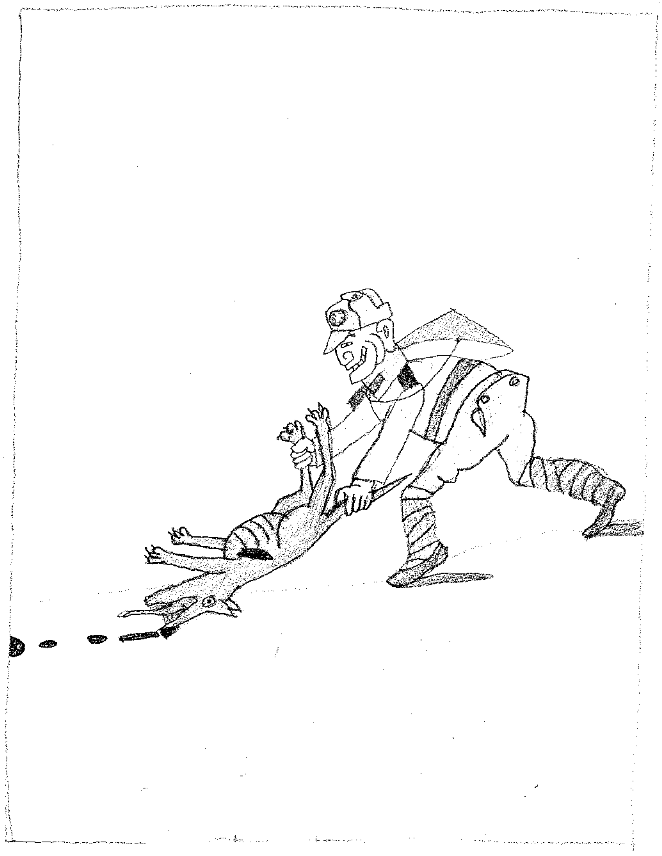

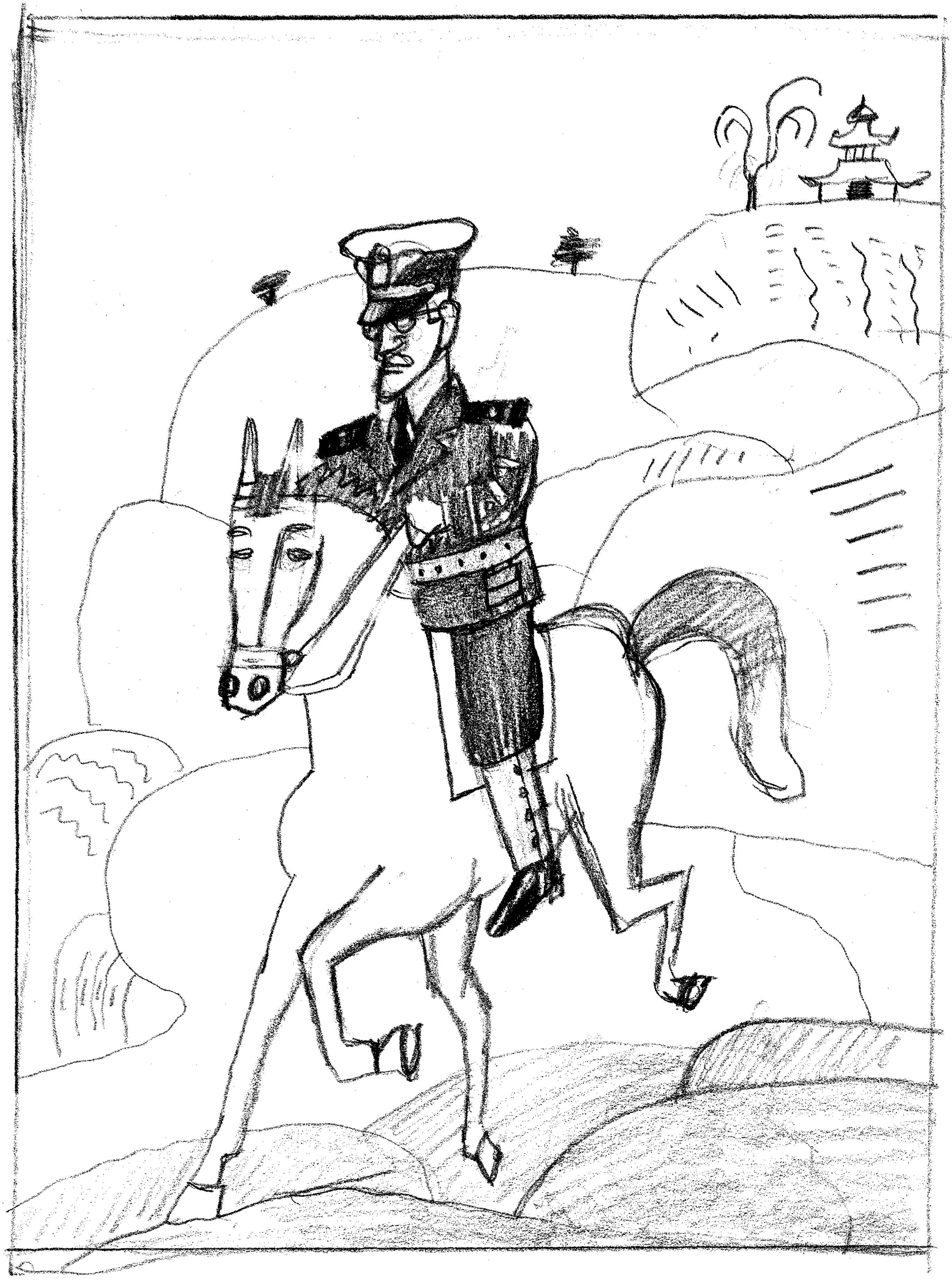

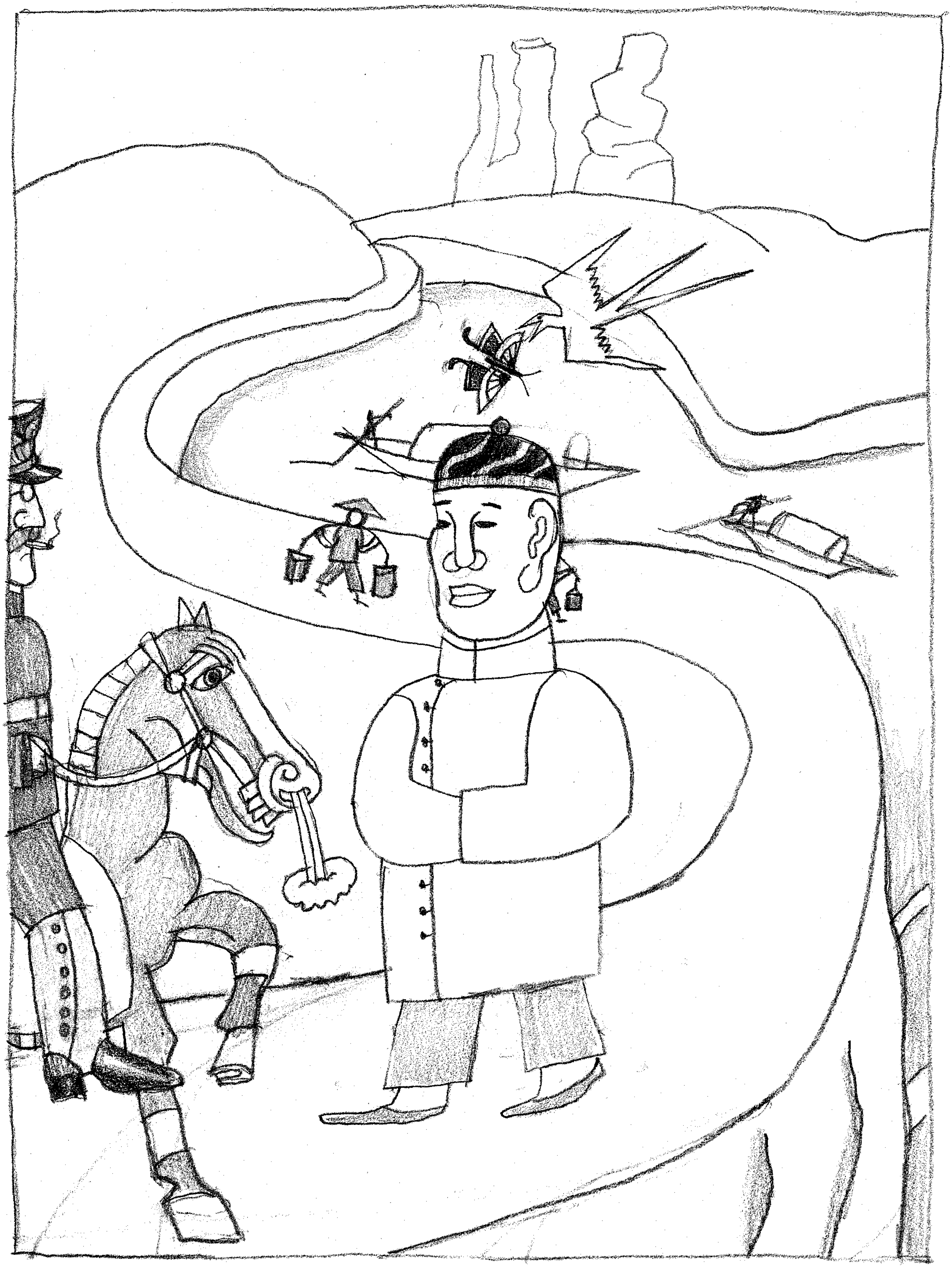

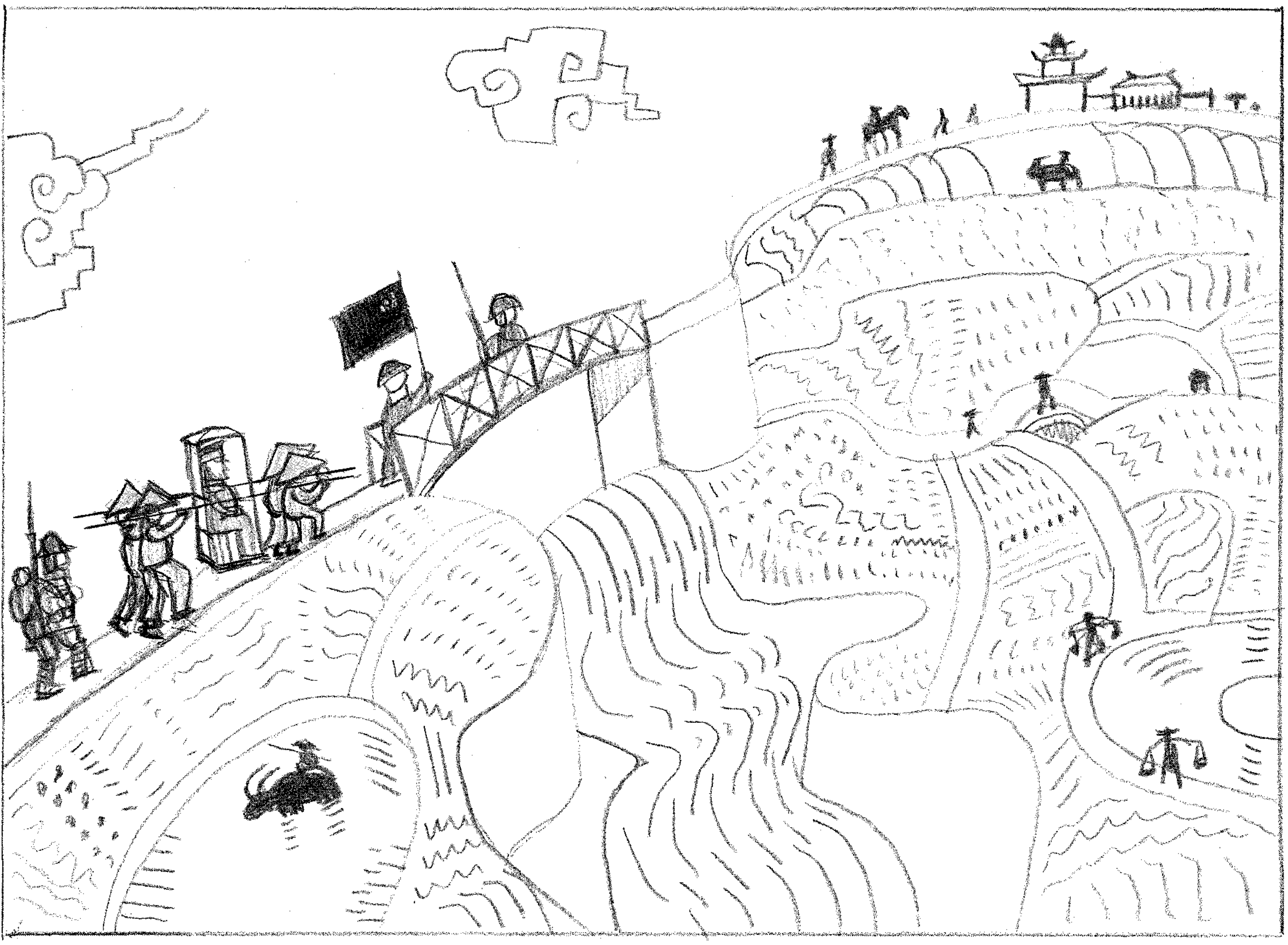

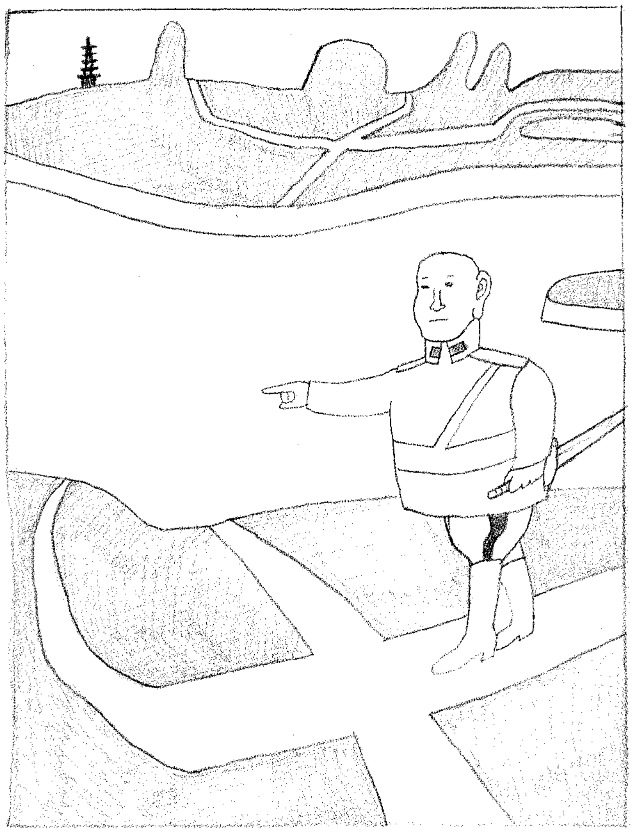

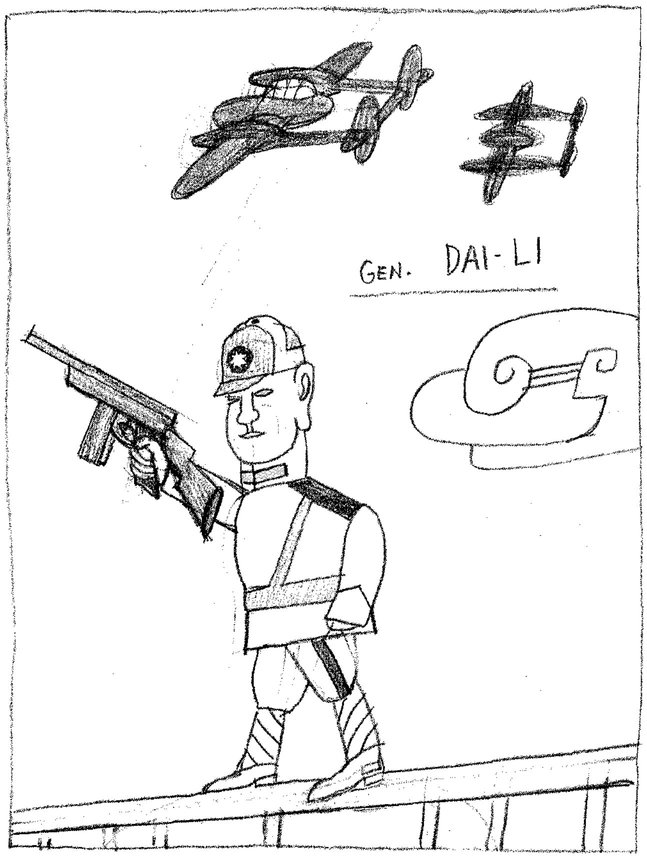
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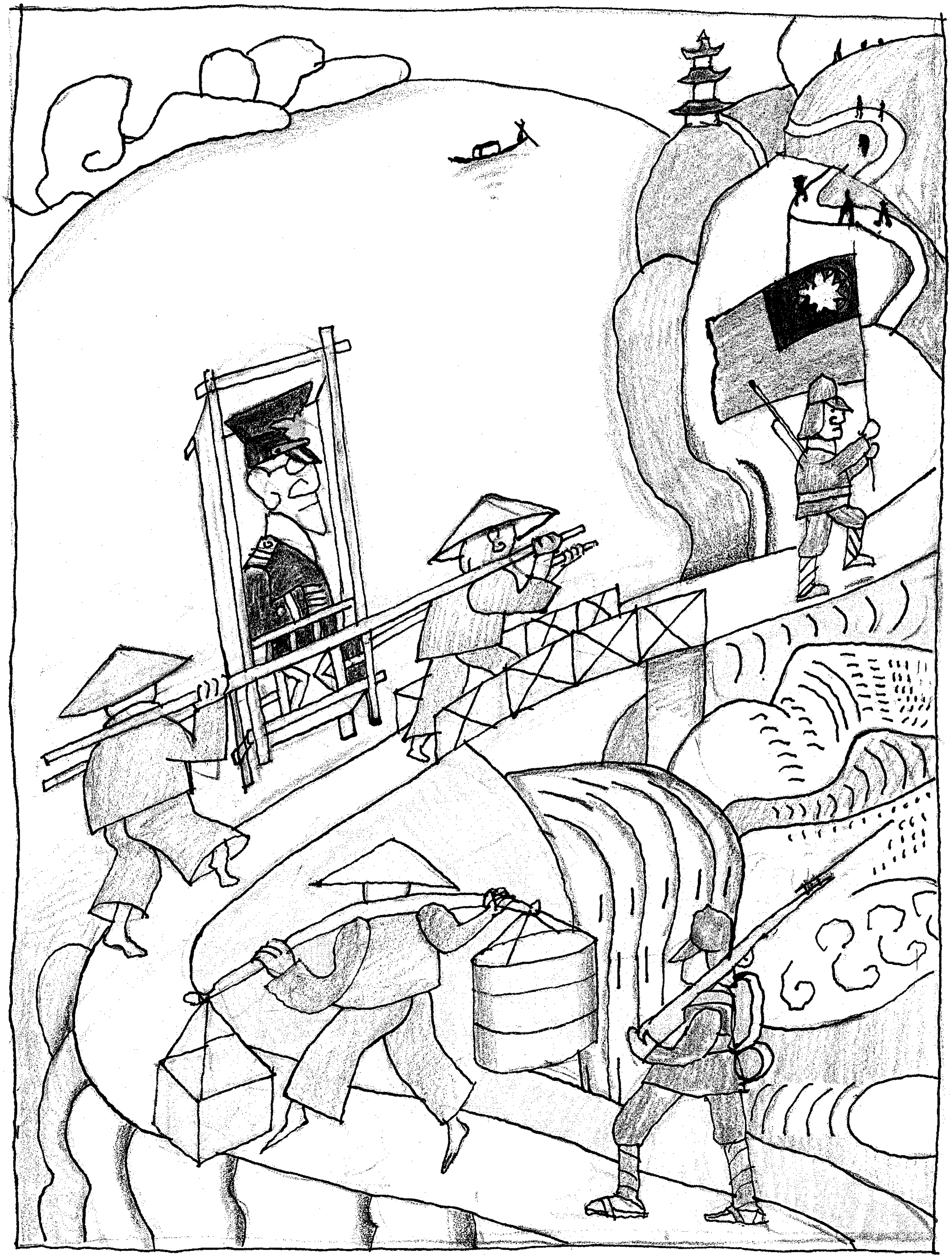

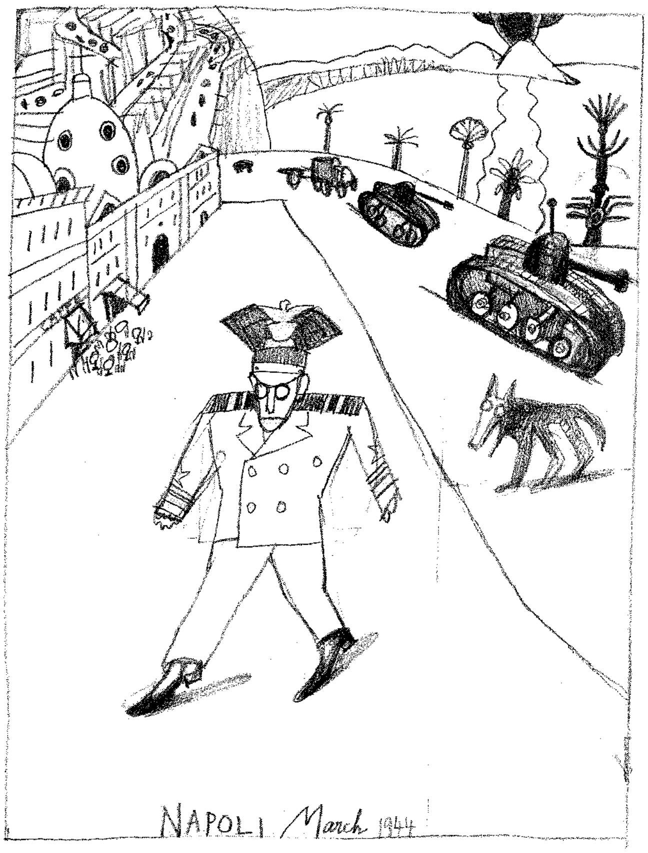
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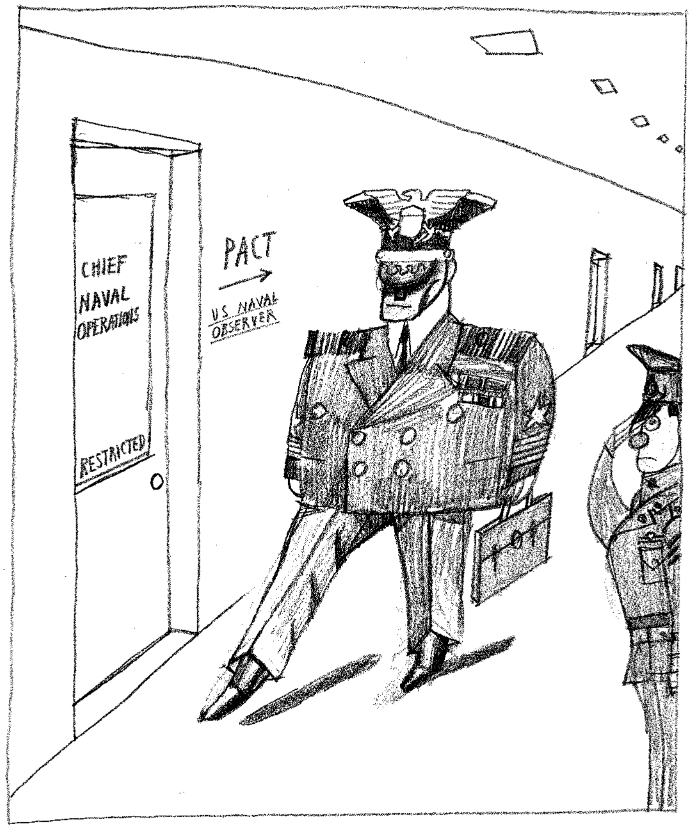
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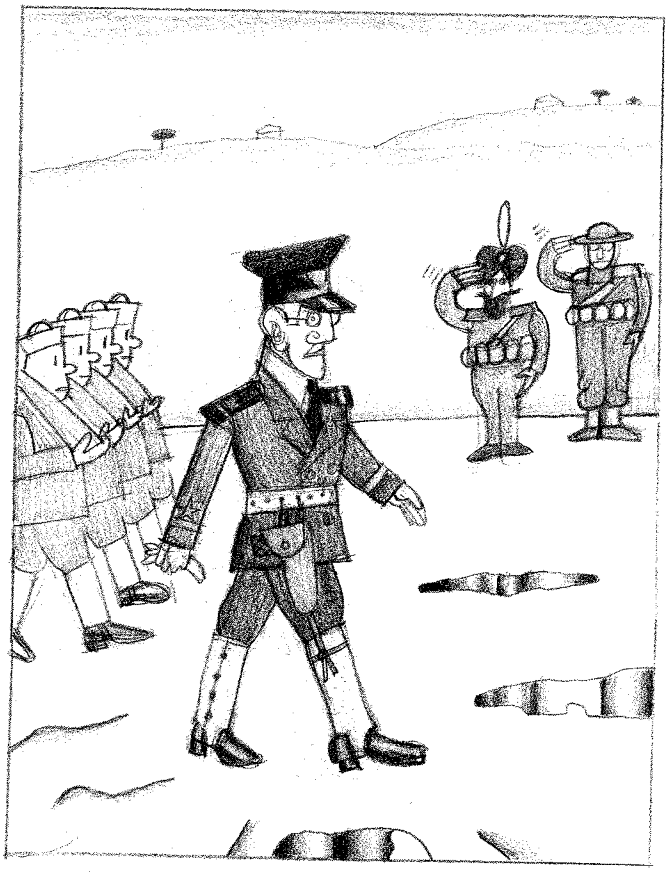

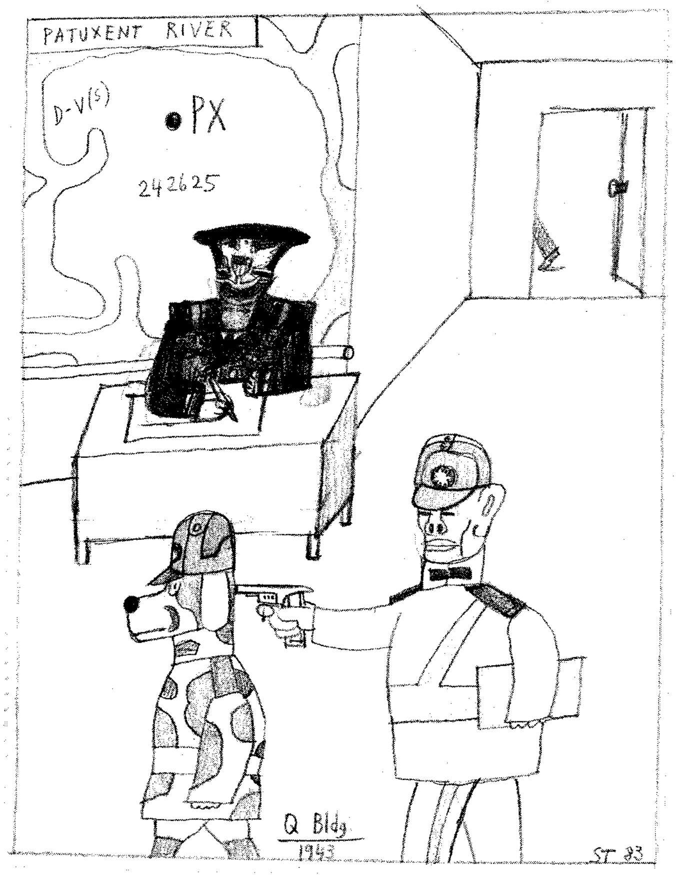
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FICTION

THE SATURDAY MORNING CAR WASH CLUB

BY JAMES ELLIS THOMAS

To be sixteen on a July Saturday was heaven. Our neighborhood really showed out in the summer. Chumps who dragged ass to work all week leaped out of bed on Saturday mornings—it was the best way to cheat the heat. A lawnmower, a grill, a chair beneath a shade tree, anything that involved making something out of nothing powered their need to rise. Even the ne'er-do-wells started early on a Saturday. You'd see guys who hadn't caught a weather report in years strolling about like businessmen, on their way to trade chat with their down-the-block neighbors. My mother always said that Pig and Sammy Sam, our local hopheads, liked to get out early on a Saturday because then no one could tell them to go get a job. "It's Saturday!" Pig would say. "Unemployment office closed on Saturday!"

Most fellas between sixteen and married spent their weekend mornings at the Saturday Morning Car Wash Club. Actually, it wasn't really a club, just a rundown, semi-automated car wash two blocks up from Cedar Heights. The structure itself was ugly. Faded, cracked, and tornado-abused, it looked like a pistol-whipped tin man, surrounded by kudzu and non-biodegradables from the Burger King uphill. It was green. The hoses all had leaks in them. The vacuum cleaners were from the seventies, and the change machine was still chewing on the counterfeit five that Pig had fed it two years ago. Yet this did not stop the solitary ride from pulling up to the car wash every Saturday.

Around eight o'clock, the solitary ride, the first car, would roll in and park beside a vac-bot. There'd be a good jam on the stereo. Nothing loud, no need for excessive bass this early. The passenger side would be vacuumed first, then the floorboard, the seat, the back, then the driver's side. Soda-straw wrappers and six-day-old French fries would fly into the garbage can like dirt from a dog's hole. For breaks, this first Saturday Morning Car Wash Club member would look up and down the highway for cars he might recognize. Then back to work. Sweeping the crack where the seats folded forward, he would finally hear a beep-beep, and then another, and then a honk and a thump of bass. And for the next six hours he would go on cleaning and washing his car, watching the parade of incoming vehicles. As soon as the second Saturday Morning Car Wash Club member asked the first one for a quarter, the meeting officially commenced.

"Man, stop playin' around," I said, as the hooptie chugged closer and closer to the car wash. "You wanna get your ass beat this early?"

Chester had failed to tell me the whole truth about helping him wash his car. "Let's clean the machine," he'd said. I thought we were going to park it in his front yard and break out the water hose and the lemon-fresh Joy. I had no problem with that. What I did have a problem with was the fact that I was now riding in Chester's ugly brown rustmobile, his hooptie, his lemon, his clunker—in other words, his 1978 AMC Pacer.

I wasn't a big fan of the hooptie. Aside from the more obvious reasons for disliking Chester's ride, I charged the car with that most heinous variety of crime: a crime against childhood. Chester and I no longer watched cartoons. When the hooptie's first oil stains appeared on Chester's driveway our toon watching was over. Tools replaced the toons, motor oil replaced the milk in our Froot Loops, and the Bat Signal was answerered by a super-inflated Michelin Man, hellbent on avenging bad front-end alignments. Chester's ugly brown rustmobile had killed Saturday morning cartoons forever, and it was about to kill us as well. We were heading toward the one place where ugly brown rustmobiles were chastised on a regular basis—the Saturday Morning "Back That Hunk of Junk Out of Here" Club. We were motorvating toward an early grave.

"Apollonia needs washin'," said Chester. "That's why I'm takin' her to the car wash. What's wrong with that?"

I jumped around beneath my seat belt. "What's wrong with that? Tommy, Buck, Mann, Leon. All of those fools hang out up there."

Chester strummed his fingers against the steering wheel; last week, he'd wrapped it with duct tape. He said it was for the grip, but I had never once seen Chester drive with anything more than a rotating palm.

"You're trippin'," he said, taking a wide right turn around a slow-moving cat. "I'm grown. Everybody know me, everybody know you. It's the same fools at the car wash that be around the neighborhood." He turned and looked at me; I saw my reflection in his silver, mirrored shades. "You act like you're scared," he said.

"I ain't scared."

"You act like it."

The engine suddenly dropped, idled down, then shrieked back up three times louder. A fat little Vietnamese kid, playing in his front yard, picked up a stick and made as if to throw it at us. He ducked when the engine backfired.

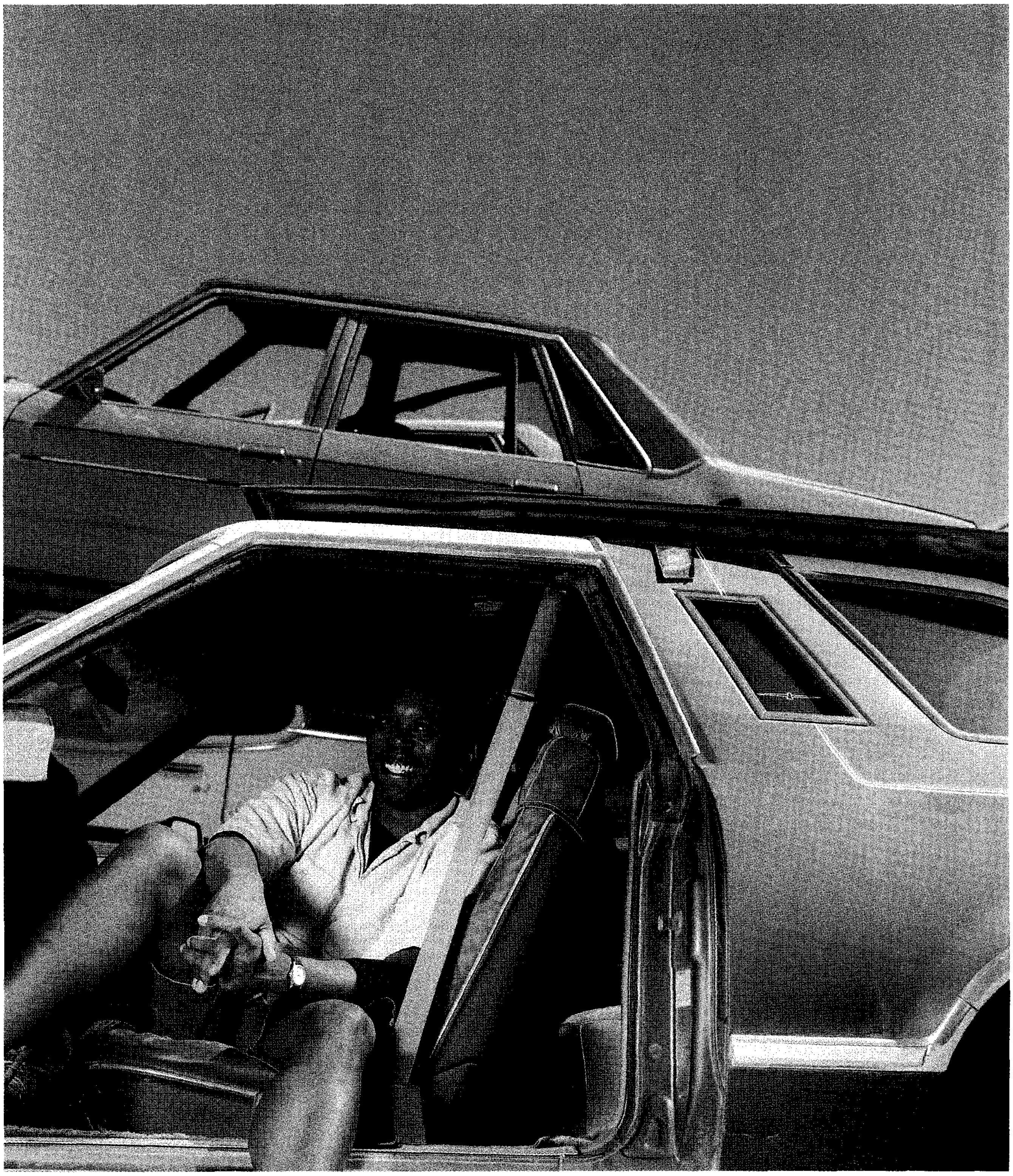
"Do you know what they call this thing?" I asked.

"Apollonia," said Chester, stroking the dashboard.

"Doo-Doo Brown, man, they call your car Doo-Doo Brown. I was out at the pool yesterday, and as soon as I jumped in, everybody got out because they said they'd seen me riding around in the Doo-Doo-Mobile. What's up with that, man?"

Chester grinned. "That's all right, though. I see you ain't walkin' anywhere. Punks about fifty years old still ridin' the bus to school, ignorant. This is luxury."

I craned my head toward the roof of the car. Pockets of upholstery sagged



James Ellis Thomas photographed on May 25, 2000. He lives in Dothan, Alabama. Photograph by Andrea Artz.

down like small bellies against my face.

"I just don't feel like getting my ass beat this early, that's all," I said.

"Well, don't worry about it. Damn it." "Damn it" was the cuss of the moment. We'd been cussing since way back when, but the new thing that summer was to try to cuss like Eddie Murphy's father, or the way Eddie Murphy sounded when he impersonated his father—a drunken slur with attitude. Chester's Vernon was pretty good. Mine, on the other hand, sounded like me trying to sound like Chester trying to sound like Eddie Murphy trying to sound like his father.

"For real, though, man," said Chester. "This is where the ladies hang out."

"Oh yeah," I said. "The ladies."

"That's right. 'The ladies,'" said Chester. "But anyway, I know you don't want to walk up to the car wash with no car."

I thought about that for a second. The Saturday Morning Car Wash Club loomed just a few turns away from our current position. Apollonia's rattle was loud enough to be heard in Botswana. Meanwhile, there I was, afraid to put pressure against the passenger-side door for fear of tumbling out. Maybe walking wasn't such a bad idea.

"Doo-Doo Brown, huh?" said Chester, palming us into another turn. "We'll see what they call it when we ride off with all the sweet potatoes!" He laughed for a bit, and I would've laughed with him if he hadn't punched the speedometer in order to get the needle to move.

While Apollonia was revving herself into a fit, we slowly approached the hill between us and the car wash. Not a steep hill, if you were riding in anything other than a hooptie, but we were, of course, hooptienauts. Apollonia took to the incline like a pushcart on a roller-coaster track. When we finally crested the hill, I could see that the Saturday Morning Car Wash Club was already in session, at least it was until Apollonia backfired, frightening the members and a war-torn village or two somewhere in the Middle East. Chester looked at me. I looked at Chester. We rolled downhill in a prolonged, gear-grinding lurch.

"Luxury," I said.

"The ladies," said Chester. "Sweet potatoes! I told you they'd be here!"

If only my friend had taken off his shades and looked at his own reflection. There he was, practically kissing the windshield, grinning as we approached the car wash—and the ladies. Meanwhile, his right foot was hammering on the brakes, cheating Apollonia out of a sweet-potato massacre. The only thing more embarrassing than riding downhill in Chester's stalled car was riding downhill in Chester's stalled car toward every single girl that I'd ever planned on asking out. To this day, I firmly believe that Apollonia did more to steady the course of my virginity than my mother, my pastor, or those homemade Converse hightops that my cousin Meat Meat sold to me back in seventh grade. A true struggle buggy, a true hooptie, forms a clamp around the rider's crotch like some kind of pig-iron codpiece. I groaned as Apollonia shuddered to a halt.

"My hair look all right to you?" asked Chester.

It was barely nine o'clock, and already the Saturday Morning Car Wash Club was packed and vibrant. Not counting Apollonia, there were fifteen vehicles parked at various angles around the lot. Six of them sat inside the wash-and-wax bays. As usual, the guys who were washing their cars felt the need to go shirtless while they soaped. It didn't matter if they were muscular or not—something about a long black hose shooting chemically treated water urged them to work bare-topped. I could understand it if you were in your front yard with your toes in the grass, airing your car and the funk of your labor at the same time. But these jokers were flexing their pecs inside veritable saunas of industrial-strength detergent. You knew they were showing off for the benefit of the ladies, while the ladies were paying attention to anything but the soap operas. All that wax-o-wax and gunk-o-gunk repelled the females faster than drugstore-brand cologne. The guys never noticed. Most of them were too busy trying to scrape lovebugs off their headlights.

Six girls were at the car wash when Chester and I rolled in. Twice as many fellas were hovering around them. Most of these guys were older than we were, dropouts and two-time seniors, people who seemed to have owned rides all their lives. Some of the girls had their own cars. For the most part, they drove sporty, bright, quick-trip Civics, or Camrys, or whatever looked good behind an airbrushed vanity plate, and they brought them to the club for their boyfriends, or some other shirtless wonders, to give them a wash. Every one of these guys would treat his girlfriend's ride as if it were Cinderella's stagecoach. They'd use illicit waxes, controversial sponges, and forbidden emollients to rub, butter, and caress the various paint jobs. The only no-no was fooling around under the hood. The girls never allowed it. I don't know if it was Daddy's orders or suspicion of shade-tree mechanics, but rarely would you see a guy working on the engine of a girl's car. Their own cars, of course, they butchered no end.

"What's up, Chester?"

"Leon."

"What's up, Lorenzo?"

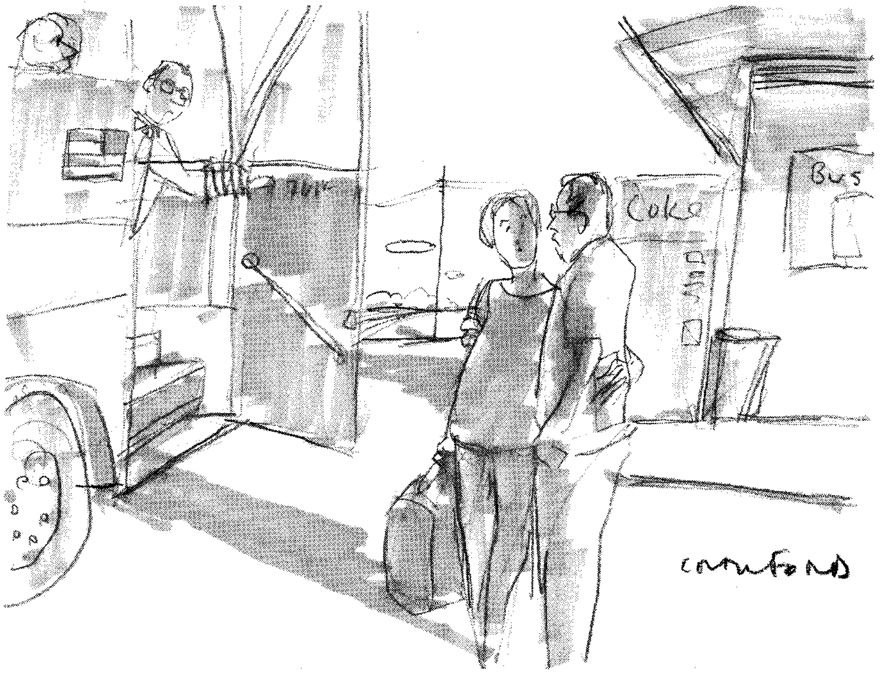
"Leon."

We'd barely got out of the car when Leon slid up with three of his *stank*-breath friends, all of them with towels around their necks soaking up the juice from their hairdos. Leon was already smirking.

"I like the ride, man," said Leon.

"Yep," said Chester.

"My sister got one just like it." Every time Leon opened his mouth, his boys would snicker. It was too early for an ass beating, and too hot. Leon was only three years older than us, but he'd been handing out ass beatings in Cedar Heights ever since I was old enough to



"And if things don't work out in the big city, Cindy, you can always come back home to me and Mom and our nightmare descent into booze and pills."

walk to the playground by myself. I was tired of Leon. Maybe if somebody else had beaten my ass for a change, things would have been different, but Leon tended to bogart Cedar Heights ass like a demented Santa Claus who came every day except Christmas. He was a rusty-necked, two-toothed, head-cheese-eating bastard, and he always wore a mesh jersey with nothing underneath and thick gold-rope chains with foreign-car emblems hanging from them.

"Yeah, man, that's a smooth ride," said Leon. "What kind of gas you use?"

"I don't know," said Chester. "Gas."

Leon and his boys started laughing. I didn't get the joke. I looked over at Chester, and I could tell that he was becoming upset. The most vicious tool that the bad guys had was always their laughter. Leon had never uttered a funny phrase in his life, but he didn't really have to. His portable laughtrack took care of the rest.

I leaned back against Apollonia. Lime-green engine fluids fanned across the asphalt.

"Damn Doo-Doo Brown!" yelled Leon, affecting "the Vernon." "Doo-Doo Brown!"

Chester folded his arms. "I came here to wash my car, man, dang. Why ya'll always got to be messin' with people? Why don't you go worry about your own car?"

"Shoot, my car clean," said Leon, gesturing back to his black Camaro. "I'm worried about Doo-Doo Brown. That junk start a rustquake, you gonna be washin' every car out here!"

He chortled. I knew what was coming before he could even say it, but he said it anyway. "I hate to tell you this, cuz, but your car is kinda messed up—for real, though. I ain't tryin' to be funny or nothin', but damn. It look like King Kong wiped his ass with a can of Pepsi. Look like a truckload of toe jam had an accident. Look like a roll of pennies with a damn steerin' wheel. I hate to tell you."

But, of course, he told us anyway. At one point or another, Leon compared Chester's car to a three-thousand-year-old foot, *stankin'* dried-up alligator balls, one roller skate being squeezed through somebody's ass, and two roller skates giving dried-up alligator balls a ride to the liquor store. Chester remained silent.

The more Leon and his boys laughed, the more attention they gathered. Music that had been pounding from the cars was turned down. Hoses were placed back on their hooks. Vacuums were switched off, and, most unfortunately, the girls drew near. No one had said the word "fight," but that's what everyone had heard, and that's what everyone expected. Leon had gained an audience. He'd hyped, he'd promoted, and he'd thoroughly teased; now all that was left was the main event.

"There ain't no room to wash that piece of doo-doo, no way," said Leon. "Why don't you ask your mama for a damn water hose, with those damn stupid shades. It look like you busted up a mirror to make that junk. *Ooh wee*, let me hold them shades, cool breeze!"

Before Leon raised his left hand to grab the sunglasses from Chester's face, I noticed two things about the crowd that had gathered around us. First, not everyone was amused by Leon's antics. Second, there was a girl standing off to the side whom I had not seen here before. Her name was Le Ly, and she was the one girl in the neighborhood that Chester always got quiet about whenever her name came up in conversation. She seemed out of place, but then again, I hardly ever saw her hanging out anywhere. When Leon raised his hand, I glimpsed her gazing at Chester. I intervened. With my right hand, I caught Leon's rising left.

"You better get yo' hand offa me!" roared Leon. "Walrus-lookin' punk, I'll punch you in yo' damn throat!"

My damn throat gulped. Holding his ashy wrist in my grip, I could feel the tendons wiggling into fist mode. "Do something!" the tendons were saying, wiring me like a traitor from within Leon's flesh. "Do something, man, don't just stand there feeling me up! This is the same fist that de-toothed the entire after-school chess program! Run! Run right now!"

"Race," I said, as Leon wrenched his hand free. "That messed-up hunk of rat turds you got can't beat this ride here. My man Chester says he'll race you for a spot."

"Shut up," said Leon. To my surprise, he stomped off toward the Camaro,

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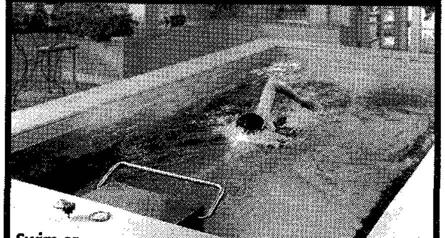

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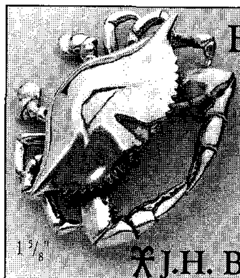

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"No, we're not getting any younger, but why, pray tell, is that such a revelation to us?"

• •

boys in tow, towels dropped in their wake. I'd expected a punch or, at least, a smack. Foolish suggestions often drew smacks. With no smack to be had, the audience became a tense, buzzing mob of color commentators. "They crazy" was their main catchphrase.

"I know I didn't hear you say that," said Chester, turning to me with a frown. He removed his sunglasses and threw them inside the car. "Lorenzo, man, let's just go home."

"Why?" I asked. "Leon's already at home. Leon lives in Cedar Heights, too."

"Yeah, but—"

"Just get in the car, man." I opened the door and stood there until he got in. Making my way around the back of the car, I scanned the crowd for Le Ly. She had moved farther away, but her eyes were focussed on the hooptie.

"You'll thank me for this someday," I said, lowering myself into the seat. It took me a moment, while I slammed and re-slammed the door, to realize that Chester had placed his head on the steering wheel. He was crying.

"They're always messin' with me," he said, sobbing between gasps of air. "What did I do? They're supposed to be grown. How come grown folks always messin' with kids, man?"

I placed my hand on his shoulder. "Be cool," I said.

"Naw, bump that!" He raised his head up and faced the windshield. "Yeah, that's right, chumps!" he yelled, scowling at the onlookers, wiping snot on his sleeves. Leon's engine could be heard in the background. It sounded like an idling tractor: *Bow! Zugga zugga. Bow! Zugga zugga.*

"I can't race that fool," said Chester. "My mama will kill me if I wreck this car. My auntie gave me this car, man, I don't know what you're thinking about."

"Roll up your window," I said. "Nah, forget that. Just lean your ear over."

"What?" asked Chester.

"Just listen, man. I think I know what to do."

It was the oldest trick in the book. With spectators on either side, both Leon and Chester revved their engines. They faced away from the car wash, toward the hill that led to it, the strip being the open road. I stood among the crowd, listening to the protests and disbelief. The general suspicion was that Chester was going to end up in the hospital.

"Let's get this mother gone!" yelled a friend of Leon's. A girl in a pair of pink hot pants stepped in between the two cars. Overhead, the blazing sun made jewels of the rocks in the asphalt. Apollonia seethed. Blue smoke billowed from every pipe.

"Dead man!" shouted Leon, leering from his dark ride.

"Ain't nothin' but a *thang*," said Chester, grinning behind the mirrored sky of his sunglasses. "Here come the sweet potatoes!"

The girl shrieked a countdown. Leon's car launched on "two," taking the hill and then vanishing in a thick fog of exhaust. People were still knocking the dust from their clothes when the first few giggles could be heard in Leon's wake.

"He calls that 'fast'?" said Chester, still sitting in the same position as before the countdown. "That's why his mama got sent to jail for stealin' hot sauce on Christmas."

The crowd had seen it coming. The six-day-old French fries had seen it coming. With the roar of the black Camaro receding in the distance, guffaws and loud talk arose from the spectators. "Told you!" they shouted to each other. "Told you!" and "Damn it!" and "I'll be dogged!" and, most vehemently, "Where my two dollars at?" Apollonia, whose engine was still running, slowly went into reverse, easing herself into the carwash bay made vacant by Leon's haste. Simply put, the hare had hauled tail and now the tortoise was taking up shack in the rabbit's hole. It was a Saturday morning cartoon. The Car Wash Club was hip, but not too hip for cartoons. They laughed and they cackled and they shook their heads. Even Leon's boys were making fun of his skid marks.

"What are we supposed to do when he comes back?" asked Chester, stepping out of the car.

"Pop the hatch," I said.

"Pop the hatch? What's that supposed to do?"

I smiled, glancing around to make sure Le Ly was still there. "It's supposed to open up the back, so I can get the cleaning stuff out. What's wrong with you, man? I thought we came here to wash Apollonia?"

"Oh, yeah," said Chester. A thousand words should have been pouring from my best friend's mouth. This was his hour. People were shaking his hand, but I knew who was really racing his heart.

"Nice sunglasses," she said, eying her own reflection. ♦

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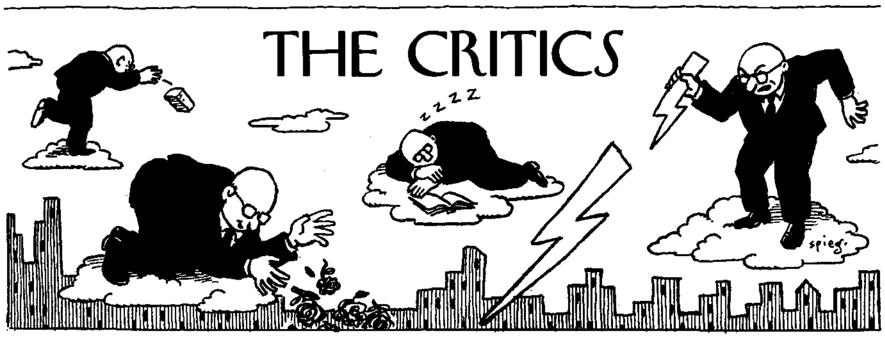


ON TELEVISION

TREASURE ISLAND

A game show set in a place where reality really does bite.

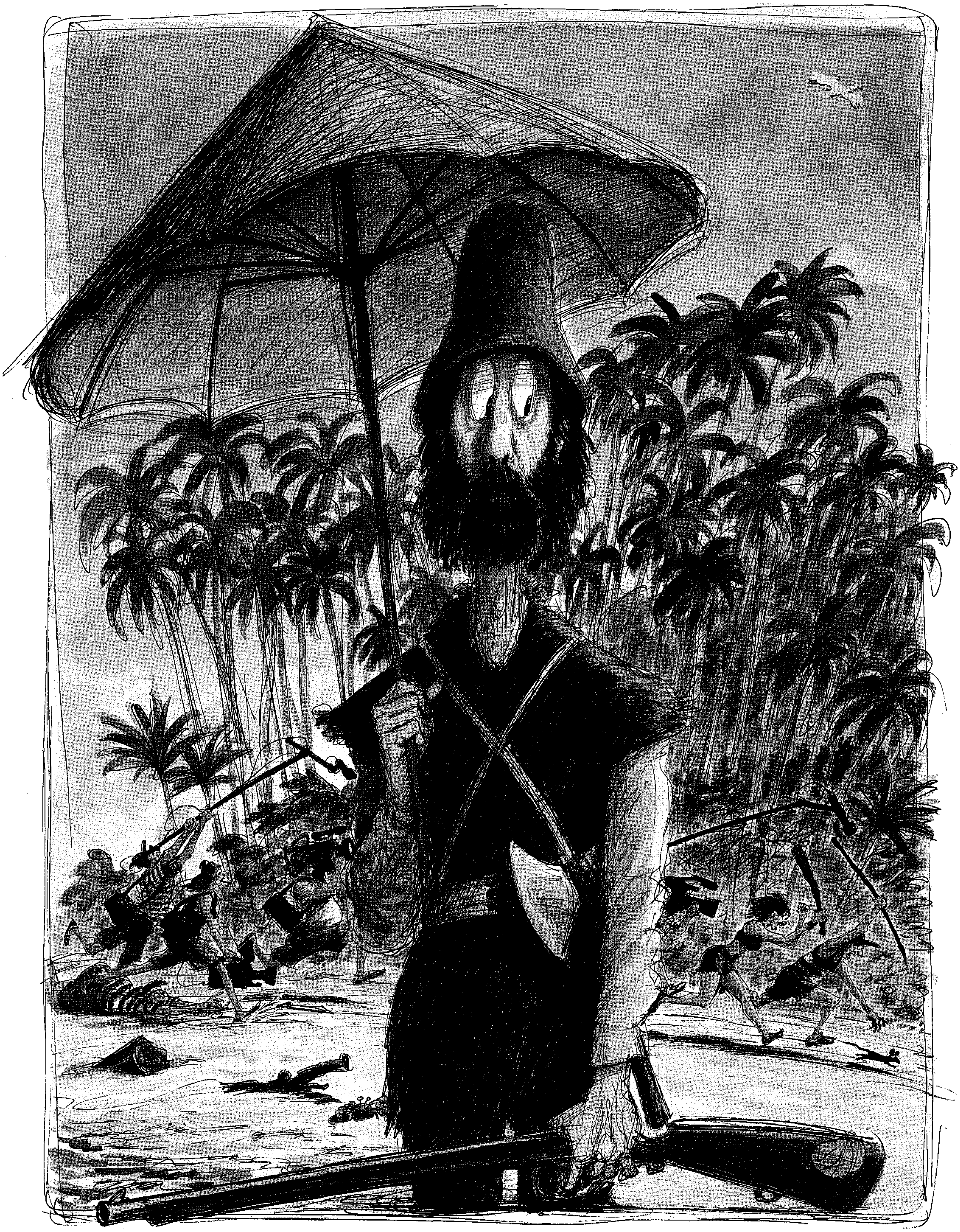
BY NANCY FRANKLIN

It will be seven long weeks before we find out who walked away with the trunk of cash sitting in the middle of Pulau Tiga, a charmless island in the South China Sea, where the tropical game of attrition known as "Survivor" was shot. As of now, eleven of the original sixteen contestants, who were chosen from a pool of more than six thousand applicants, are still in the running, and I suppose I should make my prejudices known before I go any further. The creators of the show have set up a number of artificial challenges geared to maximize the tension between the two groups into which the contestants—castaways, in "Survivor" parlance—were divided on arrival, and at the end of every episode that tension is resolved by the losing tribe's voting off one of its own members. I don't really care who wins—as long as it isn't Joel, or Greg, or Jenna, or Sean, or Susan. I don't like Kelly or Colleen much, either; and Gervase—well, I'm sorry, Gervase, but your heroic performance in the recent rowing competition probably won't erase the memory of your interminable fussing and flailing about over the eating of a couple of plump, pulsing beetle larvae a few weeks ago. I have mixed feelings about Richard, who may be a Rhode Islander but has consummate Manhattan survivor skills—a Mephistophelian mixture of charm, self-knowledge, and sneakiness, which I'd hate to see rewarded with a million dollars, even if they are only pre-tax dollars. Gretchen, the modest and forthright pre-school teacher about whom no one on the show has yet said a discouraging word, would be O.K. with me, as would Rudy, the seventy-two-year-old retired Navy SEAL, though I think it's unlikely that he'll end up being the master of this benighted domain. CBS, which has, with this show, attracted its largest young audience in years, and has thus gained fresh respect with advertisers, would probably poison Rudy's water supply if it looked as though the crusty septuagenarian might actually win. If CBS really wanted to insure that people in their teens and early twenties would watch "Survivor," it should have put a few baby boomers on the island, so that kids could have the pleasure of seeing their parents get kicked off. As it is, the fact that there are no people in their forties or fifties on the show is a stony reminder that we don't matter that much to advertisers anymore, except perhaps to Pfizer and bifocal-lens manufacturers. Which is not to say that we're not tough enough for "Survivor"; I myself killed a spider in my bathtub just the other night, using nothing but my bare hand and a few sheets of one-ply toilet paper, and I have managed to survive on the island of Manhattan for twenty-one years without being voted off.

My response to "Survivor" is personal, not ideological—I find it riveting, but not particularly interesting as a phenomenon. It's billed as "reality TV," or "voyeur TV"—that's the term that *Time* used in a cover story a couple of weeks ago called "We Like to Watch." Yes, we do, and we always have, ever since television sets went on sale. It's no mystery, and it's hardly a sign of anything sinister or civilization-destroying, that "Survivor" has been a success. It's ripping drama, plain and simple. I haven't been this devoted to a Wednesday-night show for fifteen years, since the heyday of "Dynasty." (Now, there's a phrase to make you pause and reflect on the way you've spent your free time: "the heyday of 'Dynasty.' ") The show bears as much relation to reality as a corporate retreat does to regular office life; it's an absurd, elaborate fake, as are the shows it's compared with—MTV's "Road Rules" and "The Real World." In the introduction to "The Real World," a voice-over says, "What happens when people stop being polite and start getting real?" But some of the people chosen for these shows weren't polite to begin with—the still talked-about Puck, who was in the San Francisco "Real World," in 1994, undoubtedly had a habit of picking his nose and then putting his fingers in the peanut-butter jar long before he was filmed doing it—and that's exactly why they were chosen. If the sixteen contestants on "Survivor" had been on sixteen different islands for thirty-nine days, we might have learned something about what it takes to make a go of it in extreme circumstances. What's being tested here isn't whether any of these people can survive on an uninhabited island but whether they can survive one another, and how they negotiate the conflict between their selfish, competitive instincts and their need to preserve group strength. This isn't "Robinson Crusoe," it's "The Dysfunctional Family Robinson."

In the first episode, age-based humiliation was the order of the day when Sonja, a sixty-three-year-old woman who was at first identified only as a "cancer survivor" by the asinine host, Jeff Probst, was voted off by her tribe because she was the "weakest link" and had contributed to its loss in that week's manufactured challenge. (The cameras, which are obviously ubiquitous on this show—otherwise there would be no show—caught her stumbling awkwardly in the water during the competition.) Earlier in the episode, we'd seen Sean, a neurologist in Sonja's tribe (he has a nipple ring, which means he'll never be *my*

VICTOR JUHASZ



Would Robinson Crusoe have made it through thirty-nine days with the savages of "Survivor"'s Pulau Tiga?

neurologist), dressing a cut on her shin and Sonja saying something to the camera about aging and thinning skin. And, eerily, we'd seen Richard, the non-indigenous snake in the grass, listening to her attentively as she played her ukulele; to me, that meant he had done a psychological cost-benefit analysis of the situation, and figured that it wouldn't kill him to humor her for a few minutes since she was clearly history. Each team had at least one member guaranteed not to go the distance, and in the second episode destiny's dropout was bound to be either Ramona, the lazy biochemist, or the unbearable B.B., a sixty-four-year-old square-jawed, hardworking pain in the ass who said to the camera, "I just want to make my life here as comfortable as possible, and then get the hell off." When B.B. used the cooking water to wash his T-shirt, his fate was sealed. By now, the humiliations on the show were self-induced and personality-related, so viewers who may have found the first episode cruel could begin to relax and enjoy themselves. I admit that by the third episode I was gunning for Stacey, a lawyer from San Francisco and a poster girl for gracelessness under pressure. Earlier, she had complained that Rudy was eating more than his share, and now she said, "We've all sort of come to the conclusion that Rudy really needs to get outta here." Apparently, "we" had come to no such conclusion, and Stacey was deservedly booted out, but before she disappeared forever (or, at least, disappeared until the next morning, when she washed up on CBS's "Early Show," as all the castoffs have done) she said, over the show's closing credits, "They kicked off their bug-eating hero instead of their food-stealing, stumbling, ornery old Navy SEAL." Yes, and isn't it delicious?

If I seem to be laughing at these plucky contestants instead of with them, that's because I am. (Except for Richard, they have had a hard time getting a fire of humor to light, and so far the funniest thing about the show is its sponsors—Dr. Scholl's, Visa, the United States Army.) For one thing, they've got themselves into a ridiculously hokey situation by agreeing to spend thirty-nine days, or some part of them, on an island that's been tricked up to look like the set of "I Walked with a Zombie." Tiki torches, carved idols, shaky plank-and-rope footbridges—all that's missing is cannibalistic natives. (The first person they'd take a bite out of is the host, who in all seriousness referred to the voting-off ritual as "sacred.") For another, being laughed at is part of the bargain they bought into when they signed on. Assuming the application for the Pulau Tiga "Survivor" is similar to the one now available on CBS's Web site for the second incarnation of the show, which will be shot in Australia in October and broadcast next year, contestants were asked to consent to the use and reuse, in perpetuity, of their "voice, actions, likeness, name, appearance, and biographical material" in connection with the show, and to allow CBS to "alter or modify" any of the above, "regardless of whether or not I am recognizable." Of course, all the contestants' identities have been hacked away at and boiled down by the show—we're seeing only an hour's worth of footage, including commercials, for every three days they spend on the island. "Survivor" isn't really happening on Pulau Tiga; it's happening in the editing room.

In fact, "Survivor" could just as well be happening on the moon (and probably will be, one of these days). Never at any point have we seen a real map, only phonily aged "treasure maps" and the like, and we haven't been told anything of the island's history or natural life, except in the form of an occasional silent closeup of an unidentified snake. The host has said that the island is off the coast of Malaysia, and he has also said that it's off the coast of Borneo. For the record, it's off the coast of the part of Malaysia that is on the island of Borneo. The show's breezily contextless—dare I say mindless—approach makes it probably a one-shot deal in my house. The appetite that it satisfies is a small one, and easily sated, and without even having seen "Crocodile Dundee" I can imagine the kind of cultural claptrap and know-nothing exoticism that will permeate the upcoming Australian show. I'm sure that the people on this "Survivor" will have learned something about themselves from their experience, but I'm hoping they'll keep whatever it is to themselves. And what will viewers have learned? The not uninteresting but not entirely surprising fact that rat doesn't taste like chicken. ◆

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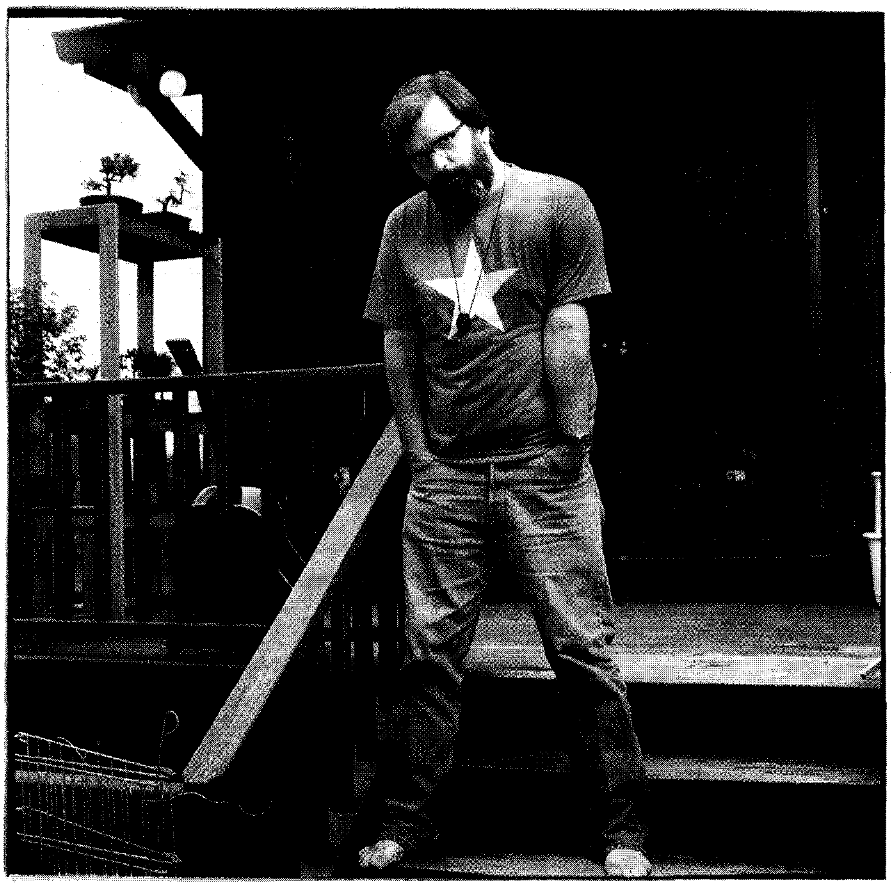
BY NICK HORNBY



Steve Earle at home in Tennessee. Since getting out of prison in 1994, he is a man transformed, magically making up for lost time. Photograph by Martin Schoeller.

There is a duet on Steve Earle's new album, "Transcendental Blues," entitled "When I Fall," a simple but rousing paean to a love that has endured hard times, which seems fairly ordinary in its concerns and expression until you realize that the female voice in the song belongs to Earle's sister Stacey. "All these years I've watched you trip and stumble," she sings in the second verse. "There were times when I feared that you were lost." Those familiar with Earle's story will know that his sister's fears were not baseless, and that watching his every misstep, especially in the first half of the nineties, would have been a full-time job. Earle, who is now forty-five, has already been married and divorced six times (although he has had only five wives, ex-wife No. 4 and ex-wife No. 6 being one and the same), and in 1994 he was convicted and imprisoned for possessing narcotics, a sentence that would ultimately put an end to several years of heroin addiction. During this period, Earle stopped making music altogether. Indeed, such was his plight that he did not even own a guitar. If staying married to Earle is difficult, then staying related to him by blood must have been even harder.

The jail term was followed by a successful rehab program, and since then Earle has scarcely put a foot wrong, give or take the odd failed marriage. The comeback began in 1995, with the triumphant but noticeably contemplative acoustic album "Train a Comin' " (its predecessor, in 1991, was a noisy and noticeably uncontemplative live recording entitled "Shut Up and Die like an Aviator," and could have been—indeed, effectively was—made by somebody else altogether); it marked the relaunch of what has become one of the most creatively successful careers in contemporary American music. Who else has recorded five good-to-great albums in six years? Even the weakest of them, the occasionally overearnest "El Corazón" (which begins with an acoustic ballad mourning the death of radicalism), contains a handful of great songs, including "Telephone Road," which should walk straight onto anyone's compilation tape of thrilling nineties moments. This renewed version of Earle gives every impression of wanting to claw back the years he wasted trying to score dope: apart from the constant recording and touring, he has been teaching the art of songwriting in Chicago and campaigning for the abolition of the death penalty; he has started a record label, E-Squared; signed up bands; produced eight records; written poetry; and completed a collection of short stories. Clearly, Earle felt he had some catching up to do. No one should tell him that he's already caught up—indeed, he probably overtook most of us sometime in 1997.

Earle's music is a hybrid of Nashville, folk, and rock and roll which, when played by younger bands—Wilco, the Jayhawks, Son Volt—has come to be described as alt- (for alternative) country. Those who have been listening to pop music for a long time might be mystified by the suggestion that there is anything new going on here, because most alt-country music sounds remarkably similar to the music made by the Stones and/or Gram Parsons in the late sixties and early seventies. In fact what it has brought to the party is a renewed interest in the craft of songwriting. There has also been a reawakening of interest, among younger musicians, in the history of American folk music. Wilco, for instance, has been busy contemporizing Woody Guthrie. And Harry Smith's extraordinary, recently re-released "Anthology of American Folk Music," which Earle has been using as a set text in his songwriting course, has provoked the same kind of awestruck admiration that a different generation of musicians held for the Velvet Underground.

Earle has been playing and listening

SABA

to music long enough that he has no need to graft on roots for his roots rock; the roots are fully established. And just as his last offering, "The Mountain," was an entirely successful attempt to pay tribute to, and extend the life of, the bluegrass he loves, the new album is a celebration of the pop music Earle has listened to since his childhood and young adulthood. "Transcendental Blues" contains a couple of songs played in the key of Beatles (Earle described recently how a copy of "Revolver" lay on top of a monitor throughout the recording session, like a coded instruction manual), a couple of quasi-Springsteen rockers, and a couple of Dylanesque folk ballads. "Lonelier Than This" is as pretty as anything Earle has ever written: "Maybe this is as good as it's gonna get / And I'll always be this way," he sings over an impossibly heartsick acoustic-guitar line, and so affecting is the song that you cannot help but wish this kind of ill luck upon him. And the album's closer, "Over Yonder (Jonathan's Song)," is devastating. It was written for a death-row prisoner, Jonathan Nobles, who was executed by lethal injection in 1998. Earle was present, by Nobles's request, at the execution. Earle's words—mercifully unpreachy, simple, clear-sighted, humane—show an expertise and tastefulness that may surprise those who lost touch with him round about the time he lost touch with himself.

There is an enduring confusion in rock and roll on the subject of authenticity. Those who have lived the sex-and-drugs life, the argument goes, are somehow more likely to speak to us with the voice of wisdom and self-knowledge, but this is rarely the case. There are plenty of screwups whose music is trite and shallow, and, besides, this theory of rock is very selective: it is applied to Kurt Cobain but not to, say, Elton John. If you're determined to find Earle's experience audible in his recent music, then, of course, you'll find a line of a lyric here and a rasp in the voice there (the truth is that the rasp is more likely to have been caused by age and tobacco than by heroin, prison, or ex-wives). In "Transcendental Blues" you can hear something about Earle's privations, but authenticists will be disappointed by its obliquity and its lack of luridness. On the sleeve of "I Feel Alright," the second album since his comeback, Earle tells a little story: "When I was locked up, I was getting ready to go off on this boy that stole my radio. My partner Paul asked me where I was going. I said, 'To get my radio—and then go to the hole for a little while.' He looked at me like I look at my 13-year-old sometimes, and said 'No you ain't. You're gonna sit your little white ass down and do your little time and then you're gonna get out of here and make me a nice record.' SO I MADE TWO."

In 1941, Preston Sturges made the film of this incident some fifty years before it happened. True, Sturges changed the occupation of the hero from musician to filmmaker and called him Sullivan rather than Earle, but the lessons the two men learned are very much the same: the story of Steve Earle's post-prison career is of a man who has properly understood the value of music—he remembers how awful it was not to be able to make it (or even listen to it) and everything he has done since has been an attempt to maximize the gift he has for it. In this respect, "Transcendental Blues" is "about" music much more than it is about heroin addiction or broken marriages. The secret to longevity in the field of popular music, it seems, is to keep listening and to keep learning. Dylan understands this, and Bruce Springsteen does, too; "Time Out of Mind" and "The Ghost of Tom Joad" are the products of people who have been doing some homework. Earle has added Irish music to his tangle of roots—he has been spending parts of the year in Ireland, and "Transcendental Blues" features a song called "The Galway Girl"—and the freshness and punch of this satisfying collection, its breadth and soul and craft, are the unmistakable sign of someone who takes the simple things in music seriously. No one should underestimate the glee underlying those capital letters at the end of the prison story ("SO I MADE TWO"). Well, with "Transcendental Blues," HE MADE FIVE.

The latest band signed to Steve Earle's record label, E-Squared, was Marah, a young band from South Philadelphia. Despite its youth, the band knows its music, too: at a recent show in New York it slipped into set covers of "Come On," by Chuck Berry, the Who's "Magic Bus," and the Replacements' "Can't Hardly Wait." This is a risky strategy, not only because covers can make original material sound awfully thin by contrast but also because the audience may end up feeling as though it were listening to a bar band with no ambition to be anything but a bar band doing covers. Marah, however, remembers that Springsteen's E Street Band was as likely to launch into "Quarter to Three" at some shows as "Born to Run," and it never did the group any harm. If you are sufficiently talented (and sufficiently ambitious), then paying tribute to other people's songs can seem more like a way of picking up the baton than of dropping out of the race.

Marah's first album for E-Squared, "Kids in Philly," shows no shortage of ambition. Like "Transcendental Blues," it is the product of listening to the right sorts of things—the American canon—without being derivative. But Marah is at a different point in its career; Earle, having lived this music for so long, is able to step outside the great tradition, and be ruminative and reflective. "Kids in Philly" is all urgency, hunger, and yearning, and a torrent of words spills all over the tunes with an invigorating disregard for the virtue of economy. ("Kids in Philly" is so urgent that it is only thirty-seven minutes long, which, given the preposterous length of most post-CD albums, is a recommendation in itself.) Despite its banjos and its harmonicas, Marah is much too raucous to be considered anything but a rock band, but its songs are so assured and so exuberantly tuneful—"My Heart Is the Bums on the Street" is just crying out to be covered by Jackie Wilson—that the music turns out to be gloriously inclusive. In the best possible way, Marah sounds as though it wants to be famous. I hadn't realized how much I missed that kind of ambition (most bands squash it flat in case it should make them appear uncool) until I heard it in the band's chord changes and its doggedly starry-eyed backing vocals. It is clear why Steve Earle loves the band, but that kind of hope and ache belongs to another and, one suspects, unhappier time of his life: you might not be able to detect naked pain in the songs of "Transcendental Blues," but you can spot what that pain has cost him. ♦

THE CURRENT CINEMA

PLUCK AND CLUCK

Fishermen at sea in "The Perfect Storm" and a break for freedom in "Chicken Run."

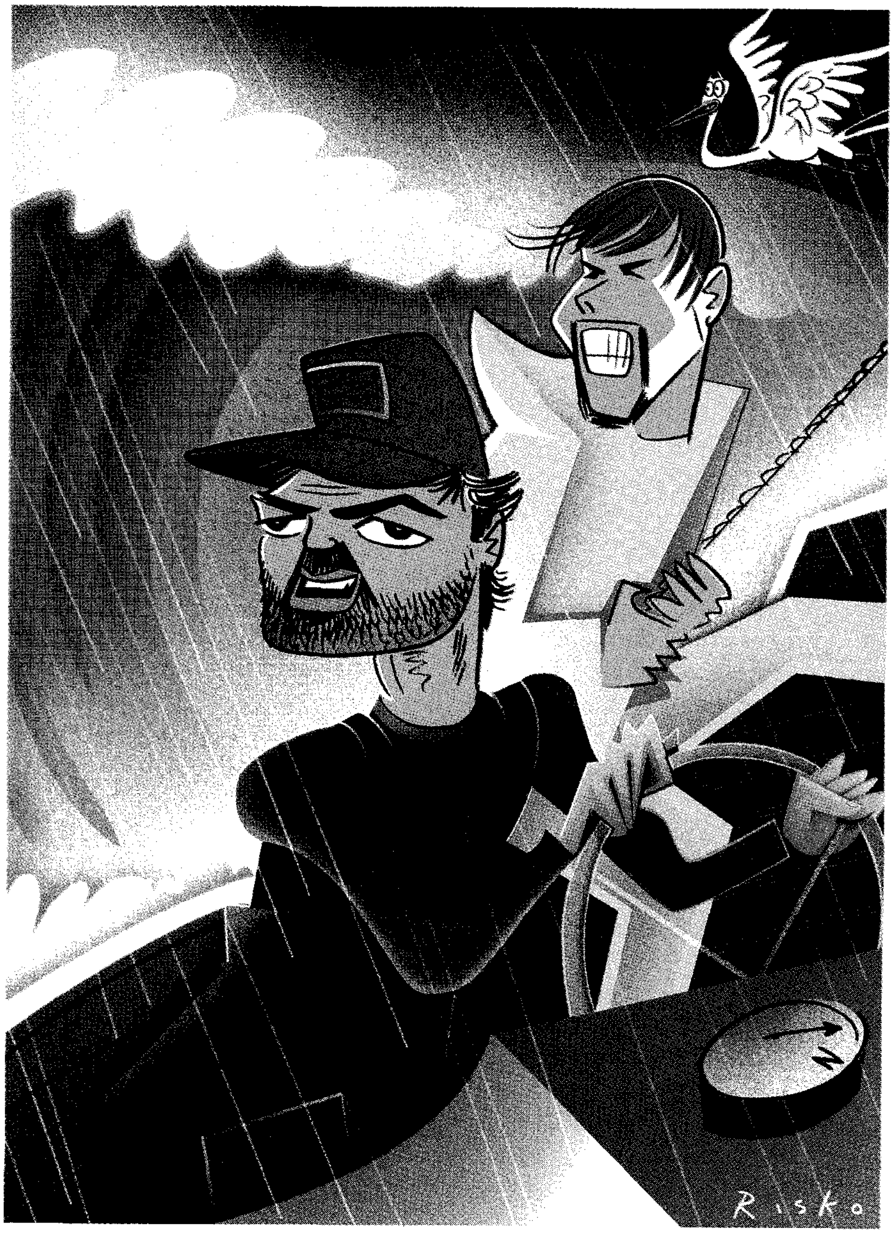
BY ANTHONY LANE

In October, 1991, a sword boat named the Andrea Gail put out to sea from Gloucester, Massachusetts. What she went through is a matter both of record and of speculation, and Sebastian Junger turned the mixture into a bestseller called "The Perfect Storm." This was stirring stuff, all the better for its ballast of heavy detail. Thanks to Junger, for instance, I know that the heart of a drowning man beats "like a bag full of worms," and that the severed head of a mako shark can still bite.

Now Wolfgang Petersen, who set off depth charges with his 1981 movie "Das Boot," has risen to the surface and made a film of Junger's book. Most of the characters remain intact. The ship's captain, Billy Tyne, is played by George Clooney. Tyne takes a five-man crew: Bobby (Mark Wahlberg), Murph (John C. Reilly), Sully (William Fichtner), Alfred Pierre (Allen Payne), and Bugsy (John Hawkes). The Andrea Gail is played by a sister ship named the Lady Grace. Hers is a lovely performance, and, unlike the rest of the cast, she doesn't have to shout all the time.

The movie is sliced into three helpings. First, and worst, we get the prelaunch bender. This involves the guys sitting around a local bar with their wives or lovers, occasionally nipping upstairs for a final swing in the rigging. Women, as Junger makes plain, get a thankless deal in fishing communities; man for man, fishing is the most perilous job in the United States, and, over the centuries, Gloucester has lost ten thousand men at sea. In practice, this means that a wife will watch her husband head for the Grand Banks, the rich fishing grounds twelve hundred miles from home, as if he were setting off to war; in the movie, unfortunately, it means that a bunch of skilled actresses have little to do except bravely choke back tears and wave a trembly farewell. It's pretty tough on Diane Lane, who plays Bobby's girlfriend, Chris. She gets landed with lines like "Tell me last night was worth it," and earns herself a big, elemental home-decorating scene while he is out there wrestling with the kind of weather conditions last featured in the Book of Genesis.

Everything picks up when the Andrea Gail chugs out of port and leaves the worrying behind. A sword boat goes looking for swordfish, as you might expect, and soon Tyne and the boys are spearing mackerel and squid onto vicious hooks, attaching them to lines, marking them with lightsticks, and casting them over the stern. At dawn, you haul them back in, and, if luck is with you, up comes an animatronic swordfish with lifelike squirm and super flapping tail, courtesy of Walt Conti, at Edge Innovations. It's amazing what you can find at sea these days. I do think that animal husbandry is getting out of hand in the movies; when Roberto Rossellini filmed the great tuna-netting sequence for "Stromboli," it never would have occurred to him—even if the technology had been at his disposal—to



George Clooney as Billy Tyne. The most authentic touch is the stubble on his jawline.

ROBERT RISKO

use anything but true fishermen and even truer fish. His movie, which is the story of a rocky marriage, basically turned into a documentary for the duration of the catch; you were slapped by the thrash-'n'-shout exhilaration of the islanders' ritual, and it lifted the rest of the picture. By contrast, there's a perplexing lack of high spirits in "The Perfect Storm," whose most authentic touch is the stubble on George Clooney's jawline, and one can only marvel at the thoughts of Mark Wahlberg as he manhandles a great trunk of false flesh over the side. It's like "Boogie Nights" with fins.

The biggest test for the special-effects department comes as the winds begin to whip and the North Atlantic is quickly transformed into the world's largest cappuccino. The events of late October, 1991, were a freak show of nature; three separate gremlins—including Hurricane Grace, which was hurrying north after a holiday in the Caribbean—met up south of Newfoundland, picked a quarrel, and took it toward the coast. In the book, we get pages of raging data about the criminal behavior of gales: "A single thunderstorm could supply four days' worth of the electrical power needed by the United States," and so on. In the film, we have to settle for a single TV weatherman, who realizes that he has only a few lines of bad dialogue and decides to wring them dry: "It would be a disaster of epic proportions. It would be," he says, pausing to suck in his breath, "the perfect storm." Much of Bill Wittliff's screenplay sounds like this; it feels crafted rather than lived in, like the plastic swordfish. "You're headed right for the middle of the monster!" Tyne is told, as the official level of metaphor climbs toward Force 12.

The time was right for this movie; thanks to Industrial Light and Magic, directors can now make waves. And that is what the summer audience, readying itself for a paddle at the beach, badly wants to see: Himalayas of water, trenches of sudden air—the world doing its worst to the best of men. I would say that, at present, computer enhancement is better at wetness than it is at light; the rollers gather and burst beautifully, but the dull, glazed sheen of their surfaces gives the game away. The problem with "The Perfect Storm," however, is not one of artifice but one of organization; unlike Billy Tyne, Captain Petersen isn't quite sure which direction to head in, and he doesn't always know how to deploy his crew. We get a tiff between Sully and Murph that comes out of nowhere, and we learn nothing of Alfred Pierre, the only black man on board, except that, back in Gloucester, people laughed at his accent and at the tremors of his lovemaking overhead. We also have the distressing spectacle of Clooney being given too little to do—plenty of gasping action, of course, as he crawls along an outrigger with a blowtorch, but none of the easy joshing that he has made his own. What a pity: this should have been a unique opportunity for moviegoers to experience just what it is like to be overwhelmed by a majestic, six-foot Clooney.

Junger's book relied on a major must-have: he admitted that we could never know all that happened in those turbulent days, most of them darker than nights, and he left some things suspended or even unsaid—gaps that the movie is forced to plug. He also cast around for other heroes and victims: one helicopter rescue team that went to the aid of three Americans on the sloop Satori, another that flew to a lone Japanese yachtsman. Not only did this allow him to maintain the full gust of the narrative; it also made it clear that the eye of that narrative was the storm itself, and that humans were, often literally, nothing but bit parts. Petersen tries to follow Junger's lead, and so he keeps yanking us from the Andrea Gail to the Satori and back again, sometimes within the roll of a single swell. Then, just to complicate matters, we go inside the H-60, a rescue helicopter, as it struggles to refuel in the teeth of the squall, fails, and has to ditch. (In the terminology of the Air National Guard, a mission this dangerous would be called "sporty.") We barely learn the names of the pilot and his crew, but I have to say that I found their plight just as gripping and noble as the fate of the Andrea Gail, and I came away from the movie unsure where my loyalties were supposed to lie. Things fall apart; the center cannot hold. Petersen doesn't know how to round the tale off, and he opts for a replay of a George Clooney speech that we already heard an hour and a half ago. "The Perfect Storm" is more sappy than sporty; it tries hard to reach our deepest fears, but it ends up back in the shallows.

Nick Park, the Rodin of plasticine, is the man who gave us Wallace and Gromit. They are everyone's idea of the perfect couple, a pairing of man and beast; the beast gets all the brains, initiative, courage, and cool, and the man looks after the cheese. Park keeps making films about them, and people keep on throwing Academy Awards at him, as if he were a giant magnet. Now he has been lured to Hollywood, and, working with a co-director, Peter Lord, he has come up with his first full-length feature, "Chicken Run." If I were pitching this movie, I'd say it's "The Great Escape" meets Colonel Sanders. The scene is a chicken farm, which is managed like a Second World War prison camp; the hens are the good guys, naturally, and the Germans are the farmers. All the classic flights to freedom have been tried, with the exception of flight itself. An incoming rooster named Rocky—voiced by Mel Gibson—changes all that, using his American swagger to pick up chicks. Typical guy: he'll do anything for a cluck.

The culture-clashing here is pretty shrewd; any resemblance to small, intrepid British filmmakers requiring the services of American financial muscle is entirely coincidental. It has to be said that the film is a stretch; stop-motion figures bend every which way, but Park found his genius in the compacted, half-hour form, and I'm not sure it's sanitary to elasticate a chicken beyond the eighty-minute mark. Still, even without Wallace and Gromit, most of the trademark joys are here: the compound of squashy creatures and heavy machinery, the wide, open-ended rictus of a toothy smile, and the great Parkian gulp—the most accurate index of plucky panic since Bob Hope made that "rrrhhooww" sound at the back of his throat whenever Jane Russell ("the two and only Jane Russell," as he called her) came his way. Whether our heroines break out I am not at liberty to divulge, but the moral is clear: whatever else chickens may be, they're not chicken. ♦

BOOKS

THE BATTLE OVER BOYS

Will feminists or their foes win the teen-age soul?

BY NICHOLAS LEMANN

It's funny about children—there they are, sitting right in front of you all day, or at least in the back seat of your car, but you have so many feelings about them that it's as if they were invisible. They've ruined your life, they've made your life; they're perfect, they're a disaster. Teen-age boys, in particular, present the blankest possible slate. They spend their lives staring vacantly at screens. They communicate with adults in grunts and with their friends in guffaws. Who knows what's going on in there?

You can assume one of two things about the teen-age boy. You can assume that he is oppressed, depressed, enraged, and endangered, ready to go postal at the slightest provocation. Or you can assume that even after ingesting huge doses of entertainment-industry product and processed food, even after being subjected in school to mean teachers and D.A.R.E. courses taught by police officers, even after years of torturing and being tortured by his dearest friends, he still might come through it O.K. and even think of growing up as having been fun.

In the realm of pop psychology and cultural punditry, the first of these assumptions always wins. It has been less than a century since G. Stanley Hall published "Adolescence," the book that introduced teen-agers, as we now understand them, to Americans, and for most of their categorical life—from "Blackboard Jungle" to "American Beauty"—they have been deemed to be in crisis. Recently, though, several factors have combined to create an atmosphere of especially worried attention. One is the massacre at Columbine High School last year. Another is the success of "Reviving Ophelia," by Mary Pipher, Ph.D., a work of good-hearted concern about teen-age girls that has sold 1.6 million copies since it was published, in 1994. Evidently hoping to extend the "Reviving Ophelia" brand to teen-age boys, publishers have recently brought out half a dozen books of therapeutic advice and comment aimed at their parents; teen-age boys are the new teen-age girls. Finally, the national argument about feminism and gender roles has been in search of new battlegrounds. We've done careers, we've done courtship, and now we're on to child-rearing techniques, with teen-age boys the subcategory of the moment.

You might think of the leading experts on teen-age boys as belonging to a Red Team and a Blue Team, according to their positions on feminism. The Red Team sees boys as being oppressed by traditional notions of masculinity, and yearning to break free. The Blue Team thinks those traditional notions are just fine but need to be shored up because of the damage done by a generation of feminist attack. To get a full sense of their arguments, and the dire tones in which they are expressed, you have to go to the two most perfervid of the current flowering of boy books: "Real Boys'

TOM BACHTELL

Experts who believe that boys are oppressed by traditional masculinity clash with others who fear we're turning them into sissies.

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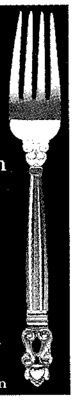

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Voices," by William S. Pollack, Ph.D., with Todd Shuster (Red Team); and "The War Against Boys: How Misguided Feminism Is Harming Our Young Men," by Christina Hoff Sommers (Blue Team). Reading them in tandem is a little like being a teen-age boy trapped inside his parents' bad marriage, with the usual gender roles reversed. Sommers is as tough and traditional as the father in a Pat Conroy novel. Pollack oozes concern. Sommers attacks (one of her targets is Pollack). Pollack absorbs pain. They can't possibly ever get along.

Pollack, a clinical psychologist, is the co-director of the Center for Men at McLean Hospital, in Massachusetts, the high-end asylum where "Girl, Interrupted" takes place. In 1998, he published a book called "Real Boys: Rescuing Our Sons from the Myths of Boyhood." After the Columbine shootings, in April of 1999, the television talk-show bookers settled upon him as the person best able to explain the meaning of the tragedy, and he and "Real Boys" became ubiquitous.

"Real Boys' Voices" (Random House; $25.95), the sequel to "Real Boys," consists of Studs Terkel-style interviews with teen-age boys all over America, including some of the wounded from Columbine High School. It is the work of a busy man. Evidently, it was produced by a kind of Pollack atelier; he conducted some of the interviews, and assistants conducted others, edited them, and presented them to him for commentary and analysis. (The author's literary agent, Todd Shuster, shares the writing credit.) Nonetheless, all the interviews are in strict compliance with Pollack's previously stated theory of American boys, which is that they are prisoners of a "Boy Code" that prevents them from expressing their feelings. Living, as we do, in the country of Huckleberry Finn and Holden Caulfield, we've been conditioned to think of real boys' voices as being laconically disobedient, but these real boys come across as anguished and dramatic. Like Huck, Pollack's boys yearn to be sivilized. Here is what they sound like:

> "I think virginity is something so sacred, so beautiful and holy that you should only lose it when your feelings for your girlfriend are real. I have to wait for that special someone before I lose my virginity." (Tyrone, 17)

> "The earliest memory I have of my mother is her flinging her body across mine, attempting to save me from my father's unchecked brutality. Though I was merely a toddler then, wisps of memories still greet me in my dreams in which I see her again, shielding her child, taking another double beating to save her son from that fate." (Gregory, 18)

> "The real toxic ideals are the ones that can physically affect people, the scapegoating and the propaganda and the spreading of these vitriolic messages of hate to other people, influencing people who are less educated or who need someone to blame." (Bart, 16)

In the course of three hundred and ninety-two pages mostly devoted to testimony from real boys, you'll come across a few—very few—moments of joy but none of sarcasm or bravado or even immaturity. There are no "South Park" fans here. (Indeed, in listening to members of a group that is obsessed with popular culture, Pollack and his associates have heard almost no references to it, and the few they do report are oddly out of date—one boy worships the Cure.) Pollack has seen that, despite the menace posed by the Boy Code, boys are "ready to be released from their straitjackets." He goes on: "Although they don't know how to do it alone and they don't want to be the first one to do it, they desire to be more expressive, to be closer to other human beings, and to be allowed more flexibility and tolerance in how they reveal themselves to the world. They want the doors to open." What they want, in other words, is to be more like girls. Again and again, in the testimonials Pollack presents, what we think of as the typical boy quality—athleticism, aggression, taciturnity—turns out to be a false front concealing some gentler, softer quality. Pollack advises us to tell our boys, "If you want to become a beautician, don't let the gender straitjacket get in the way," or, "I'm sorry if it's hard for you to get the tears out right now—it's not your fault, it's just the way society has taught you to mask your feelings."

It would be hard to overstate the sense of peril with which Pollack presents the boy situation. The introductory and connective passages he uses to weave the boys' words together have the fever pitch of crisis rhetoric. Over and over, Pollack warns that if we don't listen to our boys, if we let the unbearable pressure of their unmet needs for intimacy and expression continue to build up, "at any moment their rage could spill over into violence."

His thundering certainty does not, however, manifest itself in the form of a precise etiology of the Boy Code or a prescription for ending it. He lays the blame for the Boy Code, which has existed "for centuries," at the feet of "society." If the Boy Code is that pervasive, it's hard to share Pollack's optimism that the moment has now arrived when we can finish it off.

Pollack begins his epilogue by proclaiming, in capital letters, "THEY HAVE SPOKEN AND NOW WE MUST LISTEN." O.K., but then what? Is approaching your kid as a miserable potential murder-suicide really going to open a newly comfortable father-son rapport? Leaving aside Columbine, and leaving aside the natural tendency of therapists to worry, is something else going on here that has nudged the discussion of boyhood into the realm of pathology? Well, yes.

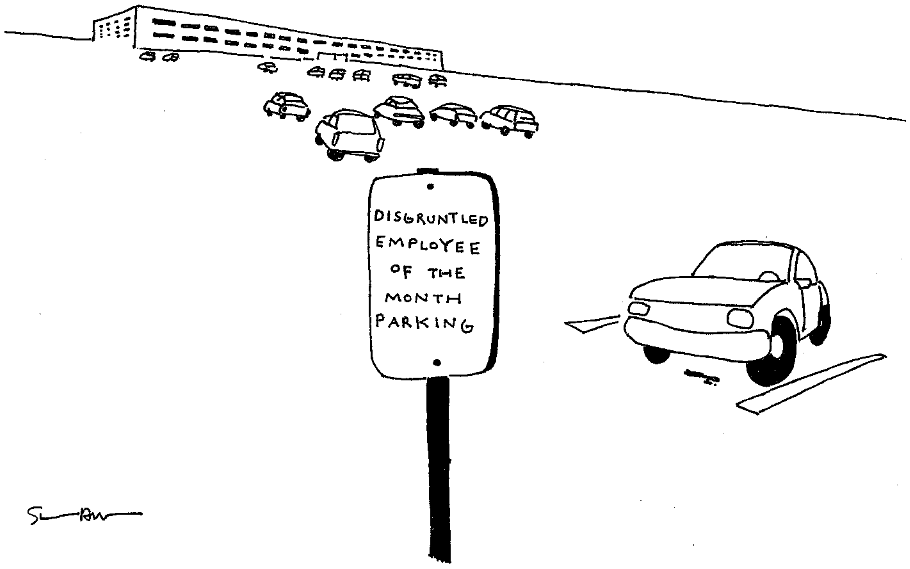
The figure lurking in the background of the teen-age-boy discussion is Carol Gilligan, a psychologist who teaches at the Harvard Graduate School of Education, and how she came to occupy that position makes for a peculiar little story. Gilligan is not a universally revered figure among psychologists. Within her academic field, she is the object of many of the standard complaints made about professors with large popular followings: her research isn't careful enough, her writing is overdramatic, she spends too much time on the lecture and publicity circuit, her conclusions are preordained. In the wider world, Gilligan has become the heroine of "difference" feminists, who have come pretty close to a sort of female chauvinism in which traits deemed inherently male, like competitiveness, are invidiously compared to traits deemed inherently female, like nurturance and emotional expressiveness.

Gilligan was a student of Lawrence Kohlberg, who worked out a system of six stages of moral development, through which our way of making judgments ascends from the purely self-interested to the grandly, systematically ethical, as if we were black-robed federal judges. In her career, Gilligan has acted out the familiar academic developmental drama of refuting the mentor's work—in this case, arguing that Kohlberg's schema, by exalting abstract thinkers, was biased in favor of men. Gilligan's major work, "In a Different Voice: Psychological Theory and Women's Development" (1982), identifies a female kind of moral development that is different from, and probably better than, the male kind, ending in "a mode of thinking that is contextual and narrative rather than formal and abstract."

One can criticize Gilligan by citing shortcomings in her "research" and "data," but it's almost beside the point. "In a Different Voice" is anything but an example of laboratory psychology—it's an extended essay, subtle and interesting, whose specific examples more often come from literature and film than from any kind of scientific study. Gilligan's next well-known project was a collection of related essays by many authors called "Making Connections: The Relational Worlds of Adolescent Girls at Emma Willard School," which was published in 1990. As it was coming out, Francine Prose, the novelist, wrote a cover story on Gilligan in the *Times Magazine*. The headline—"CONFIDENT AT 11, CONFUSED AT 16"—encapsulates what the world knows about Carol Gilligan: that she believes American girls are strong and vital up to the age of twelve, when they suddenly become silent and self-doubting. In American middle- to upper-middle-class culture, the parents of teen-age girls swear by the Gilligan theory, even when they don't identify it with Gilligan. I'm always being told by parents of teen-age girls that I can't possibly understand how difficult it is to be—or perhaps to have—a teen-age girl.

Gilligan begat Mary Pipher, a therapist from Nebraska and the author of "Reviving Ophelia," whose writing is much more accessible. Pipher shares Gilligan's view that something awful happens to girls as they enter their teens, and also her fondness for references to Shakespeare. Gilligan and Pipher together begat William Pollack, who lavishly thanks both of them in his work (Pipher wrote the foreword to the paperback edition of "Real Boys") and has transported their feminism and their bleak view of teen-agerhood into the male realm. The wild popularity of Gilligan, Pipher, and Pollack, and the misdeeds of a legion of sloppy, self-congratulatory difference feminists who have chosen to march forward under a flag bearing Gilligan's likeness, begat Christina Hoff Sommers, who sets herself up as a one-woman truth squad determined to set matters aright.

"The War Against Boys" (Simon & Schuster; $25) opens with the following sentence: "It's a bad time to be a boy in America." Hope arises that Sommers is being ironic, especially since, a couple of paragraphs later, she adds, "This book tells the story of how it has become fashionable to attribute pathology to millions of healthy male children." (Sommers, like most writers on public affairs, uses the old Lillian Hellman trick of making the word "fashionable" a pejorative, thereby setting up her own opposing view as unfashionable, and hence courageous.) Perhaps we're in for the argument that boys are actually healthy and happy and that it's a good time to be a boy in America—after all, this is the first generation of boys to have cheat codes



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and fingerboards. But no. Sommers is outraged at the peddlers of boy-crisis, like William Pollack (especially him), but her anger leads her to proclaim a crisis of her own, in which sensitizing feminists like Pollack have ruined boyhood. Boys are under siege, Sommers tells us. They are the victims of a “national climate of prejudice” against them; “if we continue on our present course, boys will, indeed, be tomorrow’s second sex.”

Sommers’s position entails taking two steps in logical sequence. First, she has to show that a cadre of tendentious self-appointed experts have produced a version of American teen-agerhood that is profoundly unfair to boys. Then, she has to show that this isn’t just one of the zillions of wacky but harmless theories that fill up our nation’s airwaves, like Tantric sex and the Internet’s rending of the social fabric, but something that has had a truly deleterious effect on boys’ lives. She does much better with the first part of the mission than the second. The real meat of her book (and also of her previous book, “Who Stole Feminism?”) is a series of attacks on feminist rhetorical excesses. The American Association of University Women champions the cause of “short-changed girls,” on the basis of flimsy evidence that girls really are being short-changed. The Ms. Foundation suggests the establishment of a “Son’s Day,” a counterpoint to “Take Our Daughters to Work Day,” in which mothers would show their boys how to do housework. A suggested school curriculum produced by feminists urges teachers to encourage students to play a game called “Circle of Friends” instead of tag.

You get the feeling that every time Sommers comes across an example of feminists doing something ridiculous it makes her day, but silly conferences, press releases, and talk-show appearances are only the appetizer. The main course is celebrity academic feminists, such as Pollack and, especially, Carol Gilligan, to whom two of nine chapters in “The War Against Boys” are devoted. As Sommers points out, there is scant scientific proof of Gilligan’s widely influential age-twelve idea. Her small original research sample was made up of a highly unrepresentative group, students at a ritzy boarding school. Even if you look at statistics for the whole teen-age population, you don’t see open-and-shut evidence supporting the idea that girls have it worse than boys. Girls get better grades than boys, are less likely to commit suicide, are less often victims and perpetrators of violence, and in most quantifiable ways are better off than boys; on the other, girls-are-disadvantaged side, the evidence is mainly of softer problems, like low self-esteem (especially regarding body image) and not being called upon in class (especially math class).

Sommers isn’t content merely to make her case; she also wants to demolish the leading members of the Red Team personally, by demonstrating that they are not the scientific researchers they pretend to be. She has an odd, ambushing style of refutation, in which she demands that data be provided to her and questions answered, and then, when the flummoxed person on the other end of the line stammers helplessly, triumphantly reports that she got ’em. In the case of William Pollack, Sommers phones the chief psychiatrist at McLean Hospital and accuses the man (correctly) of having issued an exaggerated press release summarizing Pollack’s work. “I prefer not to talk about this at this time,” the poor guy says. Sommers then speculates that the powers that be at McLean “might have decided that an attention-grabbing ‘boys-are-in-crisis’ study produced by McLean’s Center for Men, which Pollack co-directs, would bring favorable attention to the hospital.”

From that, one can see that Sommers sets the research bar considerably higher for the people she is attacking than she does for herself. She is happy to speculate (plausibly, it must be said) about McLean’s motives. She accuses Carol Gilligan of anecdotal argument, but her work, too, rests on an anecdotal base. This is a real problem when it comes to proving the titular premise of the book. Sommers repeatedly leaps from catching a particular feminist in an exaggeration or a bit of wishful thinking to asserting that such excesses pervade American culture, especially the operations of public schools. Anti-boy feminists, she charges, are “a major force in American education,” who “shape the attitudes and policy of an increasingly large number of schools.” Most parents, she maintains, “have no idea what their children are facing in the gender-charged atmosphere of the public schools.” None of these charges are supported in the book’s copious footnotes. I’ve just completed eighteen boy-years as a public-school parent, and the anecdotal lesson of my own experience is that while boys are subjected to an incredible array of bullshit in schools, and while there are practices that have struck me as unintentionally anti-boy (such as the emphasis on diary-keeping in elementary-school reading classes), it can't be said that difference-feminist brainwashing is a dominant theme, or even a noticeable one.

You might think, as you're reading Sommers, that she is opposed to the public schools being used for indoctrination, but when she turns to prescription you find that she actually favors indoctrination, as long as it takes a nonfeminist form. She dreams of a world in which boys, rather than being subjected to training in self-esteem and emotional openness, would receive manly, Kiplingesque "character education," a "known, tested solution"—no footnote—that "does not include therapeutic pedagogies." Our boys would probably be best off in all-male classes, she maintains, where they'd get the "structure, phonics, diction, grammar, and a competitive environment" that all boys need. Sommers approvingly quotes one British teacher who explains that in an all-boy English class he can have the students read "Silas Marner" and the war poets instead of "Jane Eyre."

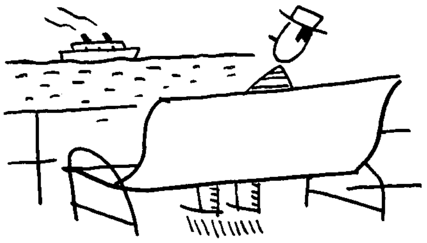
So there is an odd unity of purpose between Pollack and Sommers. Both of them want to use boys as experimental subjects in a broader effort to remake gender relations. Pollack believes that if we get to work now, we can turn our boys into the expressive, gentle men that their fathers are not. Sommers wants to use boyhood to stiffen young male spines, so that they'll be able to withstand the onslaught of feminism. Pollack and Sommers share an ironclad, deeply worried view of boys, and a desire to send adults with the proper views into boy-space to coax them along in the project of becoming their true selves. One imagines behind each of them a great army of the onward-marching adult faithful, prepared to enter this latest engagement in the gender wars. And teen-age boys—standing around innocently in their cargo pants and crewcuts with dorky little moussed peaks at the hairline, lumps of Sex Wax in their pockets, headphones blasting Eminem into their ears—have the misfortune of being in the way. ♦

BRIEFLY NOTED

Emotionally Weird, *by Kate Atkinson (Picador; $25).* To the British author of this gleeful third novel, set in 1972, life is always ridiculous. The narrator, Effie Stuart-Murray, is attending a less than stellar Scottish university, living with a pothead boyfriend, and trying to persuade the woman who raised her to tell her who her real mother was. Dazed recreational drug users are plentiful, babies and dogs get lost and found, and everyone is dozing over semiotic theory and writing a genre novel. Effie's story, which unfolds in a digressive, Tristram Shandy sort of way, perfectly exemplifies what Aquarian Age college life was like if you were bright, alienated, and addicted to novels.

Biography of a Germ, *by Arno Karlen (Pantheon; $22).* This slender book examines *Borrelia burgdorferi*, the elusive spirochete that causes Lyme disease. After looking into "Bergey's Systematics" for some help with taxonomy, it moves on to microbiology, life cycle (with a tender aside on the sexual practices of the dog tick), and a quick natural history of Connecticut, which shows how the development of a shrubby suburban "ecotone" created the perfect environment for *Borrelia* to thrive in. Karlen writes with a breezy, wide-ranging ease: he tells us not only about Willy Burgdorfer's "serendipitous" 1981 discovery of the microbe in the belly of a tick but also where the word "serendipity" comes from.

Pitching Around Fidel, *by S. L. Price (Ecco; $24).* Despite the struggles and the impoverishment of daily life under Castro's dictatorship, post-revolutionary Cuba has consistently produced the world's best boxers and amateur baseball players, along with numerous track stars and women's-volleyball champions. When Price, who writes for *Sports Illustrated*, first visited the country, in 1991, he succumbed to the romance of superachieving patriot-athletes like Ana Fidelia Quirot, finding in them "my personal antidote to the diseased state of the American game, a haven from the relentless blast of big money." But subsequent trips led him to more complicated truths: that lesser athletes are sometimes richly rewarded, that other players are capriciously punished by the government, and that leaving Cuba for the lure of America is not without justification.



Lying, *by Lauren Slater (Random House; $21.95).* Slater's memoir is like the statement that students of formal logic must unknot: "This sentence is not true." Ostensibly an account of growing up with grand-mal epilepsy, it eventually discloses that the symptoms may be feigned, the warping effect of a heavy-drinking, narcissistic mother. As Slater pursues an affair with a craftily sadistic older writer, epilepsy seems less and less likely to be the source of either her deep divisions or her fairly spectacular literary gifts. Throughout this slippery tale, she sings shamelessly of herself (or of her fantasies of that self), and it is almost impossible not to feel both admiration for the author and shame for going along with her.

Julius Knipl, Real Estate Photographer: The Beauty Supply District, *by Ben Katchor (Pantheon; $22).* The cotton wad in an aspirin bottle prompts existential interrogations into alienated labor and aging; the aroma of burning toast is considered a viable fragrance by the Normalcy Parfum Company. In the third volume tracing Mr. Knipl's perambulations through a metropolis dotted with such landmarks as the Municipal Laxative Garden, Katchor's monochrome inkwash panels zero in on the surreal minutiae of urban life. Although we never see the flaneur hero plying his trade, this collection has a distinctly photographic feel; it's not so much a graphic novel as an irresistible scrapbook of snapshots whose subjects are as familiar as they are improbable.

MUSICAL EVENTS

IT TAKES A VILLAGE

Oh, to be in England.

BY ALEX ROSS

PETER MALONE

The average American concert hall is set amid glass-and-steel office buildings on a downtown street that empties of humanity after dark. When you leave the hall after hearing, say, Schubert's "Die Schöne Müllerin"—a song cycle about a poet lad, a miller girl, and a babbling brook—you'll probably find yourself on a concrete plaza where the only moving objects are Starbucks cups and tissue paper from the Gap. Any human warmth that accumulated during the musical experience dissipates in a matter of seconds. Whether it's winter or spring, you're out in the cultural cold.

Hence the appeal of summer festivals, which usually take place well away from urban centers and make an effort to replicate the kinds of pre-industrial environments in which many of the classical masterworks were created. Music simply sounds better in little European towns. When you walk through a cobblestoned square after a concert, the spell lasts longer, and the event puts down roots in your memory. It's a tricky negotiation, though, because the idylls of the festival circuit come at a price. You are generally surrounded by the rich, the very rich, and music critics. Schubert didn't write "Die Schöne Müllerin" with those people in mind. At summer festivals, the potency of a beautiful place comes up against a self-conscious social atmosphere that can suck the life out of the experience.

The setting of the Glyndebourne Festival, on the Sussex Downs in the South of England, is so striking that opera seems almost beside the point. Glyndebourne's productions are presented in a handsome new opera house, but the tour de force of any weekend takes place out on the lawn, where, during the endless intermissions, operagoers in black tie unpack gourmet picnics and drink very expensive champagne. Yet, truth be told, this spectacle is not as impressive as it once was. Glyndebourne used to be a watering hole for the more cultivated members of the English gentry, but these days the attendees have the look of people who have recently worked for a living. When I was there last month, I had the feeling that a weekend at Glyndebourne had joined Ascot, the Henley Regatta, and Wimbledon in the most élite circuit of corporate perks.

Since its founding, in 1934, Glyndebourne has been celebrated for its Mozart. This summer, it is trying to sustain that tradition by presenting all three of the operas with librettos by Da Ponte. But a new staging of "Figaro," by Graham Vick, indicated considerable confusion about how the piece should play for the modern Glyndebourne audience. Vick's production had an unfinished, happenstance quality; the rooms in the Almaviva palace were mostly unadorned frames. The colors were white, black, and beige, as at a minimalist fashion shoot. The look was stylish and vacant. All the opera's earthy emotion went missing; this "Figaro" was a sparse farce. The singers were strong as an ensemble, indistinct as soloists. Peter Mattei and Christine Oelze, as Figaro and Susanna, showed off lovely, nimble voices, but only Mariusz Kwiecien, as the Count, blended voice and movement into a sharply defined character.

Much better was a revival of Janáček's rustic tragedy "Jenůfa," which became a star vehicle for the indomitable German soprano Anja Silja. At the age of sixty-five, Silja has settled into the complex role of the Kostelnička, who murders her stepdaughter's illegitimate baby in an attempt to save the family name. Leonie Rysanek owned this role just before her retirement, but Silja rivals and possibly outdoes her: the decisive moment comes in the second act, when, as news of the crime gets out, the Kostelnička's icy hauteur breaks down and gives way to harrowingly realistic cries and gesticulations of despair. Amanda Roocroft, a fine young English soprano, held her own against the Silja onslaught, singing with rich, focussed tone and investing the role of Jenůfa with a kind of obstinate innocence. Nikolaus Lehnhoff's production, half realistic and half hallucinatory, created the mood of a Kafka tale. Jiří Bělohlávek drew violently expressive playing from the London Philharmonic. Amid all this raw emotion, the picnic ritual on the lawn seemed especially absurd.

The Aldeburgh Festival, by contrast, eerily mirrors the music and personality of its principal founder, Benjamin Britten. The East Anglian fishing village from which it takes its name was the setting for Britten's grim masterpiece, "Peter Grimes," and the entire area is beautifully haunted: the main hall, Snape Maltings, overlooks a marsh on which all manner of nameless tragedies might have unfolded. The audience is itself a kind of close-knit musical village, made up of retirees, connoisseurs, and surviving members of the Britten circle. Strangers draw stares. In the last couple of years, the composer Thomas Adès and the administrator Jonathan Reekie have taken over the festival, with a mandate to broaden its appeal. For them, Britten is a historical figure rather than a contemporary, and they are importing a bit of cheeky London sophistication. The sexual shenanigans in Adès's opera "Powder Her Face" prompted some muttering last year. At a new chamber venue, the Pumphouse, repertory ranges from classical to cabaret and further afield to East Anglian rap.

This year's festival opened with a new opera, "Ion," by Param Vir, whose ink was literally still drying on the page. Adès and Reekie have a commendable philosophy of programming events at the last minute in order to break away from the laborious scheduling habits of what Reekie, in an interview, called the "international music circus," but in this case spontaneity was not a virtue: Vir had failed to finish his opera on time, and the festival offered a semi- or demi-staged performance of about seventy per cent of it. Vir's music showed an active, brilliant surface, drawing on influences as various as Britten, Messiaen, and Berio, and yet it took lyrical flight only in passing. The locus of theatrical energy in the first week was, instead, Adès's "America," for soprano, chorus, and orchestra. Since its world première, by the New York Philharmonic last fall, "America" has been heavily revised, and its two apocalyptic climaxes are now more generously developed and crisply punctuated. The London Philharmonic, under the composer's direction, made an awesome roar, and the voice of Janice Watson cut through it like a laser.

Despite the ambitions of its new directors, Aldeburgh may never become a hotbed of the hip. Snape Maltings, with its plain brick walls and giant wooden eaves, thrives on the traditional fare of chamber music and song, and the tenor Ian Bostridge took full advantage of the space with a savagely sweet rendition of "Die Schöne Müllerin." Among dozens of telling details, I'll mention only the gentle but firm crescendo that led into the last verse of the last song of the cycle, in which the lad seems to have drowned himself in the village brook at night. Bostridge's chameleon voice delineated, somehow, the glow of moonlight on the scene. Outside the hall, a full moon was burning over the marsh.

The big musical news in London has, unexpectedly, been the triumph of John Adams's "Nixon in China," at the English National Opera. This rigorously American piece might seem to be at a disadvantage on foreign soil, but it is proving to possess the kind of operatic gravitas that adapts to any environment and to any audience. The English press described the first performance as "one of the great nights in the E.N.O.'s history" and the work itself as "a modern classic," "a timeless myth," and even "*the* (Western) opera of the twentieth century." It is certainly the finest American opera of our time. The fact that it has not been professionally staged in this country since 1990 is infuriating.

The title role was taken by James Maddalena, who has sung it in most performances. The physical impersonation is uncanny, and so is the psychological one: Nixon, in anxious awe of Mao, overlooks the brutality that upholds the Communist regime even as it is shoved in his face. Janis Kelly gave new passion to the role of Pat Nixon. Robert Brubaker gave Mao a cruel, cutting force. Judith Howarth made a gorgeous monster of Mao's wife; her Act II aria, with its coloratura refrain "I speak according to the book," was one of the most thrilling and frightening things I have ever heard in an opera house. Paul Daniel conducted a clear, thrusting performance; Peter Sellars, in a revision of his original production, positioned the action at an intersection of reality, fantasy, and dream.

Something wonderful has happened to "Nixon" in the years since its première, in 1987. The opera that was dismissed by many as a postmodern prank has become grand, sad, prophetic. Alice Goodman's libretto is a thing of genius in its own right, and current events are now refracted through it. When Kim Jong Il of South Korea recently said, at a banquet in Pyongyang, "The eyes of the entire world are riveted to this place," he was echoing, almost word for word, Nixon's self-important aria in Act I of the opera:

When I shook hands with Chou Enlai
On this bare field outside Peking
The whole world was listening
And though we spoke quietly
The eyes and ears of history
Caught every gesture.

World leaders will be singing this tune for some time to come. ♦

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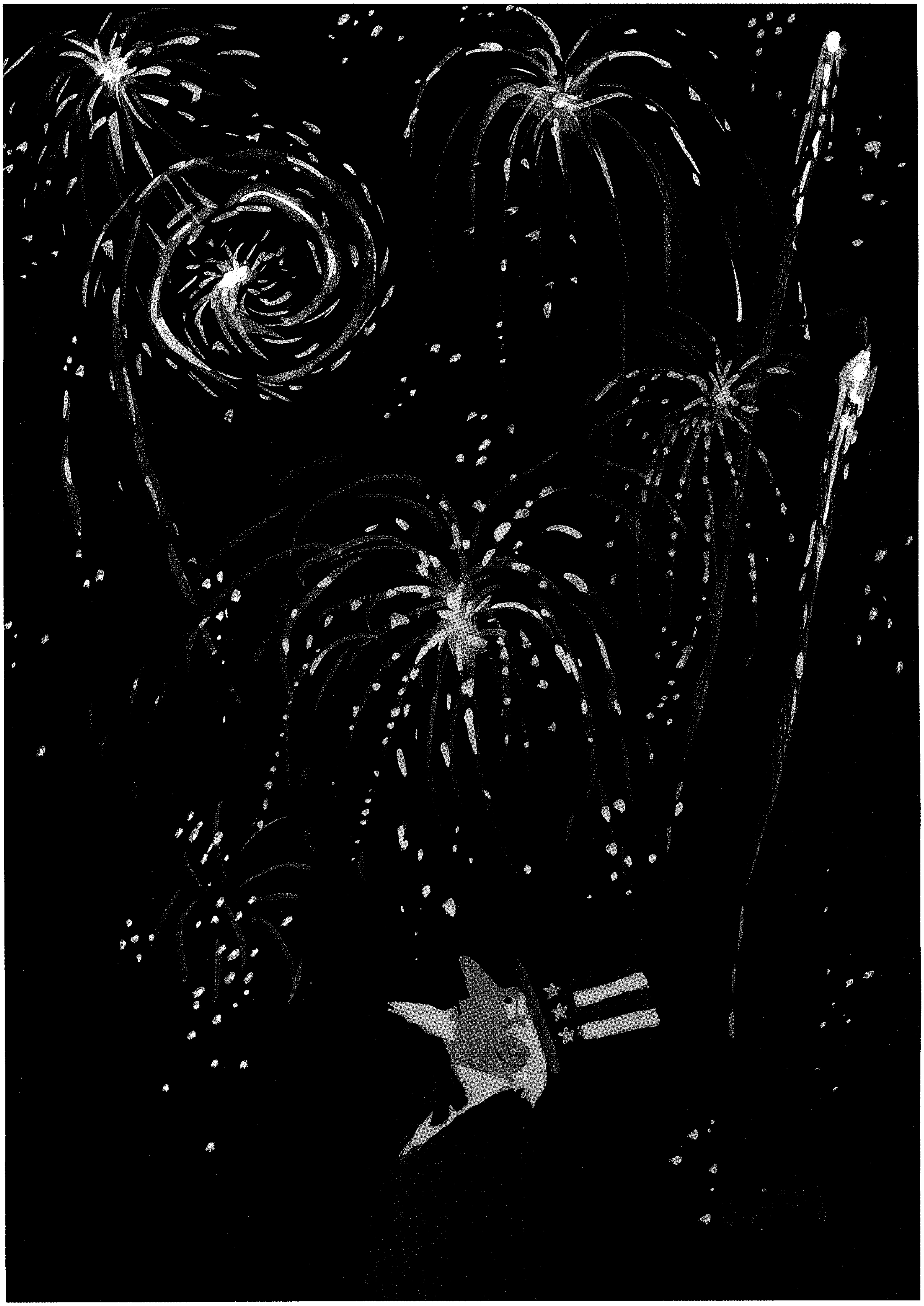

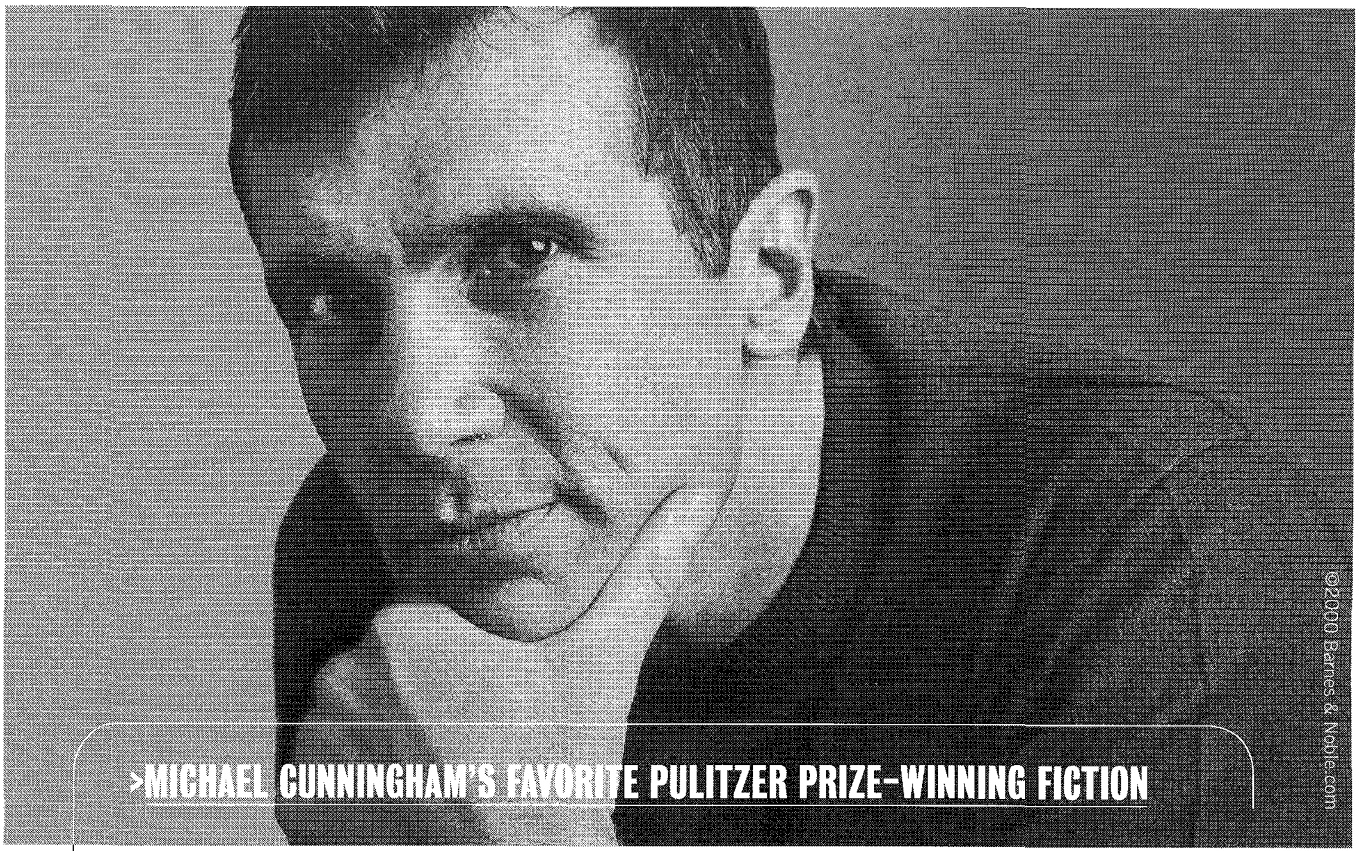

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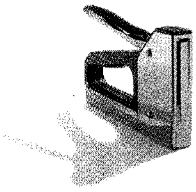

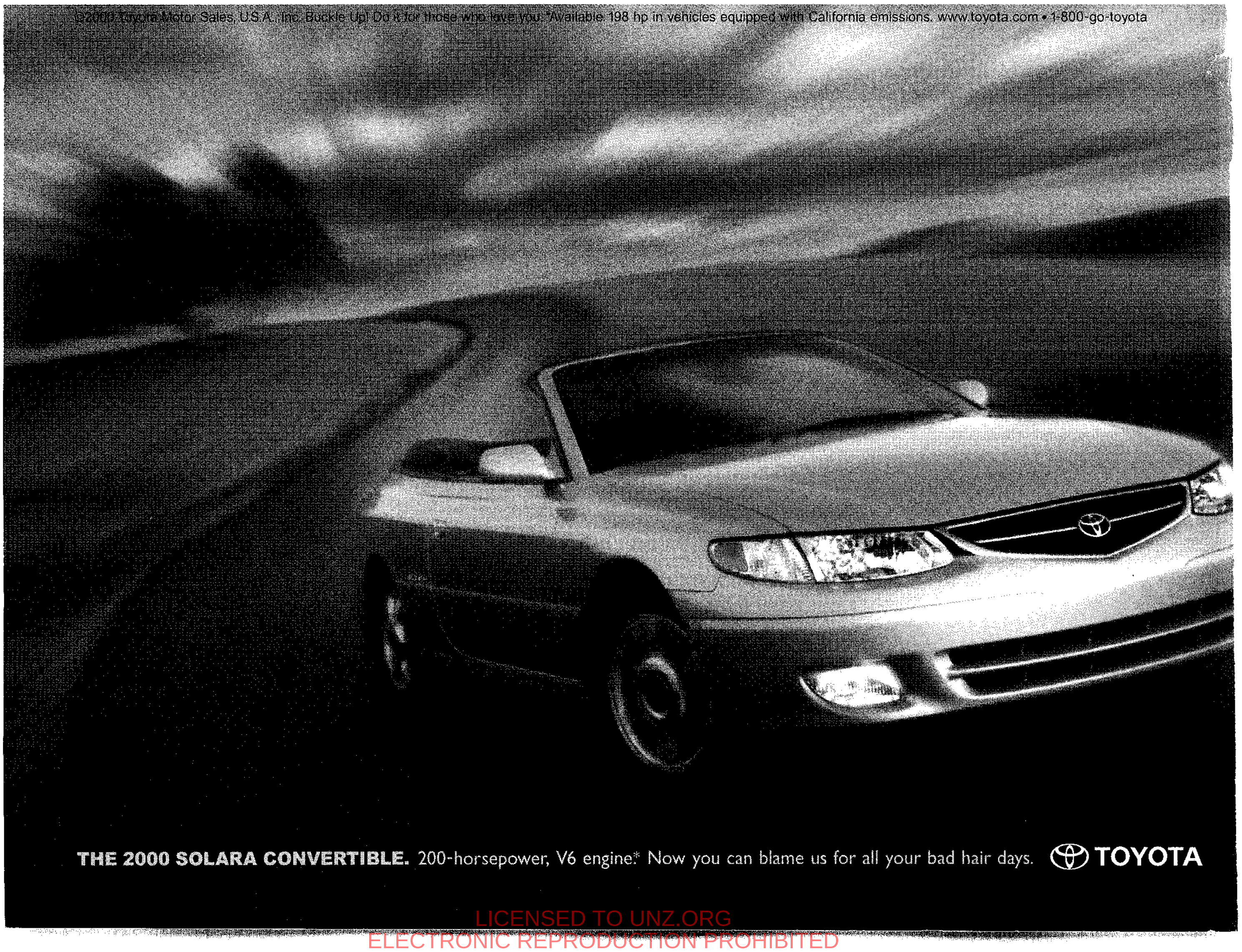
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